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DURING THE OLD DAYS IN THE SOUTH.

P. 311.

AMERICA REVISITED.

AMERICA REVISITED

FROM THE BAY OF NEW YORK TO THE GULF OF MEXICO,

AND

FROM LAKE MICHIGAN TO THE PACIFIC.

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By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA,

AUTHOR OF "A JOURNEY DUE NORTH," "PARIS HERSELF AGAIN," "AMERICA IN THE MIDST OF WAR," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED WITH NEARLY 400 ENGRAVINGS.

Qx-i/6 2x-i/6

FIFTH EDITION.

Qx-i-16

LONDON:

VIZETELLY & CO., 42, CATHERINE STREET, STRAND.

1885.

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Sal/Ame
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TO

LADY LINDSAY

(OF BALCARRES).

DEAR MADAM,

It was on board the good ship *Scythia*, Captain Hains, bound from Liverpool to New York, in November 1879 (and in very rough weather), that I finished a newspaper article commenting on an admirable Address on Art delivered in public by your accomplished husband. The remembrance of that circumstance, and of a hundred kindnesses besides, for which I am indebted to yourself and to Sir Coutts Lindsay, leads me to hope that you will look with some slight favour on this Book, which, with feelings of the sincerest admiration and respect, I dedicate to you.

And I am very much your Ladyship's servant,

GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

46, MECKLENBURGH SQUARE, W.C.,
July, 1832.

PREFACE

TO THE FIRST EDITION.

KING CHARLES THE SECOND, urbane to the last, apologised to the courtiers who surrounded his death-bed for having been an unconscionably long time in dying; and "America Revisited" needs, perhaps, to be made the subject of even more profuse apologies, owing to the apparently unconscionable amount of time which has been consumed in bringing the work out. Its publication indeed, has been postponed in consequence of a variety of circumstances, with the enumeration of which it is not necessary to trouble the reader, beyond hinting that among the causes of its tardy solicitation of public favour has been my own absence from England on journalistic business during a considerable portion of the year 1881:—first in Russia, whither I proceeded on the morrow of the assassination of the Tsar, Alexander II., and next in Italy, where I was fain to rest during many weeks towards the close of the year, slowly recovering from a severe illness by which I had been prostrated in Corsica. The delay, however, has enabled my publishers to bestow the most elaborate care on the illustrations of these two volumes, which, from the pictorial point of view, will, I hope, be found worthy of the same amount of public encouragement as was bestowed on "Paris Herself Again."

With respect to my own share in the work—the writing of it—only a very few words of mine are needed. When I

first went to the United States, in the year 1863, I was, comparatively speaking, a young man :—very prejudiced, very conceited, and a great deal more ignorant and presumptuous than (I hope) I am now. When I landed in America, the country was convulsed by one of the most terrific internecine struggles that history has known. I took, politically, the wrong side ; that is to say, I was an ardent sympathiser with the South in her struggle against the North. In so taking a side, I was neither logical nor worldly-wise ; in short, I approved myself to be what is commonly called a Fool; but my partiality for "Dixie's Land" was simply and solely due to a sentimental feeling ; and at thirty-four years of age it is permissible to possess some slight modicum of sentimentality. My heart was with the South because I came on my mother's side of a West Indian family—and a slave-owning family—ruined by the Abolition of Slavery in the British Colonies ; and although I know perfectly well that I was altogether wrong in what I wrote politically concerning "America in the Midst of War," my heart is still in the South :—with her gallant sons and her beautiful daughters ; and the song of "Maryland ! My Maryland !" yet stirs that heart like a drum, and will not cease so to stir it, I hope, until it ceases to beat, for good and all.

During my stay in the States in 1863-4, I did not go farther south than Culpepper Court House, in Virginia. In order to penetrate to the extreme South I should have had to run the blockade ; and to do this would not have been agreeable to the interests of the paper for which I was writing, the proprietors of which required two long articles a week from my pen. I might, indeed, have gone by sea to New Orleans, over which the Federal flag floated ; but General Benjamin Butler was in command in the Crescent City, and knowing that distinguished soldier and lawyer to be a very "thorough" personage, I thought (remembering that I had written sundry

remarkably uncomplimentary articles about him) that it would be on the whole a prudent thing *not* to give him the chance of hanging me. Very possibly General Butler never heard of my name, and never read a line of what I wrote about him; but it is always well to be on the safe side.

I may fairly say that from the end of 1864, when I returned to England, to the end of 1879, when I revisited America, I was haunted by a yearning to see "the Palms and Temples of the South." That yearning was gratified just after the New Year 1880, when after passing many delightful days in Baltimore, Maryland, in Richmond, Virginia, and in Augusta, Georgia, I found myself in the charming city of New Orleans. In the capital of Louisiana my wife and I spent the Carnival; and among the polished, amiable, and kindly society of a most interesting and picturesque city we made a host of friends who, we hope, will not readily forget us. I am sure that we shall never forget them.

Equal kindness and courtesy had been shown to us in New York, at Philadelphia, and at Washington, and were afterwards extended to us at Chicago, at Omaha and at San Francisco. "Railway Kings," "Silver Kings," "Corn Kings," "Pork-Packing Kings," "Hotel Kings," were all kind to us. Photographers took our portraits for nothing; theatrical managers offered us "the courtesies of the house"; I was made an honorary member of at least twenty clubs between the Atlantic and the Pacific; we had invitations to balls and receptions innumerable, and even the "interviewers" were merciful to me, and forbore from publishing embarrassing particulars touching the total of inches of my circumference of waist, the precise hue of my complexion, or the exact number of front teeth which I had lost. In fact we found friends

everywhere. We spent four and a half months in the States, and travelled twenty thousand miles; and as the *Hecla*, one sharp afternoon in April, 1880, steamed out of the Port of New York, the last of our friends who "saw us off" shouted from the wharf, "Good bye; and be sure to come back again!" We hope to go back again, if we are spared.

GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

THE majority of the letters comprised in "America Revisited," were originally published in the "Daily Telegraph" newspaper, and are now reproduced by permission of the proprietors of that journal. All of them, however, have been carefully revised and considerably amplified; and the concluding letters from Salt Lake City and Chicago are altogether new ones.

The publishers of "America Revisited" desire to acknowledge their obligations to Messrs. Harper Brothers, of New York; and to the proprietors of the New York "Daily Graphic," for permission to copy from various publications belonging to them some of the more interesting illustrations contained in the present volume.

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MUSTER OF THE CREW OF THE SCYTHIA.

AMERICA REVISITED.

I.

Outward Bound.

On Board the Cunard SS. Scythia, at Sea, *Nov.* 23, 1879.

Sixteen years ago, at nine o'clock, on a foggy November night, I went away from Euston Terminus by the famous express popularly termed "the Wild Irishman." We sped to Holyhead, whence we crossed, in what seemed to me a terrible storm, but which was pronounced on competent nautical authority to be "only a capful of wind," to Kingstown. If I remember aright, we contrived to snatch some breakfast in Dublin; and then we raced away by another express southwards to Cork, and so to Queenstown, where, with our luggage, a tender conveyed us on board the British and North American Royal mail steamer *Arabia*,

Captain Cook commanding, bound for Halifax, Nova Scotia, and Boston, United States of America. Well do I mind the ugly, gusty, iron-grey Sunday afternoon when I set foot on the *Arabia's* deck; the too copious dinner which was served almost so soon as we had cast off the tender; the forty-five lady and gentlemen passengers who, with beaming countenances, sate down to the repast; the four or five gallant yet oscillating individuals who were all that remained at table by the time that the boiled mutton and caper sauce had succeeded the fried sole.

How we tossed and tumbled during our ten days' voyage!

What desperate attempts did I make to acquire the use of my "sea legs"—attempts which only resulted, after infinite staggering about and "cannoning" against one's fellow-sufferers, in the humiliating conviction that the legs which had been found tolerably efficient in the Mediterranean, the Adriatic, the Baltic, and the Black Sea, were miserably unserviceable in Mid-Atlantic. How strongly did I "make believe" in November, 1863, that I liked my trip, that I was enjoying myself immensely, and that I felt "awfully jolly:" the pusillanimously concealed truth being that I was intensely wretched, and that had a big fish come that way I should not have very much minded to have voluntarily played Jonah's part by way of a change. Oh! the wearisome iteration of the remark, "How rough it was last night!" Oh!

the intolerable monotony of the boiled mutton and caper sauce. There was of course plenty more to eat on board, (indeed you are rather over than underfed in a Cunard steamer); yet one always gravitated, one knew not why, to the salubrious yet somewhat insipid diet on which, it is stated, Lindley Murray composed his English Grammar. To be sure the distinguished Anglo-American grammarian (I am wholly unacquainted with the rules laid down in his book) was for many years a chronic invalid, and confined to his room: thus nothing more "choleric" in the way of meat than boiled mutton was allowed him by his physicians.

How grateful I was on that first Transatlantic voyage for the few hours' respite from pitching and tossing which we enjoyed at Halifax. One shaved, one posted up one's log, one scribbled complacent letters to friends at home, one paced the deck with a confident stride, as though one had been born with "sea legs." Vain pretender! Next morning you could not have "toed a line" had it been as wide, even, as a church-door. There was a large military garrison—the "Trent affair" was then to the fore—at the Halifax of those days; and the British "soldier officers" in astracan-lined pelisses, and escorting beauteous damsels in sealskin mantles and pork-pie hats of sable and beaver, came on board to peep at us as folks fresh from strange and fearful experiences of the melancholy ocean. To me the sea is never sane. It has too much to do with the moon to be quite *compos mentis;* and it is always either melancholy mad or raving mad, like Cibber's "Brainless Brothers."

To be stared at when you come into port is at once the privilege and the purgatory of those who go down to the sea in ships. Grin and bear it; that is the only counsel that I have to offer when such a contingency arises. It is your lot to-day; it may be that of Alexander the Great to-morrow. Console yourselves with such a reflection, ye unfortunates, who, landing at Folkestone from the Boulogne packet, are subjected on your way to the Pavilion Hotel to the coarse scrutiny and the ruffianly comments of "'Arry." "'Arry" is all over the world. He is the same darkly covered curious Impertinent who asked Æsop what he had in his basket, and got his answer to the effect that the pannier was purposely veiled in order that fools should not know what was within it. He is the Fool of Scripture; stripes are appointed for his back, and the correction of the stocks for his ancles; but no amount of remonstrance nor of appeals to his

better feelings will deter him from thrusting the tongue of vulgar impudence into the cheek of imbecile derision, and mocking his wretched little self of his betters because they happen to be dishevelled and unshorn, and are looking pea-green after a sea voyage. But there is a Nemesis for "'Arry." Sometimes the creature goes to sea himself and is forced to run the gauntlet of criticism when he lands. Poor wretch! A trip to Southend on a breezy day will suffice to convert him to the semblance and status of a sponge in a gutter and an oyster at the bottom of a barge.

Sixteen years make a considerable slice out of a wayfarer's life. Try to count up the strange and wonderful adventures and misadventures, the hair-breadth 'scapes—were they even from the pedagogue's rod—the hopes and fears, the joys and sorrows that were your portion up to the time when you were sixteen—and it seemed, when you had passed that age, that you would never be twenty-one. Sixteen years may mean, even the most precious period of life—the period when our scent is keenest, and our ears are quickest of hearing, and our eyes most widely open in the matter of men and cities—the period when, if we are ever to buy wisdom at the price of experience, we may purchase a vast stock of the first named commodity, and lay it by for the invalid days when our travels are over, and we can behold fresh men and fresh cities no more. Any way, sixteen years are a large excision, a terrible shrinking of that "Peau de Chagrin," which all of us carry concealed about us, and the irreparable area of which we generally do our best to diminish every day of our lives.

I arrive, not without some sadness—and not without some cheerfulness, too—at the recognition of that fact when, on a foggy November evening in 1879, I find myself standing on the platform of a Pullman car attached to the five o'clock express from St. Pancras to Liverpool. Once more I am bound for the United States; but my bourne, this time, is New York instead of Boston; and I am not by any means in so feverish a hurry as I was forced to be in 1863. Then I was on the War path; now I am in quest of meek-eyed Peace. I mean to take things easily, for I am not a solitary traveller. I have somebody with me to part my hair (she can part it, even in a nor' wester) and take care of my money, and rally me when I am cross. There is no need to tempt the tempestuous billows of St. George's Channel, nor to race across the Green Isle. I am content to miss

the chance of hearing those brilliant repartees, full of mother-wit, for which the outside car drivers of Cork and Queenstown are so justly renowned. I escape the quadruple shipment and transhipment of luggage. I elude the payment of much *backshish* to porters, and the possible loss of more valuable temper. I intend quietly to board the Cunard steamship *Scythia*, at Liverpool, to-morrow (Saturday) morning, and I should be very glad to go tranquilly to sleep so soon as I enter my state-room, and to wake no more until the good ship arrives at Sandy Hook. Failing the desirable consummation of some skilful physician inventing a Temporary Animation suspender for the use of ocean steamer passengers, I must take the rough with the smooth and resign myself to the inevitable—the pitching and the tossing, the boiled mutton and the caper sauce.

The Pullman car, which I consider for the nonce, as a cheerful instalment of Transatlantic experiences to come—and a very comfortable and even luxurious instalment it is—conveys us to the great city of the Mersey; and we find cosy quarters at the Adelphi Hotel—quite another Adelphi to the snug hostelry which I knew sixteen years syne; tending somewhat to the caravanserai stage of development, with post-office, telegraph offices, hairdressers' shops, lifts, and other innovations on the premises, and excellently well appointed in every respect, and, in particular, providing you with a capital breakfast. Should you be slightly sad on the occasion of the last breakfast which you are to consume in your native land? Is a little melancholy permissible over the muffins? Is a sigh quite out of place over the kippered herring, or the broiled ham and eggs? May you drop one tear into your tea? I think not. When Lord Byron went away from the Island of Naxos, he remarked (in verse) that, although not a tear in sorrow fell, nor a sigh in faltering accents escaped his bosom, the heart within him grew cold at the thought that the shores of Naxos he should never more behold. I utterly and deliberately decline to believe that Lord Byron's heart was affected one way or the other by his departure from Naxos, where his lordship only abode a very few days, and which is an island mainly noticeable for its abundance of fleas, and for the quantity of resin with which the natives (who are great rascals) doctor their normally nasty wine, which they still have the impudence to call "the wine of Bacchus" (κρασι του Διονοσου). I suspect that Lord B. pretended to be so fond of Naxos, because it was there that

Theseus (a strongly Byronic hero) behaved so unhandsomely to Ariadne.

I do not know whether probity prevails as a rule on the occasion of every departure of a Transatlantic steamer from Liverpool; but so far as my observation extends, the neighbourhood of the landing stage in that superb city presents on a "Cunard Saturday" the aspect of a Rogue's Paradise and a Carnival of Knaves. The police do their best to keep the brigand baggage porters and the bandit newspaper-vendors in

ARRIVAL AT THE LANDING STAGE.

something approaching tolerable order; but you must have all your wits about you to avoid being fleeced at every step. The noise, confusion, extortion, and downright cheating going on are nearly as disgraceful as the chronic row outside the railway terminus at Naples. I dare say that the neighbourhood of our own docks in London is almost as unseemly; but, save when we take the "Ankworks package," or Antwerp packet, as Mr. and Mrs. Jonas Chuzzlewit did, English tourists usually begin their voyage at Charing Cross or Victoria station, and not at the Docks. I have travelled a great many thousands of miles in strange lands in the course of the last five-and-thirty years; but cannot remember that I ever started on a continental tour by

steamer from the Thames save on one occasion, and that was when as a boy of ten the steam-packet *Harlequin* took me and my sister from St. Katherine's wharf to Boulogne, on our way to school in Paris.

We escaped from the Liverpool landing stage *condottieri* by the skin of our teeth, and with the loss of a considerable number of shillings; and in due time we were bestowed on board the *Scythia's* very lively little tender, appropriately named the *Satellite*. And it was on board that craft, steaming towards

GOING ON BOARD THE TENDER.

the great ship, that the philosophical side of the melancholy and muffins, the tear and teapot question presented itself to me. It is when there is nobody to bid you good-bye when you are starting on a long voyage that you feel sad. Our hands had been half shaken off our wrists ere we left St. Pancras. Dear old friends of my youth had clustered round the Pullman car to bid us God speed and good luck. My dear old American friend "Sam" Ward (then on a short tour in Europe) was among them. But there are half a million people, more or less, in

Liverpool the Superb, and Nobody that we knew. Stay! *Sursum corda!* The heart was not to feel cold at the thought of being quite solitary among so vast a multitude. A familiar face, a kindly hand presented themselves. Everything by the thoughtful politeness of Mr. George Behrend and Mr. Charles M'Iver had been made "right" for us on board the *Scythia*. Comfortable state rooms, seat at the captain's table, everything that courtesy could suggest; nor am I infringing the laws of maritime etiquette, I hope, by tendering here my very warmest thanks to the authorities of the Cunard Steamship Company for the obliging attention extended from the beginning to the end of the *Scythia's* voyage to two very old travellers.

The landing stage was covered with a frosty rime; it was bitterly cold, and there was a sea-fog ahead when the *Satellite* left. But soon the air grew milder, the fog cleared off, and the sun shone gloriously bright; and a perfectly lovely day made all hearts glad by the time when we found ourselves in the midst of a wilderness of luggage at the gangway of the *Scythia*.

PASSENGERS ARRIVING ON BOARD THE SCYTHIA.

Anxious moments, those, to all of us! Wherever was the brown leather bag? What on earth—or rather on sea—had become of the dressing case? Had the portmanteau labelled "state

room" got inadvertently lowered into the hold? That way madness lay. Then you had to find your bed-room steward and "interview" him, and do your best to produce in his mind the impression that you were a rigidly exigent and austere person, always wanting something and sternly determined to have it, but who might possibly be mollified by unflagging attention to your wants into the administration of a "tip" at the conclusion of the voyage. I do not know whether all the 'tween-deck servitors of ocean steamers receive a gratuity from the passengers, but I am certain that the stewards, and especially the stewardesses, deserve one. How would you like to be called up at three o'clock in the morning, and in the middle of a heavy gale, to procure oranges and stewed prunes for a lady passenger who does not feel quite so well as she might?

We took in cargo up to the very moment of our departure; and to the contents of the lighters which swarmed like wasps round our big black hull there seemed to be no end. All kinds of incongruous merchandise did the *Scythia* engulf in her huge maw. Pig iron and tin plates by the ton were hopefully reported by commercially-minded passengers; and there was

cheerful talk of the revival of trade and prosperity which was to inflate to immeasurable proportions. There was a rumour, likewise, that we carried boxes galore of oranges and lemons and grapes. What, indeed, might not be expected to form part of the cargo of a Cunard steamer? Consider the prodigious quantity of coals which she has to carry. Ponder over the enormous aggregate of her stores, from the flour for her daily fresh-baked bread and pastry to her wines and spirits, her beer, and her aërated waters. We were about a hundred and twenty saloon passengers on board; while forward, in the steerage, there were about a hundred more. Think on the enormous mass of daily sustenance required by this great company of hungry people, and the provisions for the officers and crew, and the drinking water for all on board. Admiral Noah's purser may have had a hard time of it, and it is possible that the carnivora on board the Ark may have grumbled somewhat at being temporarily restricted to diet farinaceous or leguminous; but the human passengers in the saloon of that primitive craft were few: whereas, on board a Cunard steamer, the humans are many, while the dumb live stock has altogether disappeared.

Each Cunarder, sixteen years since, used to carry a cow for the supply of milk for the saloons, to say nothing of a sheep or two, a pig sometimes, and numerous live poultry; but since the rumours of rinderpest and pleuro-pneumonia have been rife in the land, and the passing of the Contagious Diseases (Animals) Act, the great ocean steamers have carried no live stock for saloon consumption at all. On their return voyages the Atlantic steamships carry, however, some live stock on freight, in the shape of numerous barrels of American oysters, the pearls of Fulton market, which bivalves have been consigned by hospitable Americans to their friends in England. The milk on board the *Scythia* is all condensed, or otherwise preserved, and we had plenty of it, and to spare. The supply of fresh meat, poultry, and eggs was seemingly inexhaustible, yet everything of that nature had been carefully packed in ice. Thus also was it with the lettuces, the beetroot, and the mustard and cress, of which healthy green-meat we had a regular, copious supply. Thus, too, was it with the tomatoes, and the rich abundance of fruit provided at dessert. As for the celery, it only "gave out," or became exhausted, thirty-six hours before the time forecast for arrival in port; and that last-named esculent only failed us owing to the astonishing avidity with which the American ladies on

THE SALOON OF THE SCYTHIA.

board munched celery at all times and seasons. Is there a belief prevalent in the feminine mind that celery is a preventive of sea-sickness ?

I have touched on the abundant nature of the "provand" on board a great ocean steamship of the present day, because I have a keen remembrance of what a ship's culinary arrangements were like, not sixteen but six and thirty years ago, when I first undertook a sea voyage of any duration. How astonished would be a saloon passenger at this time of day were he expected to dine at least four times a week on pea-soup, corned beef, fat salt pork—often rancid—and suet pudding without any suet in it ! He would be even more amazed if the captain were in the habit of getting drunk, swearing at his passengers, and threatening to put them in irons ; that the biscuit was weevilly, and the butter—when there was any butter—horribly tainted.

But the last case of tin plates was dropped by the derrick into

the big ship's hold, and I found myself humming "When I beheld the anchor weighed" from Balfe's "Siege of Rochelle." Good-bye, tender *Satellite!* Good-bye, superb city on the Mersey! We drop down below the docks, "below the church, below the hill, below the lighthouse top." Only in the remote distance, now, we discern the fluttering of tiny white pennons from the tender's deck. Yes; it is possible to put a deal of heart into a pocket-handkerchief. We wave our handkerchiefs in response to the last salute of friendship. Good-bye, England!

The bell rings for lunch, and there is at once an immense demand for chicken broth, than which there is supposed to be not a finer antidote for the *mal de mer*. Some experts recommend dry champagne. Others pin their faith to bottled beer. Yet another section of suggesters boldly proclaim their belief in brandy and soda. There is, on the other hand, a sect of sea-quietists who assure you that all you have to do is to prostrate yourself flat on your face on the sofa in your state-room and remain there until the voyage is at an end. But how is an individual to remain prone on his bosom for eleven mortal days? The ordinary Atlantic traveller has little in common with the Greek monks of Mount Athos, who, as Gibbon tells us, used to pass years in one position, intently occupied with the outward contemplation of their stomachs. A good many travellers by sea are, it is true, forced to devote more of their time than is pleasant to internal stomachic contemplation.

THE CUNARD COMPANY'S STEAMSHIP SCYTHIA LEAVING THE MERSEY FOR NEW YORK.

Poor Artemus Ward said that the two greatest difficulties which he had to encounter on a sea-voyage were to keep inside his berth, and outside his dinner; and most of us have heard the story of the gallant officer in the American army, who when he landed at New York from the steamer which had brought him from New Orleans, declared that he had "thrown up everything except his commission." I am on the whole led to believe that the Americans are more subject to sea-sickness than we English are: and this I ascribe less to stomachic disturbances than to their excessive nervous temperament. American ladies as a rule suffer fearfully at sea; and in many cases they are absolutely deterred from coming to Europe through the dread of sea-sickness.

Another division of doctrinaires cry out "Nonsense! hard biscuits, and an occasional nip of green Chartreuse are the only real panacea." Meanwhile, among the ladies, there are dark and distant rumours of chloral. And all this while the sea is like a millpond.

My own belief concerning sea-sickness is that the best way to deal with it *is not to think anything about it.* If you are going to be sick you *will* be sick; and very often the sickness will prove a benefit instead of an evil, and after two or three days' agony will bring you up in the saloon again, smiling and with a prodigious appetite. But the very worst thing which, according to my thinking, a lady or a gentleman can do, is to worry him or herself at the commencement of the voyage about what is going to happen, either in the direction of sea-sickness or otherwise. All kinds of things may happen. You may be sea-sick, or you may be shipwrecked, you may be captured by pirates—piracy is a great deal more prevalent than most people imagine—the ship may take fire; you may "pig" right into the middle of an iceberg, as the *Arizona* did; or you may see—or fancy that you see—the Great Sea Serpent.

The best thing, I apprehend, that you can do is to take all things quietly and cheerfully, and to be thankful for all things, especially for the blessing of being in a place where neither newspapers, letters, nor telegrams can reach you. The last of those inflictions we underwent at Queenstown on Sunday morning. At two o'clock in the afternoon of that day the *Scythia's* Irish tender, also appropriately named the *Jackal*, came over to us with the mail bags and a few more passengers, who had chosen to undertake the great race against time by leaving London on Saturday

night and scampering across Ireland. Then there was more waving of pocket-handkerchiefs. Our screw began to make alarming noises—noises continued without intermission during the voyage. The tender *Jackal* diminished to a very small speck indeed; the green shores of Ireland gradually disappeared

BEHIND THE WHEEL HOUSE.

THE CUNARD COMPANY'S STEAMSHIP SCYTHIA AT SEA.

below the horizon. We left the Fastness Rock behind us, and were off in right earnest on our way to a land which, when I first visited it, was in the midst of war; but which I hope to find now in the full enjoyment of peace and returning prosperity.

Nov. 26.

Well, all things must come to an end; and my third Atlantic voyage is over. We have sighted Sandy Hook; we are in the beauteous bay of New York. The good ship, which in bygone

A GLIMPSE OF NEW YORK.

days would have landed her passengers at Jersey City, now swings her enormous bulk into a comfortable berth at a pier on the North River in New York itself, and within an easy distance of the chief hotels of the Empire City. Ours has been rather an eventful voyage; but my log of it would have been much longer had I been able to hold a pen or write a legible sentence during at least five-eighths of that voyage's continuance. We have had a storm or two—a storm or six, so it appears to my darkened mind—since we left Queenstown. On the Monday after our leaving the shores of Erin I deferentially asked an ancient mariner who was swabbing the *Scythia's* quarter-deck what he thought of the weather outlook. The reply of the

ancient mariner was oracular in its ambiguity, but still it was much to the point: "*Them as likes a good dinner*," quoth he, "*had better get it to-day*."

I dined as heartily as I could that Monday; but on the morrow came Chaos. How we pitched! How we tossed! How we rolled! How we wallowed in the trough of the sea! How some of us were bruised from top to toe by tumbling about our state-rooms and grovelling under our berths! But it has all come to an end, and everybody on board the *Scythia* is shaking hands with everybody else, and exchanging congratulations upon the "good time" which we have all had. Champagne is flowing; healths are being drunk; and from the smoking-room I hear the refrain of "For he's a jolly good fellow." And so say all of us; and everybody pledges Captain Hains, our gallant and courteous commander. One terror only looms ahead—that of the New York Custom House. I wonder whether I shall lose my temper there, as I did at Boston sixteen years ago. But of my fiscal experiences I shall have to tell you in my next letter.

MAKING ONE'S TOILETTE UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

"We's stuffed you long enuf. Now you've got to stuff us."

II.

Thanksgiving Day in New York.

New York, *Nov.* 28.

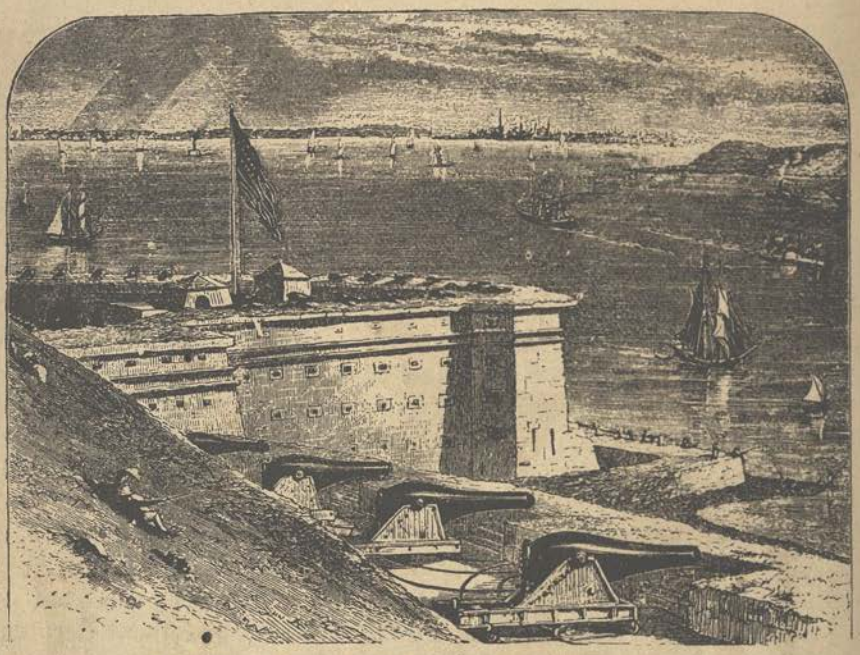
Yesterday (Thursday) was Thanksgiving Day in New York; but, ere I discourse concerning that highly important celebration, I must say something touching the manner in which we passed the terrific ordeal of the Custom House. Throughout the voyage of the *Scythia* the Custom House had been held up to me as the fearfullest of bugbears; and it was not only the foreigners on board who were loud in denouncing the grinding tyranny of the tariff and the inquisitorial proceedings of the *douaniers*. Those of my fellow-passengers who were Americans were prompt to join in the chorus of indignant disparagement of the fiscal system at present in force, and to indulge in the most dismal prognostications, touching the treatment to which their trunks and themselves would be subjected on our

arrival. Ladies turned pale with mingled horror and wrath, as they recited how the masterpieces of Worth—the exquisite textile frivolities which they were bringing home to rejoice the eyes, or make envious the hearts, of their female friends withal—had been ruthlessly dragged out of Saratoga trunks, exposed *coram publico* on the dockhead, and ungallantly examined under the arms to ascertain whether the dresses had ever been worn; and how, if they proved to be new, they had been subjected to exorbitant duties.

Then uprose shrill complaints that renovated lace and cleaned gloves had been treated as unused articles of wear, and saddled with a charge of sixty per cent. *ad valorem;* that the inhuman Custom House officers would not recognise the right of a lady to import, say, fifteen corsets—best "Duchesse" or "Swanbill" pattern—eight Parisian bonnets—either of the "Gainsborough," the "Leonardo da Vinci," or the "*Galette fleurie*" fashion—with, say two dozen pairs of silk stockings, a couple of fans, a sunshade, and a box full of cambric handkerchiefs, trimmed with *point d'Alençon*, for her own personal use. "As if *we* wanted to smuggle anything! As if *we* were New York milliners and dressmakers, who crossed the Atlantic half-a-dozen times a year in order to smuggle 'dutiable' articles into the States." At the vehement disclaimer of such an imputation, I noticed that a lady, presumably of French extraction, nodded her head in acquiescence with the sentiments just uttered, but, at the same time, turned very pale. The gentlemen on board were quite as excited, and took equally gloomy views of the prospects before them. One passenger, presumably addicted to field sports, had brought with him a hunting suit of the most approved Melton Mowbray model, which he hoped to display at a meet at Rockaway Beach on Thanksgiving Day. He would have to "declare" that suit, he muttered. He would have to pay for his "pink," for his buckskins, for his tops, for his velvet cap—nay, even for his new hunting crop. There was no way out of it. Articles not "declared," and found to be "dutiable"—the abhorrent word—were liable to peremptory seizure; and the worst of it was, that it was impossible to bribe the Custom House officers. They are for the nonce immaculate. They are all inherently as incorruptible as the late Lord Bacon; while, practically, their acts and deeds are, moreover, so narrowly watched by agents from the Treasury Department at Washington, flitting about in plain clothes, lurking round corners in the approved manner

patronised by Mr. Chevy Slyme, peeping through chinks in partitions, and taking notes of all they see, that the subordinate officials of the revenue could not be venal, even if they wished it.

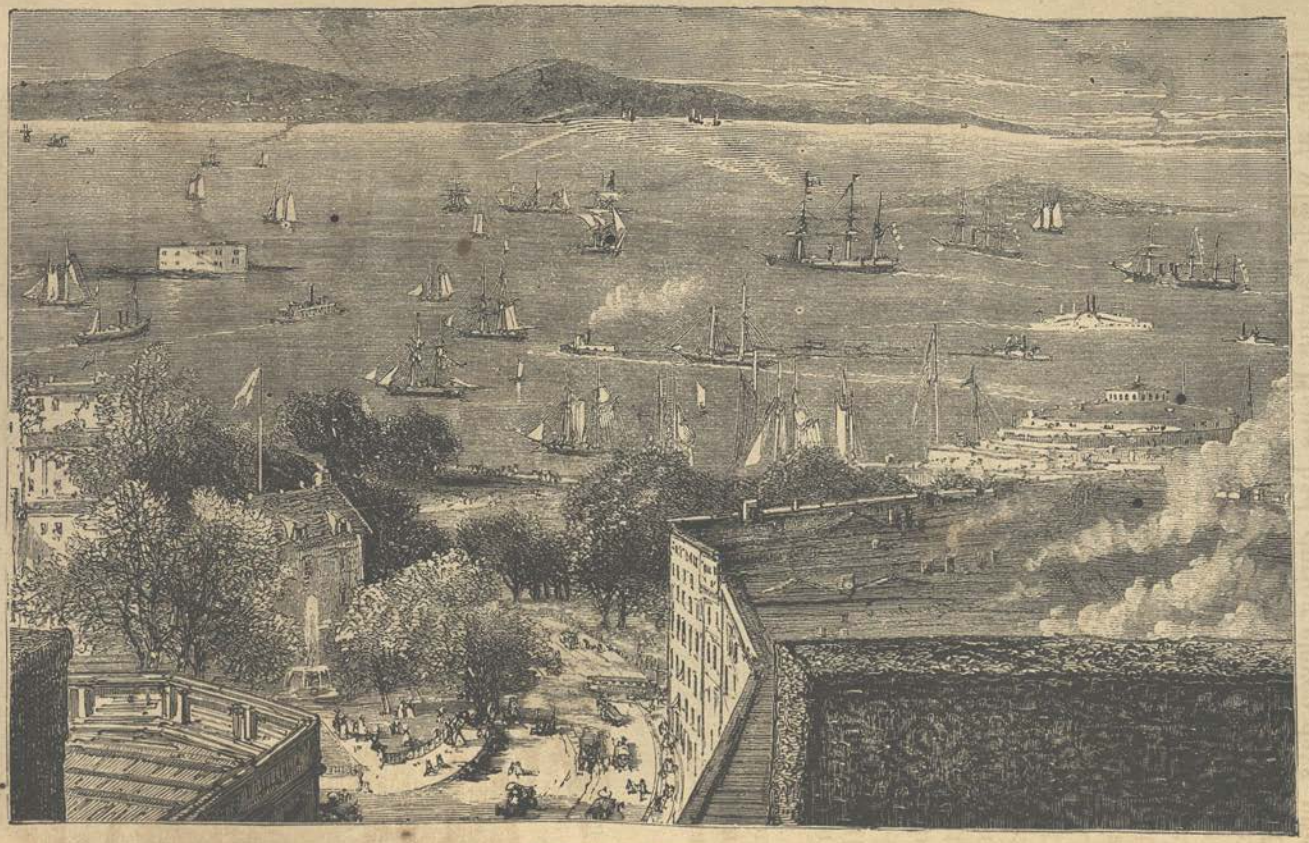
I listened to the dolorous forecasts of my fellow travellers and held my tongue, hoping for the best. I have seen something of Custom Houses—even to the most rigorous of those detestable anachronisms—and I never came to much grief. I cannot remember, out of the United States, ever to have paid any duty upon anything save on one occasion, when a French *douanier* at St. Jean de Maurienne, when I had crossed Mont Cenis, mulcted me in the sum of five francs, as an *ad valorem* duty on a plaster statuette of Garibaldi which I had brought from Turin. As regards smuggling—a recreation to which I never cared particularly to devote myself—it may be held to be like matrimony—a lottery. I remember, in the spring of 1864, sailing from New York to Havana and the Spanish Main; and prior to our departure, the Custom House officers searched not only the baggage, but the persons of sundry of the passengers who were bound for St. Thomas, and whom they suspected of conveying contraband of war for the use of the Confederates. Symmetrically suspended to the crinoline of one particularly guileless-looking young lady, the female searchers found no less than twelve revolvers; while in her toilet-bag was a rebel mail, in the shape of a large packet of letters, addressed to prominent personages in the South, and a very nicely-bleached human skull, labelled "Chickahominy," a trophy of warfare down by that river, I apprehend. Everybody was very much shocked when revelation was made of the *trouvaille* discovered on the guileless-looking young lady. Elderly gentlemen on board opined that she ought to be sent to Fort Lafayette. The Northern ladies sent their erring sister to Coventry. In particular was a tall gentleman, with an orange-tawny beard, and wearing an Inverness cape and a Jim Crow hat, scandalised by the escapade of the fair Secesh. "She oughter hev known better," he more than once remarked. When we were under weigh, and he had found out that I was an Englishman, he informed me confidentially that he was an habitual blockade-runner, and that he was "all over quinine and spurs," both being just then articles of prime necessity in Secessia. An odd time. I was told once of five-and-twenty thousand dollars' worth of smuggled diamonds being hooked, by a cautious superviser, out of a German lady's chignon.



NEW YORK FROM FORT WADSWORTH, STATEN ISLAND.

It was after the *Scythia* had passed the fort on Staten Island—I do not know its name, but it is one of the most picturesque forts I ever saw—that we were boarded from a pretty little steam yacht by the much-dreaded officers of the Custom House. Everybody answering to the name of passenger trembled. Everybody seemed a galled jade, and our withers were all wrung. Wincing appeared to be universal; and all placidly indifferent to doings of a fiscal nature as I had been, I remembered that, stowed away in a particular portmanteau, I had three pairs of new shoes. Why had I not had the soles shoded or roughened with a file before leaving my native land? But I consoled myself with the hope that somebody else might have taken the precautions which I had failed to take.

Now was the moment to "declare" as to what you had in your belongings, and to make solemn oath as to the truth of your declaration. So, very weak with the mournful feelings and dejected mien of schoolboys on Black Monday, we descended to the saloon. The chief official—a benevolent old gentleman, with snowy hair—sat enthroned in state at the head of the table, at which Captain Hains had, during eleven days, presided



THE BAY OF NEW YORK.

with so much grace and urbanity. Some subordinate inquisitors and sworn tormentors sat by him; and the table was littered with forms of declaration. I think that I was number three on the list of declaratory oath takers. I gave the chief inquisitor my name. He bowed gravely, and said that he had a communication for me. I felt slightly unnerved. What could the communication be? An order to quit the territory of the United States forthwith? Not at all; it was an invitation from a valued American friend of many years' standing to dine with him at his beautiful country house at Glen Cove the next day. I felt reassured, and immediately affirmed to I am sure I know not what—for I am parcel blind and hard of hearing—quite cheerfully.

Then I made way for a crowd of ladies and gentlemen, who with troubled aspect thronged round that terrible table. Some of the ladies subsequently dissolved into tears. Some of the gentlemen, more philosophic under tribulation, consoled themselves with those especially mild and balmy "cocktails" for the confection of which Robert, one of the saloon stewards of the *Scythia*, is so justly celebrated. There was, of course, a good deal of swearing gone through below; but I incline to the opinion that there was a prodigious deal more swearing performed in an unofficial manner on the *Scythia's* deck and in the dock-shed during the agonising period of baggage examination. Oaths of allegiance—we had to hear a disastrous deal about them during the English Parliamentary session of 1880—are, no doubt, very important matters (Talleyrand, as is well known, swallowed thirteen of them), but, in my humble opinion, the American Custom House oath is a farce and nothing more—a "screaming," not a solemn one.

What happened to my companions I candidly aver that I do not know, and I am selfish enough to confess that I do not much care. In a Custom House examination it is a case of every man for himself; and given a grinding, rasping, indiscriminate, omnivorous tariff, such as the present American one is said to be, I suppose that most persons strive to evade the duties as far as they possibly can, and that if everybody had their deserts few would escape the whipping in the way of surcharges. My own experiences were brief, simple, and eminently satisfactory. The enormous dock-shed into which we were turned loose from the *Scythia's* gangway presented one of the most extraordinary spectacles that I ever beheld. Imagine the Long Room at the London Custom House brought into

combination with the platform of the Midland Railway Terminus at St. Pancras. Throw in one of the huge corridors of the Bezesteen at Stamboul with a *soupçon* of the Agricultural Hall at Islington. Imagine this colossal area traversed in every direction by brawny porters wheeling towering masses of luggage on hand-barrows, and in the corners of the shed picture the powerfully-horsed wains of the Express Company ready to carry away the trunks and portmanteaus, so soon as they have passed the Custom House, to the various hotels at which the owners of the luggage intend to stop.

The transport of baggage in the United States has been reduced to a science, and entails the merest minimum of discomfort to the traveller. There are very few hackney carriages, comparatively speaking, in New York, and the light and elegant coupés which you hire for a dollar an hour—the tariff at the steamboat piers is much heavier—cannot be expected to carry heavy luggage. Thus, you are thrown on the tender mercies of the Express Company. But the Express man takes no advantage of you. He is your guide, philosopher, and friend. You tell him where you mean to stay; he whisks with amazing celerity your needments into one of his wains, and away he goes, down all manner of streets to the Brevoort, to the Fifth-avenue, to the Windsor, to the Buckingham—to anywhere in Manhattan that you choose to indicate. You may proceed to your hotel in a coupé, or by the Elevated Railroad, or by the street cars, and arrive at your destination laden only with a hand-bag or a writing-case; but the Express man will not be long after you; the hotel lift (in American invariably "elevator"*) will hoist your things to the floor on which your

* Although it may seem a very petty point of detail on which to dwell, I may point out that in their travelling as well as their official technology the Americans seem to show a preference for words of French or Latin derivation over words of Anglo-Saxon origin. Thus our "lift" is the American "elevator," a government office is often a "bureau," the word eating-house has almost entirely disappeared in favour of "restaurant" and "saloon;" a doorkeeper is a "janitor;" a dead-house a "morgue;" a coffin a "casket," and a shroud a "robe." The system of railway nomenclature seems to have been designedly built on French instead of English lines. Thus our "station" is a "dépôt" (pronounced *deepot*); "luggage" is "baggage" (French *bagage*); the "guard" is a "conductor," the "driver" is the "engineer," and the "engine" the "locomotive." "Railroad" and "Railway" are with us convertible terms; still, officially, we adopt the word "Railway." The Americans have adopted "Railroad." The "London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway"—the "Erie Railroad." In the latter is there not a slight assimilation to the French "*chemin de fer?*"

room is situated; and by the time you are out of your bath you will find your trunks and portmanteaus in your bedchamber, unstrapped and ready for opening. The trouble and the travail lie in getting these said trunks and portmanteaus through the Custom House.

The which, since I last strove to picture it, has undergone another transformation. Did you ever read Beckford's "Vathek?" If you have ever perused that delightful romance, carry your mind back to the description of the Hall of Eblis, with its countless multitudes of troubled souls wandering hither and thither in two opposite tidal streams. As I contemplated the new aspect of the dock-shed, the *locale* of the Hall of Eblis seemed to have been transported to a pier on the North River, New York. There were the countless multitude of anxious souls, wandering up and down, hither and thither, in dolorous quest of their luggage. I had been "fetched" by trusty emissaries from the Brevoort, and "Jerry," an old retainer of that establishment, and an old ally of mine, had, with the aid of certain stalwart porters, swiftly rescued what belonged to me from Chaos; but all the "anxious souls" had apparently not been so fortunate. Inquiring countenances, perturbed countenances, despairing countenances, flitted by me. The scene became Dantesque and Gustave-Doré-like in its intensity. Imagine Francesca di Rimini in anguish-stricken quest of her Saratoga trunk. This day she flirts no more. You might offer her chicken salad, stuffed tomatoes, Blue Point oysters, a Chickering piano, and a Tiffany bracelet, to say nothing of your hand and heart and all your New York Central stock, and she would not heed you. Where is her bonnet box? Where is the coffer containing her *robes à queue?* And echo answers, "Where?" Stay, another echo, in the sonorous voice of an Irish porter, makes reply, "Shure it's here;" and the bonnet box and the coffer with the long-tailed dresses are disinterred from the baggage of a confirmed old bachelor, a Congressman from Wisconsin.

A yellow ticket, bearing a number, had been handed to me when I signed my declaration. I was taken to an official, to whom I made the most diplomatic of bows that I could master after ten days' tumbling about the decks of the *Scythia;* and the authority handed my declaration and myself over to an elderly gentleman in private clothes, but who wore a brazen badge, of the shape of a shield, at his button-hole, and who was the examining officer. My interview with this functionary lasted

FRANCESCA IN ANGUISH-STRICKEN QUEST OF HER SARATOGA TRUNK.

precisely seventeen minutes. We had some ten packages, large and small, to examine; and every package, down to railway rugs, and a sheaf of sticks and umbrellas, was opened and carefully scrutinised. The officer was scrupulously and, indeed, amicably polite, and incidentally mentioned that his was far from an agreeable duty, but that he was bound to do it. I was not made to pay a single cent; so I suppose that I had nothing liable to duty. As each trunk or bag was relocked, the side of the package was chalked; and in another ten minutes the Express Company had got my heavy luggage, and with my

MAKING THE THANKSGIVING PUDDING.

lighter encumbrances, I was safe and sound in the Brevoort coach, and on my way to that most comfortable of hostelries. "Well out of it," I thought. Still I could not help thinking that the much-dreaded and much-abused New York Custom House is, like something else which you may have heard of, not so black as it has been painted.

Thursday was, as I have said, Thanksgiving Day — an anniversary of *actions de grâce*, or general expression of gratitude for mercies received, the holding of which is appointed by solemn proclamation from the Governor of each State in the Union. In the old Puritan days of Northern America, Thanksgiving Day was probably a strictly religious celebration, with some moderate indulgence, perhaps, in substantial creature comforts when prayers, and preachments, and exhortations, were at an end. Notwithstanding Butler's scornful allusion to the ill-conditioned abstemiousness of the Puritans, in "Hudibras," who, according to the satirist's showing, hated all kinds of good cheer, opposed goose and fat pig, blasphemed custard through the nose, and even disparaged "their best and dearest friend—plum porridge," I cannot help fancying that the Pilgrim Fathers were by no means averse to good living, when they could enjoy their cheer in a sober and serious manner. Did not her Highness the Protectress, consort of Great Oliver, write a cookery and household recipe book? The Lady Protectress was as economical as she was skilful in culinary things; for it is a matter of history, that when, one day at dinner, Oliver called for an orange as an accompaniment to a roast loin of veal on which he was intent, her Highness told him that "oranges were now oranges indeed" —England was on the eve of a war with Spain—and that she could not afford to let him have with his dish of meat that which would cost her at least a groat.

Be it as it may, the modern solemnisation of Thanksgiving Day in New York, and, I suppose, all over the States, entails a gigantic amount of eating and drinking. It is, from a convivial point of view, our Christmas Day come just four weeks before its time. Turkey and stewed cranberries are the traditionally orthodox dish for the occasion; but there is no law against consuming as much as ever you feel inclined of plum-pudding and other dainties. Charity plays a conspicuous and a very beautiful part in the festivities of the day. Everybody who has "joined a church" attends his own particular place of worship in the morning —be it Episcopalian, Roman Catholic, Presbyterian, Methodist,

Baptist, Independent, Congregational, Universalist, or what not. Sermons galore were preached on Thursday, the discourses having mainly reference to abundant harvests and rapidly reviving prosperity. The rest of the day was devoted to pleasure; and Broadway and Fifth-avenue became moving panoramas of holiday-makers. From Fifty-ninth-street to Washington-square the side-walks were densely thronged; and in the afternoon the roadway was crowded with carriages, bound to the exterior boulevards of the Empire City. In the leading thoroughfares all the great stores were closed; but eatables, drinkables, and cigars could be bought at will in the side streets. All the theatres and other places of amusement were open at night, and at many of them afternoon performances were given. One of the New York papers published, on Thursday morning, a Thanksgiving Anthem, of which I append a portion:—

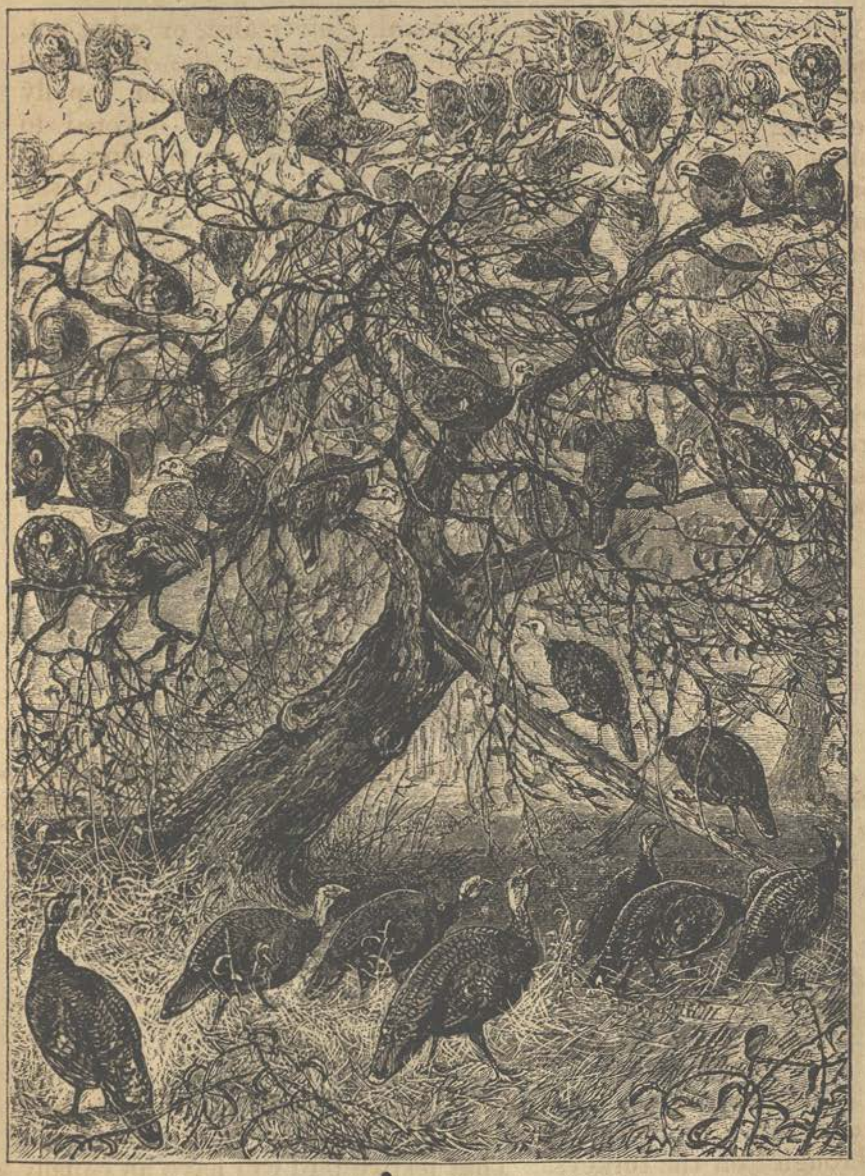
In Sixteen Hundred and Twenty-one,
When the Pilgrims' first year's work was done,
When the golden grain and the Indian corn,
And the wild fruits plucked from the forest thorn,
Were gather'd and stor'd 'gainst the winter's wrath
Till the drift should lift in springtime's path,
Far into the woods, on fowling bent,
Four good men Governor Bradford sent.

The fowlers went into the woods to shoot turkeys and gather cranberries for sauce. The Thanksgiving Song concludes:

'Tis now of years full thirteen score
Since thus our fathers blest their store,
But each recurring year has brought
The blessings which our fathers sought—

Rich harvests ripe with golden grain,
And rarest fruits and turkeys slain,
But still that pious "Let us pray"
Is heard on each Thanksgiving Day.

The cheerful piety of these grateful orisons being at once conceded, it still strikes me that Thanksgiving Day is somewhat "rough" on the turkeys. That festive bird will have an equally hard time of it at Christmas, and especially at the New Year. But the turkeys have not been the only victims to the exigencies of Thanksgiving Day. The Massacre of the Innocents in the way of fowls and chickens was overwhelming in its vastness on Thursday. The poorest of the poor, the meanest of the mean,



A ROOST ON A LARGE TURKEY FARM.

the lowest of the fallen, were regaled with succulent white meat. The destitute and the infirm, the prisoners and captives, were abundantly fed. One thousand eight hundred pounds' weight of poultry was dressed for consumption at the Almshouse and

SCALDING, PLUCKING, AND PLUMPING TURKEYS FOR THANKSGIVING DAY.

Penitentiary on Blackwell's Island, and not a morsel was left. The Charity Hospitals and Lunatic Asylums enjoyed a similar

INSANE ASYLUM, BLACKWELL'S ISLAND.

feast, and even the gaol-birds in the Tombs had a "square meal," and were further favoured by a volunteer choir, who perambulated the gloomy corridors of the prison, singing glees for the solace of the prisoners. The children in the reformatories and the industrial schools, and the poor little urchins in the asylum of the Five Points Mission, all held high festival; and, to crown the blessings of Thanksgiving Day, the Indian summer shone with all its mellow brilliance on the 27th of November—the sun glittering in an atmosphere as elastic and as exhilarating as that of Athens, the sky a lapis-lazuli blue, just flecked with a few streaks of golden colour, like that great sphere of blue and gold above the altar in the Gesù Church at Rome. They tell me that there is a great deal of misery in New York; but, to all appearance, the Good Samaritan was out and about in every street of the Great City on Thursday, laden with the good things of the earth, and sedulously seeking for the poor folks to relieve their bodily needs, and comfort them with kind words.

DISTRIBUTING FOOD AT THE FIVE POINTS MISSION.

WASHINGTON SQUARE AND FIFTH AVENUE.

III.

Transformation of New York.

New York, *Dec.* 1.

"Nothing is lost, nothing is created," wrote the illustrious French chemist. And a great many *savants* both before and after his time may have advanced a similar proposition. I know that Dr. Erasmus Darwin has done so in his beautiful verses on the decomposition of our bodies after death. I would not dare to gainsay a philosopher, much less a chemist; but assuredly there are a vast number of things terrestrial which, without being absolutely and irrecoverably lost, have a way of getting mislaid, and for a time baffle all your attempts to regain possession of them. I noticed the other day in the *Academy* that an ingenious French traveller employed in the Lorillard expedition for the discovery of Mexican antiquities had found an old Indian cemetery at a considerable height on the banks of Popocatapetl. From the memory of the writer of this interesting piece of information there had evidently been mislaid the fact that Popocatapetl is a mountain and not a river, and has "sides" and not "banks." The name indeed of the colossal mountain which dominates the city of Mexico is not very easy to pronounce, and it is well

to adopt the mnemonic formula invented by an American traveller (was it General Grant or the late Commodore Wyse?) "Pop the cat in the kettle." There you have "Popocatapetl" in the twinkling of a tongue.

The human memory, I take it, abides, not, as Simonides will have it, in a series of pigeon-holes, but in a nest of drawers, all duly fitted with locks and keys. "Memory," says Burton, "lays up all the species which the senses have brought in, and records them in a good register, that they may be forthcoming when they are called for by phantasy and reason. His object is the same with phantasy. His seat and organ the back part of the brain." The worst of it is that a man with the most systematic of memories sometimes forgets the whereabouts of his register, or loses count of the particular drawer at "the back part of his brain" in which a particular assemblage of facts is stored. Or, with a dim perception of where the drawer may be, he cannot, for the life of him, find the key at all. Or, finally, the lock may have grown rusty and the "Fors clavigera" results only in blank disappointment. Under these circumstances two courses are open to you. Either yield to the sorrowful persuasion that your memory has altogether decayed, and that you are becoming imbecile, in which case you should tranquilly retire to Bournemouth and a Bath Chair, and cease to trouble a work-a-day world with which you are no longer competent to cope; or—and this is the better way—you should strive to learn as many new things as you can, and tabulate and register and put them away in fresh-made drawers; and while you are doing this, if you bide your time and opportunity with patience and strong will, it will often mercifully happen that the Things Departed will return—that the lost will be found, and that Memory will come back to you as fresh and as green as the olive-branch that was borne by the dove.

When I first went to St. Petersburg, three-and-twenty years ago, I tried my hardest, during four or five months' sojourn, to learn a little Russ. I never got beyond a rudimentary knowledge of that difficult tongue, but I mastered the written character, and could make out the sense of a paragraph here and there in a newspaper; and I could ask for what I wanted in the Slavonic vernacular from shopkeepers, and waiters, and such people. I went away; and for twenty years I had never occasion to speak one word of Russian. My familiarity with the printed and written character did not desert me, and I could

still remember the melody, and repeat the words of the Russian song, "*Vot na pouti celo balschoia*," which I had learned by heart; but the sense of those words had become utterly dark to me; nor, to save myself from Siberia, could I have asked for a basin of soup or a slice of bread and butter in Russ. Circumstances led me, some two or three years since, not only to return to Petropolis, but to traverse the whole length of the empire, from the capital to the Black Sea. Altogether I was not more than three weeks in the dominions of the Czar; but every day that I abode there, and every day that I journeyed over the snowy steppes, long-forgotten Russian words and phrases came back in snatches, and wholly uncalled for, to my mind.

Have you ever experienced the feeling of forgetting things and of their returning, quite unbidden, but, ah! so welcome? I have been feeling such a sensation ever since last Wednesday afternoon, when I landed from the hospitable *Scythia*, Captain Hains commanding. The city of New York has come back to me. I have seen so many habitations of men in divers parts of the world since I was here in 1863-4 that I am not ashamed to

NEW YORK, FROM BROOKLYN HEIGHTS.

own that I remembered the New Yorkers much more vividly than I did New York city itself. You do not forget your old nurse who alternately coddled and scolded you five-and-forty years syne; but you are apt to have but a very dim and confused remembrance of the house and the street in which you dwelt, and even of the furniture of the room in which you used to play. I might dimly recall that the shape of Manhattan island was like that of a sole with its head at Harlem and its tail at Castle Garden; the backbone being represented by Broadway, and the continuous line of ships fringing the wharves along the East River and the Hudson River respectively figuring the lateral small bones of the fish; but had you asked me to mark on a piece of paper, from memory, the relative positions of Brooklyn, Hoboken, Jersey City, and Staten Island, I should have bungled sadly, last October, over the task. But I could mark the plans, now, and well enough, of Stamboul, Pera, Galata, Scutari, the Bosphorus, the Golden Horn, and the Sea of Marmora. Perhaps, in a year or two that faculty of remembrance may fade away—perhaps to be revived one day; perhaps to be utterly engulfed in the Great Lethe when we shall remember nothing at all.

Had I been suddenly summoned on Wednesday, Nov. 26,

BOWLING-GREEN AND COMMENCEMENT OF BROADWAY.

1879, to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth concerning the great city in which, off and on, I abode for more than twelve months sixteen years since, I should have made answer that, with tolerable distinctness and minuteness, I could in my mind's eye picture the aspect of Broadway from the Bowling-green to the City Hall, to the Astor House and Barnum's Museum, and thence "up-town" to Union-square, where I think there was a wondrous restaurant called the Maison Dorée. I think that I could have remembered Fifth-avenue from Washington-square by Eighth-street and the Brevoort House to Fourteenth-street, at the corner of the Eastern section of which was the "up-town" Delmonico's restaurant and café, and in the Western part of which I once occupied one of the few suites of furnished apartments which at that period were to let in New York. Upwards from Fourteenth-street I could have

FIFTH-AVENUE HOTEL, MADISON-SQUARE.

recalled to mind Madison-square and the Fifth-avenue Hotel, and two other then new caravanserais, the Albemarle and the Hoffman House. Of the old established hostelries, the New York, then chiefly frequented by Southerners; the Clarendon, much patronised by Britons; and the Metropolitan, I could of

course have kept count. Wall-street and William-street, the head-quarters of the fiercest gold-gambling the financial world had ever seen; Chambers-street, the *habitat* of the "down-town" Delmonico; Canal-street, Lafayette-place, and Bleecker-street were all tolerably fresh in my memory; but of the

CORNER OF BROAD AND WALL STREETS—DREXEL'S BUILDING AND STOCK EXCHANGE.

theatres of New York I remembered nought, save that there was one called Wallack's, and another called Niblo's Garden; that there was an Academy of Music where M. Max Maztzeke used to give performances of Italian Opera; and that across the water, at Brooklyn, there was a very large opera house, and a very large church where an eloquent minister named, I think, Beecher used to preach. Stay, I was also taken

by my old friend Phineas T. Barnum to hear another eloquent divine, named Dr. Chapin, who belonged, if I remember aright, to the Universalist persuasion. There were some palatial clubs, too, that I used to know; the Union, the Union League, the New York, the Manhattan, and the Athenæum; and on certain Saturday nights, at a reunion styled the Century Club, I have frequently met literature, art, and science in combination with stewed oysters and hot "whiskey skins."

After this it would have been better, perhaps, if my supposititious examination had not been persisted in. My replies would have been of the vaguest nature. The Central Park? Well, I do remember the existence of such a place, but of its exact locality and appearance I had not the remotest idea. The Bloomingdale road? Well, I fancy that there was a Lunatic asylum there past which I was once taken for a drive in a spider-like vehicle, all wheels and no bulwarks, and to which was harnessed one of the most appallingly fast-trotting mares that a helpless Briton ever risked his neck behind. My friendly

BOWERY MUSIC HALL.

Jehu was, I remember very well indeed, the lamented Henry J. Raymond of the *New York Times*. The Bowery? I had quite forgotten where the Bowery was, and I don't know where it is now. I intend to try and find out to-morrow. The Five Points? My acquaintance with that quarter does not yet extend beyond what I have read in Mr. Dickens's "American Notes"—you remember the description of the "break-down" dancing

Juba who "winked with his boots;" but, for the rest, Mr. Dickens's description of New York, for any practical purpose which it would serve nowadays, might as well be a description of ancient Persepolis; and as for Mrs. Trollope, those "Domestic Manners of the Americans," in depicting which she so good-naturedly revelled, apply about as closely to the usages and customs of the Potawotamie Indians as they do to the Americans of the present epoch.* The "Points," however, must still exist, since I read in the *New York Herald* that there is a "Five Points Mission" and an industrial school there for some seven hundred poor young waifs and strays, who on Thanksgiving Day were feasted on poultry and pudding in the play-ground on the roof of their asylum.

Pardon me if I once more revert to Thanksgiving Day in connection with poultry. To indulge in white meat on this festival is more than a national custom. It amounts to a passion. Two ladies belonging to the fortune-telling profession, and the husband of one of them, with two German and one Irish name between them, are just now in trouble for decoying and hocussing with morphine a simpleton whom one of the ladies met promiscuously on a steam-boat. Their object in administering the narcotic to the gentleman was to obtain his watch, chain, and loose dollars; for as the husband of one of the ladies pertinently put it, "the shop-lifting line was played out, and he wanted a man with money." One of the female fortune-tellers has turned, it seems, State's evidence, at least she was "on the stand," or in the witness-box for six hours yesterday testifying against her companions; and, in the course of her revelations, she stated that, on the morning of the day when he was hocussed (being Thanksgiving Day), the gentleman who was a simpleton was invited to breakfast, and that one of the ladies and her hus-

* It may be noted as a very gratifying proof of the diminution of what may be termed "thin-skinnedness" and the increase of a good-natured toleration of the criticism of foreigners among a people who were once thought to be the most sensitive in the world that I have frequently heard Americans in good society frankly admit that very many of the Trollopian strictures on manners in the United States some forty-five years ago were substantially true, and that their public exposure did the cause of national refinement in manners a great deal of good. In particular have I heard it admitted that voracity in eating and uncouth behaviour in places of public resort were formerly conspicuous failings among Americans. It is droll that a critic of polite *versus* coarse manners should have been found in the authoress of "The Widow Barnaby," which, as regards style and diction, is a model of vulgarity.

band proceeded to Jefferson-market for the purpose of stealing a turkey to celebrate the day of jubilation withal. They returned however without the festive bird, and, sad to relate, "under the influence of liquor," remarking in broken accents that turkeys were plentiful in Jefferson-market, but there were also plenty of people about to take care of the feathered bipeds. Nothing discouraged, the simple-minded gentleman "stood" a turkey, and even went out himself for cranberries to furnish sauce. After that they put some doctor's stuff in his beer. He is not dead, but "feels bad," and has been bound over to prosecute. These simple yet touching details carry the mind back to the idyllic incident of our Maria Manning—I had the privilege of seeing her and her husband hanged—basting the goose over the trench in the back kitchen which the precious pair had dug to receive the corpse of their guest, Mr. Patrick O'Connor. In such cases pleasure comes first and business afterwards. Turkey —or goose—with cranberry sauce first, and then murder.

And was this all that I remembered only five days ago of a metropolitan city, numbering, with its outlying suburbs, something like a million inhabitants? I repeat without shame that this was nearly all that occurred to me concerning the enormous hive of humanity which now covers from end to end the island of Manhattan. It is a far safer thing to underrate than to overestimate your knowledge of a place. In the first-named case you do not run much risk of being convicted half-a-dozen times a day of scandalous ignorance, and of having the finger of scorn consequently pointed at you. With the few exceptions of recollection, then, which I have named, my mind on my arrival in this most interesting city, which I should like to abide in and to study for at least a year, but which I am bound to leave at the expiration of ten days' sojourn, was virtually a sheet of blank paper. I declare that when, with the inquisitiveness of a traveller just arrived in a strange land, I began to look to this side and to that from the windows of the carriage—it was a "high-toned" carriage, and bore a curious family resemblance to the "glass-coach," in which one used to go to weddings in England—in which we were being jolted over the much tram-rutted thoroughfares, on our way from the *Scythia's* berth on the North River to the Brevoort House, the most forcible impression on my mind was to the effect that that most frugal and ingenious people, the Dutch, had been forced by the machinations of Prince Bismarck to evacuate Holland, and had suddenly colonised

the purlieus of Paradise-street, Liverpool, which by some preternatural means or other had been transported across the Atlantic.

The little red-brick houses, the high "stoops" or flights of wooden steps in front, the green "jalousie" shutters, the handicrafts and shop business carried on in cellars, the amount of mopping, and scrubbing, and scouring going on, the endless procession of open drays full of corpulent little kegs presumably full of schiedam, all at first bespoke the neighbourhood of Amsterdam, Rotterdam, or the Hague. But no; I was not in Holland. Locomotives and passenger cars are not accustomed, so far as my remembrance serves me, to whizz through the ambient air on a level with the second-floor windows in the towns of the Low Countries; and it was only when crossing one of the Avenues,—I

ELEVATED RAILWAY, THIRD-AVENUE, NEW YORK.

am sure I forget which, but I shall learn all their numbers and attributes in time—that I began to realise the fact that I had reached the only country which as yet possesses that not very artistic-looking but still distinctly beneficial institution, an "Elevated Railroad"—America. A great many people abuse it—or rather them, for there are at least two lines—yet everybody travels by the "Elevated" to the immense facilitation of the traffic. To the complexion of the "Elevated" we may have to come ourselves some day in overgrown and congested London.

I had scarcely, however, made up my mind that I was in the United States, when a change came over the spirit of my dream, and I found myself murmuring that surely I must be in Germany. Those unmistakably Teutonic names over the shop fronts, those bakeries, barbers, billiard rooms, shops for the sale of "underwear" (*unterwahr?*) eating and drinking houses, lager-beer saloons, bowling alleys, and corner groceries—the whole redolent with a mild perfume of sauerkraut, sausages, and Bremen tobacco, belonged obviously to the Fatherland—not, perhaps, so much to austere Berlin, or vivacious Vienna, or æsthetic Munich, or decorous Dresden, as to one of the Hanse Towns. The very people looked German, steady-going, sober-sided, tawny-haired, passably phlegmatic, but on scant provocation willing to quaff multitudinous *seidels* of lager, in rivalry of the immortal toper (whose achievements have been recited in an English version of the German ballad by the Herr Hans Breitmann, otherwise my good friend Charles G. Leland) who swigged beer for three whole days at the Black Whale at Ascalon, till he grew "stiff as a broomstick on the marble bench." Yes, I was in Germany; and I waited in fear and trembling to hear the strains of the "Wacht am Rhein," to see the warriors of Germania with their invincible "pickelhaube" helmets and their irresistible needle-guns march by "in squadrons and platoons, with their music playin chunes," and to feel that I was a "Philister."

Not a bit of it. We jolted round a corner. We passed by a Monte Testaccio of potatoes, of evidently Irish extraction. I saw Mike from Connemara smoking his dhudeen. Biddy M'Flinn was brushing up some blooming Newtown pippins with a corner of her woollen shawl, to make the fruit look spruce and tidy for market; and Father O'Quigly the priest passed by sleek and smiling, with a broad-brimmed hat and a black broadcloth coat reaching down to his heels. Father O'Quigly flourishes here exceedingly, and New York abounds not only

BIDDY M'FLINN AND FATHER O'QUIGLY.

with stately Roman Catholic cathedrals and churches, but also with admirably appointed orphanages, schools, and other Catholic charities.* Every creed and denomination indeed seems to

* In these orphanages numbers of young girls are trained for domestic service; and multitudes of Irish immigrant girls are constantly going into service, generally as cooks, although they are incapable of cooking anything more recondite than a potato. Germany and Scandinavia also furnish a continuous and numerous contingent of parlour-maids and nurse-maids, and in affluent families whose members, like "Mrs. Gen'l Gilflory," have "lived so long in Europe," it is not uncommon to find the care of the juveniles entrusted to French *bonnes*, whose smart aprons and dainty Normandy *cauchoises* make Fifth-avenue quite resplendent, and still further increase the decidedly Parisian aspect of some parts of New York.

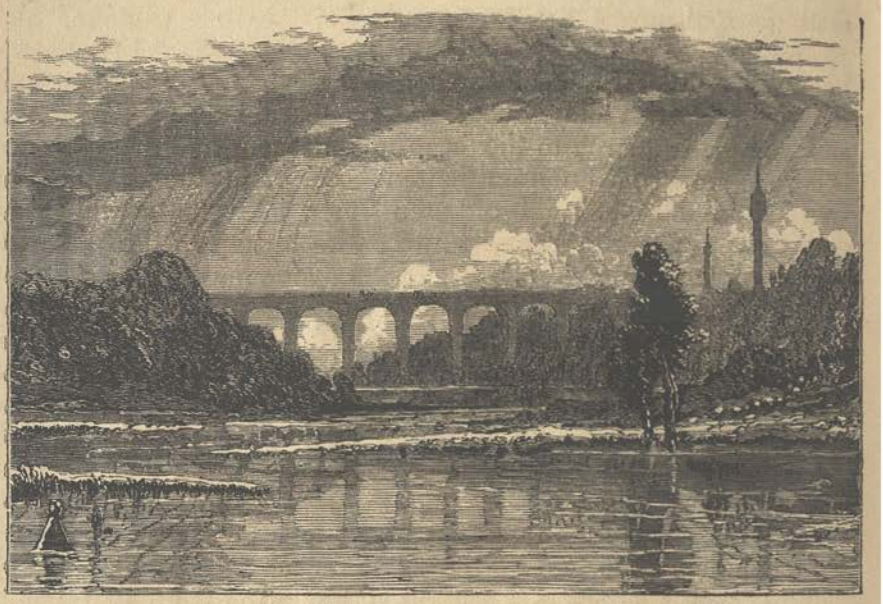
vie with its neighbour in tending the poor, the disabled, and the sick, and in training up fatherless and neglected children. I suppose that the professors of the various religions quarrel among themselves now and again—they would scarcely be human if they did not; but, so far as information can be derived from the columns of the newspapers, the *odium theologicum* seems to be reduced just now to a minimum, and kindliness towards one's neighbour the chief doctrinal point insisted upon. I don't think that a journalist could make a very remunerative livelihood here by writing in a secular paper furious leading articles concerning the Thirty-nine Articles, the Athanasian Creed, and the Eastern Position.

I am free, indeed, to confess that, as an old wrestler with wild beasts at Ephesus, and an inveterate grumbler, grievance-monger, and partisan, I am, up to this time of writing, sorrowfully disappointed with the coolness, almost amounting to indifference, with which Americans of culture seem to be treating things in general. People talk freely enough about "H. M. S. Pinafore," the musical genius of Mr. Arthur Sullivan, the wit and humour of Mr. W. S. Gilbert, and the talent and *bonhomie* of Mr. Frederick Clay, all of whom are at present among the choicest lions of New York fashionable society; and the "Princess Toto" they talk about, the millions of dollars which Mr. James R. Keene is reported to be continually making in Wall-street speculations; Mr. Mapleson's opera coming is frequently discussed; people of culture and people who are "intime" discourse concerning Mr. E. Burne Jones's pictures and Mr. Whistler's etchings; but they have nothing to say on the Eastern Question; and even the Nicaraguan Canal, Chinese cheap labour, the Customs Tariff, the chances of General Grant as a candidate at the next Presidential Election, Mormon polygamy, and the expediency of the gradual withdrawal of greenbacks from circulation fail, although touched upon in President Hayes's Message—which everybody had read two days before it was communicated to Congress—to excite anything beyond the most languid amount of interest.

As for the Rebellion, as for the greatest and most momentous Civil War that modern times have seen, it is never made a subject of conversation in polite society. What! never? Well, scarcely ever. Now and then a Republican organ has a half-spiteful, half-bantering paragraph about "Confederate Brigadiers" and "the bloody shirt." Occasionally a Demo-

cratic journal recalls the exploits of the "carpet baggers," and "revenue sneak thieves," and the scandals of the "Freedmen's bureaux;" but if a man talks too much about Antietam and the Shenandoah Valley, about the bombardment of Charleston, and Sherman's march to the sea, he will incur as great a risk of being set down as an unmitigated bore, as in the days of our youth those high-stocked old gentlemen used to be who, after dinner, were wont to recount the entire history of the Waterloo campaign, marking Mont St. Jean, Hougoumont, La Belle Alliance, and the forest of Soignies with morsels of biscuits and walnuts; the nut crackers illustrating Blucher's advancing force, and a little old port wine being spilt in a stream on the mahogany to symbolise the hollow road of Ohain. Should the Rebellion Bore persist in invoking phantoms which had much better be laid in the Red Sea, the chances are that his indignant hearers will vote him a "cold potato" and "run him out." You see that the victors in the great struggle are quite content with the triumphant end, as well they may be, and do not care to inquire about the means by which that end was brought about. The vanquished down south have a variety of things to think about—the principal object of their preoccupation being the practicability of keeping a particularly gaunt and famished wolf from the door. But even in that distressful region things are looking up.

Thus, having traversed in imagination Holland, North Germany, and Ireland, I arrived at length at my destination, the Brevoort House, an hotel situated in a region to which I hesitate to assign a parallel in the way of locality. The truth would seem to be that within the last sixteen years the city of New York has become not only structurally but socially transformed, and that the Brevoort, although as comfortable and as aristocratically frequented as ever, is no longer situated in a fashionable quarter. The Brevoort—it *must* be told in Gath—is now "down town." To what district in London shall I liken the quarter in which it is situated? Russell or Bloomsbury-square? Portland-place? Bruton-street? Well, it is something between the three, taking "up town" in New York to mean Belgravia and South Kensington on the one side and Tyburnia on the other. For the Central Park at New York you may take our Hyde Park, and the region surrounding the Fifth-avenue and Madison-square may tolerably well represent the Oxford-circus, as Union-square does the Piccadilly one. Beyond the Central Park the City continues to develop for miles and miles towards



THE HARLEM RIVER.

the Harlem river, and beyond it laterally into West Chester County. Suppose we compare the newly-settled region with the Regent's Park and the villa-covered acclivities of Belsize Park and Haverstock Hill.

All this, I am perfectly well aware, is playing "confusion worse confounded" with the points of the compass, since a glance at the map will show you that there are no topographical features in common between New York and London. In the last-named metropolis the shipping quarter is so far distant from the fashionable districts of the city that there may be thousands of well-bred Londoners who, in the course of their whole lives, have never set eyes upon Wapping or Rotherhithe, Shadwell or Stepney; and who, save when they condescend to go down by steamer to eat whitebait at the Ship or the Trafalgar at Greenwich, have never passed through the Pool. Obstinate exclusives in London may even shut out such things as tramways from their serene view; but the most patrician dweller in Fifth-avenue cannot ignore the tramcars which are plying in all the avenues and cross streets skirting his residence; and a walk down these cross streets either way must inevitably end in the not very remote prospect of docks, and piers, and wharves, and

FREIGHT FOR EUROPE. A NEW YORK WHARF.

ferries, and all the hurry and bustle of a "Yo, heave ho!" state of things.

When I came here first, Twenty-fifth-street was accounted as being sufficiently far "up town," and Fortieth-street was Ultima Thule. Beyond that the course of town lots planned out

and prospected, but structurally yet to come, was only marked by boulders of the living rock having weird *graffiti* eulogistic of the virtues of Drake's Plantation Bitters, the Night Blooming Cereus, the Balm of a Thousand Flowers, and Old Dr. Jacob Townsend's Sarsaparilla. What has become of those strange stencillings on the living rock? Where I remember wildernesses I behold now terraces after terraces of lordly mansions of brown stone, some "with marble façades," * others wholly

of pure white marble, gleaming like the product of Carrara in the clear blue sky, and lacking only a few palm trees and orange groves to surpass in beauty the villas of the Promenade des Anglais at Nice. Unless my friends in New York are laughing at me, this state of things architectural goes on up to One

* When a business man comes to financial grief in New York and is accused by his creditors of having lived extravagantly, it is generally urged against him that he lived in "a brown stone house with a marble façade, kept fast trotting horses, and gave champagne suppers to the "blonde belles of 'Black Crook' burlesque."

Hundred and Ninetieth-street. It may go on still further for aught I know, right into West Chester County, and so on, and still on towards the Adirondack Mountains, until Niagara Falls be reckoned a tolerably fashionable "up-town" residence. Why not? London has come to Brentford, and means to go to Hounslow; and some of these days will take in Uxbridge. Only the other day I was writing about Young London; but the growth of Young Manhattan, as it is much more rapid, is also much more astonishing than our own metropolitan transformation. Growing London absorbs suburbs, villages, and towns. Growing New York has had nothing to absorb but the open. Its development almost belies the dictum of the illustrious French chemist. It *does* create.

VIEW IN CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK.

IV.

All the Fun of the Fair.

New York, *Dec.* 3.

I enjoyed, some years since, the friendship of a small American girl-child—I do not think that she was more than seven—who would occasionally permit me to join with her in a diversion which, just then, was frequently and passionately pursued by her elders. Throughout the Great Civil War, the Northern people maintained two admirably beneficent organisations, for the support of which many millions of dollars were cheerfully subscribed. One was called the Christian Commission, and ministered to the spiritual wants of the Federal soldiers. This Commission, unless I am mistaken, likewise provided a supply of Sisters of Mercy for the service of the hospitals. Then came the Sanitary Commission, which was, perhaps, the more popular body of the two, and which looked after the physical needs of the warriors in the sky-blue gaber-

dines, supplementing their rations with the "goodies" of which Americans are so fond, providing them with extra articles of clothing, and, in short, making them comfortable in all kinds of ways.* For the sustentation of the funds of the Sanitary Commission, periodical festivals of a charitable nature were held all over the loyal States, and these were called Sanitary Fairs. I remember to have attended at least a score of them. There used also to be balls, pic-nics, masquerades, "surprise parties," "church oyster stews," and "clam-bakes," always in aid of the funds of the Sanitary Commission; and so numerous and brilliant were these merry-makings, that a distinguished American statesman (he was on the Northern side, too,) was once led in a moment of irritation to declare that the war had been to the North "a gigantic frolic." But a terribly stern purpose underlaid that frolic.

As for the Sanitary Fair, it may be defined as having been a combination of our English fashionable fancy fairs, the old "wheel of fortune" bazaars at Margate and other English watering-places, and those philanthropic but eccentric Irish lotteries in which, with the praiseworthy object of raising money for the support of St. Somebody's Roman Catholic Orphanage, you take a ticket in a raffle, in which the grand prizes may be an Alexandre harmonium, a billiard table, or a phaeton and pair. The winter of 1863, when war was in its bitterest stage of exacerbation, was marked by an unusual plenitude of Sanitary Fairs. "Calico Balls," "Patriotic Romps," and Sanitary Fairs were continuous throughout the States undesolated by fire and sword; and in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and Washington,

* Those communicative statists in the English morning papers who are so fond of enumerating how many thousands of pork pies, bottles of ginger beer, and penny buns are consumed at the Annual Foresters' Fête at the Crystal Palace, or the Police Orphanage gathering at the Alexandra, would open their eyes wide with astonishment were the statistics presented to them of the quantities of "candies" forwarded to the valiant warriors of the Union by their affectionate friends in Northern cities. The army of the Potomac, I should say, ate more lollipops in the course of a month than the ladies of the Sultan's harem at Constantinople do in the course of a whole year; and that is saying a good deal, since we have all heard that the culinary department of the Commander of the Faithful comprises three hundred confectioners, whose sole duty it is to prepare "Lumps of Delight" and other sweetstuff for the *khanoums* of the Seraglio. The confectioners are all black, and they are made to sing Ethiopian melodies while at work to prevent their surreptitiously helping themselves to the boiling syrup; if the superintendents have to leave their posts for a few minutes, they always chalk the sweetmeat-makers' lips in case of a sweet tooth getting the better of them.

there was plenty of fun. The children—the "small infantry" cannot be left out of account in any description of American social life, and, unlike Leigh Hunt's "small infantry," they do not habitually "go to bed by daylight," but, on the contrary, stay up to all manner of hours—were prompt to imitate the rejoicings in which their grown-up relatives and friends took so much delight. "Now," would the small girl-child to whom I referred—she is since married, I believe, to a wealthy speculator in Wall-street—say to me, "We play at Tanitary Fair. 'Oo keep a candy-store, and me buy candy of 'oo." So we used to sit down on the carpet and play at Sanitary Fair. Her ideas of the game were simple but peculiar. I was to provide an indefinite but tangible quantity of candy or sweetstuff of varying saccharine capacity, from the toothsome but toothache-giving cocoa-nut rock to the luscious chocolate cream. Did my stock-in-trade comprise a few *marrons glacés*, so much the better for my youthful patroness.

You must understand that, in the days of which I speak, the national currency was in a very mixed and perturbed state. Greenbacks were the legal tender, the smallest one being for ten cents or fivepence; but there was a multitude of other notes in circulation, the value of which you were apt to discover, when, at the railway depôts, the clerks scornfully refused to accept in payment for fares the elaborately engraved promises to pay of the Ugly Mug Bank of West Wumscroggs or the United Freebooters' Bank of Kafoozlumville, Kansas. Boot-blacks and barbers in those days used to issue their own currency; and tokens inscribed "Good for one shave," "Good for one polish up," were not uncommon. My young companion, in the game of Sanitary Fair, also presided over a Bank of Issue of her own particular devising. Her notion was that a Blue Point oyster shell was equivalent to an ounce of toffy; that a torn envelope, bearing an obliterated inland postage stamp, represented three chocolate creams; and that a piece of hardbake as big as your thumb was rather dear when exchanged for a wooden doll of the same size, undraped, with one arm, one leg, and a damaged nose. As she was accustomed to insist, first that her currency should be returned to her at the end of each game, and next that I should bring a fresh stock of candy to the front at the beginning of another—she used to beat me down frightfully in the sticky article known as "red hearts," which succulent goodies was constrained to let her have at the rate of four for

one hair-pin—I need scarcely say that, at the conclusion of our transactions, the balance of trade was largely against me.

Bearing in mind one's old pastimes, can you tell me of a pleasanter passage in "Chesterfield's Letters" than that in which the highly moral and exquisitely polished essayist recalls his school days at Westminster, and the hop-scotch and chuck-farthing of his youth. It was with a keenly cheerful interest that I noticed, soon after my arrival in New York, the announcement of the holding of the Fair of the Seventh Regiment of New York State Militia, at their Armoury in Lexington-avenue. This Fair has now been in full action for the last ten days, and up to Thursday last, according to the newspapers, some $75,000 had been taken as gate-money—the price of admission to the fair being 50c. a head—and for shares in the innumerable lotteries organised within the building. I eagerly asked an American friend whether the Fair was really a "Boom," and whether I ought to visit it. I was told the Fair *was* a "Boom," and no mistake. Now a "Boom," as I understand it, is the very reverse to a "fizzle," and the antipodes to a "fraud." A "Boom," whether it apply to the expected nomination of General Ulysses S. Grant for the next Presidency, the Nicaraguan Canal scheme, the Egyptian Obelisk—which (chiefly through the unwearied efforts of the Editor of the *New York World*) is to be brought from Alexandria and set up in New York, obviously in order to bring about the utter collapse of our Cleopatra's Needle, and make the Luxor at Paris feel "mean"—the grain operations of Mr. J. R. Keene, and

DRUM-MAJOR OF THE NEW YORK SEVENTH REGIMENT.

Mr. Vanderbilt's recent colossal sale of New York Central stock, those are all big things that for the moment make a big noise, and they are all consequently entitled to rank as "Booms." After a time the "Boom" has a tendency to go out with a splutter, and an unmelodious twang.

When I inquired what the final cause of the "Boom" was, I learned that the Seventh Regiment—which is a highly important and fashionable corps of militia, rivalling in efficiency of drill, discipline, and splendour of equipment the far-famed "Boston Tigers"—had built a grand new Armoury upon Lexington-avenue, for the performance of their manœuvres and the storage of their weapons, and that the object of the Fair was to defray the cost of this edifice. Now Lexington-avenue is a stately boulevard, which begins at Fourteenth-street, and extends north, between Third and Fourth-avenues, as far as the pretty expanse known as Gramercy Park. From Gramercy Lexington-avenue is continued as far north as Hamilton-square, at Sixty-

THE SEVENTH REGIMENT ARMOURY.

sixth-street, which existed not when I first came hither, and the name of which presents no link of purport or significance to my mind. But the huge brick building which forms the Seventh Regiment Armoury is, I think, at Sixty-third-street. If I blunder as to the exact numeral, who is to blame me, seeing that New York has increased in size full sevenfold since 1863? I ought to have mentioned, too, that after passing through Holland, Germany, and Ireland, on your way from the North River Pier to the Brevoort House, there is a densely populated French quarter, equally reminding you of the Rue St. Denis and

A FRENCH BAKERY, NEW YORK.

the Rue Mouffetard, south of Washington-square; while at Madison-square, from the Fifth-avenue Hotel and Delmonico's, are the central structures attracting strangers. There branch at least half a dozen splendid counterparts of the Boulevard des Capucines, the Rue Scribe, the Avenue de l'Opera, the Rue du Quatre Septembre, and the Chaussée d'Antin.

I have given to these letters the general title of "America

Revisited," but I have not seen America yet. I have only seen New York, and very little of that. I must wait, I suppose, until I get to Baltimore, and especially to Philadelphia, before I really feel that I am on Transatlantic soil; and surely the sensation which I should properly have of being there has not been heightened by the aspect of the Empire City, which to me appears to be many degrees less American than when I was here last. Meanwhile, it is not at all unpleasant to dwell in Cosmopolis, to have at one's disposal a Turkey-carpeted, bird's-eye maple and plate-glass lined elevator which conveys you to the one hundred and ninety-fifth storey of the Tower of Babel, if you live in one of the big hotels, and to hear a confusion of tongues going on around you, till you begin to ask yourself seriously of what nationality you may personally be, and whether that stormy voyage across the Atlantic, per Cunard steamship *Scythia*, was not, after all, a tempestuous dream. That I could not find my "sea legs" I owned in a former letter; but I have as much difficulty in New York in finding my land legs. My perambulations are more of a perpendicular than of a horizontal nature. I am always going up and down in an elevator (not at the dear old Brevoort, where they have been thinking of having an "elevator" these seventeen years past, and have at length determined to have one, but it is not finished yet); and when I am free from the pleasant thraldom of the "lift," I find myself the slave of the horse tramway cars, or else scudding through space at an altitude of sixty or seventy feet above the street on the Elevated Railroad.

Uncertainty, however, as to the particular Elevated Railroad station to which Sixty-third-street was nearest led me to patronise one of the neat little coupés which now stand for hire in front of the principal hotels in New York. Americans in the full possession of their faculties rarely, I am told, use these handsome and commodious vehicles, of which the fare is one dollar, or four shillings, an hour; and if your journey only extends to a hundred yards, or, as it may very often happen, a hundred paces, you will have to pay a dollar all the same. The New Yorker who is *compos mentis* jumps into a horse car, or ascends the staircase of the nearest Elevated station, and is, for a few cents, swiftly borne to his destination, however far up or far down town it may be; but the foreigner who does not "know the ropes"—that is to say, who is crassly ignorant—must be, after a manner, topographically distraught. Americans should be tender to him,

I think, for he knows not where he is, nor what to do for the best. Under these circumstances the coupés at a dollar an hour are a smiling boon. The carriages are neat, clean, and even elegant, with rugs inside to keep you warm. They are capitally well horsed, and the drivers are civil Irishmen. No *pourboire* is expected, although, of course, a trifle for "a drink" would not be refused; the men drive quickly and cleverly; and you may get over an immense amount of ground for your dollar. Altogether, a New York hack coupé is superior structurally, decoratively, and locomotively to one of our four-wheelers, as a Havanna regalia is superior to a "twopenny smoke" at a suburban tobacconist's. But mark this: the London "growler," infected and unsavoury old vehicle as it undoubtedly is, and deserving all kinds of contemptuous disparagements, possesses two distinct advantages, of which the neat, pretty, and expeditious coupé is destitute. The "growler" will convey four passengers instead of two, the coupé's complement; and its much-enduring roof will carry besides any quantity of heavy trunks, to say nothing of your portable bath, your perambulator, and your bicycle.

We reached the Fair about nine o'clock in the evening, and found the thoroughfares surrounding the capacious and stately Armoury building flooded by the electric light; nor was this brilliancy by any means a superfluity, for the gas in New York seems to be somewhat weak; and when the stores are closed, the lighting of the streets, although the lamps are very numerous, appears to leave much to be desired. An analogous objection will apply to the pavement. There is plenty of it—at least the sidewalks are abundantly flagged; but in the side thoroughfares ruts and fissures, and those viatorial complications which the Irish term "curiosities" abound. As for the roadway, it is so hopelessly cut up by the trams intersecting each other in every imaginable direction, that you scarcely know whether the middle of the street is paved or not; and the discomfort of walking is increased by the circumstance that the inhabitants of the houses are still permitted to deposit ashes and other refuse in barrels placed at stated intervals along the kerbstone. In a free country the people have, of course, the right to "dump" their ashes wheresoever they please; but when a stiff north-east wind is blowing, every ash-barrel becomes the centre of a little sirocco of its own. The dust and other refuse perform "Sahara waltzes" of an erratic but distracting character, and you are half blinded by

the flying particles. These observations do not, of course, apply to the fashionable thoroughfares, in which promenading is as facile and as pleasant as it is on the Paris Boulevards or in our Regent Street. It is only in the back streets that you feel from time to time that the Commissioners of something or another, or the Board of you know not what, might do something for the pavement and the dust nuisance. But what American in his senses walks about the back streets of New York, unless he have direct business on hand taking him to a specified locality? To my misfortune, I have been during twoscore years prowling about back streets all over the world, and taking note of them.

The arrangements for setting down and taking up at places of public amusement in New York strike me as being admirable. There is no hurry, no confusion, no rudeness, no extortion, and no unnecessary delay. An adequate force of stalwart, intelligent, and obliging policemen is always on hand. I am perfectly well aware that the New York police are being violently abused by the papers for the addictedness to "clubbing" people—that is to say, to brain them on slight provocation with their truncheons: all I know is that they did not "club" me, and that whenever I asked a question of a constable he answered me politely. When you alight from your coupé, a ticket bearing a number is handed to you. Another ticket bearing the same number is given to your coachman, who knows where to take up his stand, and who promptly responds to the summons of the police when he is wanted. There is no frenzied shrieking of "Mrs. Smith's carriage" stopping the way. Nobody's carriage stops the way. Mrs. Smith is Number Sixty, or Number One Hundred and Ten, as the case may be, and when the carriage is called it comes. Such, at least, was my experience at the Seventh Regiment Fair.

ARMS OF THE NEW YORK SEVENTH REGIMENT.

So we paid our fifty cents at the Armoury, the checktakers being ten privates of the Seventh Regiment in full uniform, who were not only imposing examples of the New York State militiamen, but also, to my mind, very favourable specimens of a type of humanity which, ethnologically as well as socially, is coming to the front in a very conspicuous manner—I mean the young New Yorker. According to Dr. George M. Beard, an eminent American physician, who has just published in the *North American Review* a remarkable paper on the physique of the two great sections of the Anglo-Saxon race, the type of Transatlantic virility consists in "chiselled features, great fineness and silkiness of the hair, delicacy of the skin, tapering extremities," the whole attended by chronic and excessive nervousness. Now this seems to me—when accompanied by a turn-over collar of large dimensions and a dreamily uplifted eye—to constitute what we used to recognize when we were young as the Byronic type; and the number of Byronic sets of features that I have noticed, not only at the fair and at the opera, but among nearly every class of well-to-do New Yorkers, is quite astonishing.

I may be laughed at by the unthinking among my own countrymen, when I say that some of the handsomest young fellows I have ever seen in my travels have been American hotel clerks, assistants in stores, and sleeping car conductors. Some adventitious aids to comeliness these Transatlantic Adonises may have, through their constant sacrifices to one at least of the Graces of the Toilette. Every American who does not wish to be thought "small potatoes" or a "ham-fatter" or a "corner loafer," is carefully "barbed" and fixed up in a hair-dressing saloon every day. The young clerk or assistant who in England either shaves himself or gets shaved in the (nearest and earliest) barber's shop for a penny or three half-pence, and who thinks four-pence quite enough for the raw and unskilful cutting of his hair, has no corresponding type of simplicity, or, if you will have it so, carelessness, in the United States. His congener in America regularly and punctually repairs to a hair-dressing saloon where his head is shaved and shampooed, where his hair is washed and anointed and invigorated by bay-rum, where, if he likes, it is curled; and where, in any case, it is carefully combed, brushed, and "fixed," in a style which a young Englishman would either admire or sneer at as tonsorial dandyism in the superlative degree. To be sure an English clerk or shop assistant very

HAIR-DRESSING SALOON, NEW YORK.

rarely cherishes the hope of being one day Her Majesty's Ambassador at Paris, Chief Secretary of State for the Home Department, or Governor of the Bank of England; whereas a juvenile American, earning a salary of say six dollars a week, whose ideas run in the proper channels and whose head is screwed on the right way, rarely looks at himself in the glass, after he has been "fixed" by the barber, without seeing reflected in the mirror the features of a future President of the United States or of a Minister Plenipotentiary or Judge of the Supreme Court, or a big hotel proprietor at the very least. Is it a good thing to be devoured by ambition? I must leave the question to be discussed by young men just entering life. It strikes my limited intelligence that our young English business men are not ambitious about anything save in attaining excellence as cricketers, bicyclists, and lawn-tennis players; whereas the young American appears to be continually possessed by a settled purpose and determination to do something and become something "big."

Dr. Beard says that the nervousness of the third generation of Germans who have become American citizens is full as remarkable as that of the Anglo-Saxon and Anglo-Irish natives; and that young men whose parents on both sides were born in Germany exhibit all the features of the American type as just set forth. That type is, to me, the Byronic—I mean the pic-

torially Byronic—for people who knew the author of "Childe Harold" in the flesh have repeatedly warned me that he was not nearly so comely as he has been represented to be by the painters and sculptors. I shall see, it may be, a great many varying types of manhood before I leave this country. I am going South, and hope to go very far West; but there need be no beating about the bush, and no paying of fulsome compliments in saying that the young men of New York are an eminently good-looking race. One reason for this general comeliness may be the abstemiousness of the modern American. I am bound to believe so distinguished an authority as Dr. Beard when he states that, "although the Americans are fast eaters, or used to be so a quarter or half a century ago, yet, in the quantity both of food and drink which they consume, they are surpassed both by the English and by the Germans . . . . The American of the higher class uses but little fluid of any kind. The enormous quantities of alcoholic liquors, including beer, used in the United States are used to a large extent by Irish and Germans, and by those who live in the distant West or South. There are thousands of Americans who, from year to year, drink no tea or coffee, and but very little water."

It is refreshing to hear this concerning a people among whom, when I first knew them, there was a terrible consumption of cocktails, and who even at irregular times of the day were accustomed to "take the oath." "Taking the oath" meant, when you paid a visit to a friend's house, accidentally finding a bottle of Bourbon whiskey and a pitcher of iced water in the recesses of a bookcase, or in a corner of the conservatory, or behind a statuette of Mr. Hiram Powers' "Greek Slave," and straightway swearing fealty to the Republic by "liquoring up." So far as my brief experience goes I can vouch for the strict accuracy of Dr. Beard's statement touching the temperance of Americans of the higher class. In the restaurant of the hotel where I dine at not one of a dozen tables have I seen any wine or beer served. With grief and shame also do I note Dr. Beard's strictures on English intemperance. "A number of years past," he observes, "I was present in Liverpool at an ecclesiastical gathering composed of leading members of the Established Church, from the Archbishops and Bishops through all the gradations. At luncheon, alcoholic liquors were served in a quantity that no assembly of any profession in this country could have desired or tolerated." This is bad; but worse

remains behind. "To see how an Englishman can drink," remarks the writer in the *North American Review*, "is alone worthy the ocean-voyage. On the steamer a prominent clergyman of the Established Church sat down beside me, poured out half a tumblerful of whiskey, added some water, and drank it almost at one swallow. He was an old gentleman—sturdy, vigorous, energetic—whose health was an object of comment and envy. I said to him, 'How can you drink that? In America, men of your class cannot drink in that way.' He replied, 'I have done it all my life, and I am not aware that I was ever injured by it.'"

The Fair was as other fancy fairs—a kind of International Exhibition in miniature; and it was replete with all the usual fun of the fancy fair in the shape of the fascinating and ravishingly-dressed ladies who kept the stalls, and strove their enchanting best to dispose of tickets in the lotteries, of which the name was legion. I kept at a respectful distance from Scylla and Charybdis in the way of counters; and, remembering that in 1878 I was asinine enough to purchase a hundred and odd

THE NEW YORK SEVENTH REGIMENT FAIR.

tickets in the Paris Exhibition Lottery, and that I never won so much as a kilogramme of candles or a bottle of citrate of magnesia, I prudently abstained, while under the hospitable roof of the Seventh Regiment, from speculating in raffles by means of which I might have won a T-cart and a trotting mare, a gold mounted rifle, a Chickering pianoforte, a Tiffany goblet of oxidised silver, and, for aught I know, a Pullman car, a patent turnip-slicer, and an ice-cream soda-making establishment complete. There was an enormous doll's-house, too, which tempted me sorely, and a christening party, composed of male and female dolls, arrayed at the summit of the newest Paris fashions. An excruciatingly comic performer in the doll's comedy was a black footman, who had apparently got "tight" at an early stage of the proceedings, and who was reclining in a chair in a corner, in a wretchedly limp and Guy Faux-like condition, and with a copy of the *New York Herald* under his arm. But I preserved my strength of mind, and stood aloof from temptation in the way of lotteries. Altogether the "Boom" was as grand as brilliant illumination, martial music, and an immense crowd of well-dressed gentlemen and elegant ladies could make it.

THE SEVENTH REGIMENT MEMORIAL STATUE IN CENTRAL PARK.

DELINQUENTS IN CUSTODY OF NEW YORK POLICEMEN.

V.

A Morning with Justice.

New York, *Dec.* 4.

"Who's yon Gal with the Sore Eye?" asks 'Zekiel Homespun, in the American farce, when in the ante-room of a courthouse he beholds the effigy of a classically-attired lady with a pair of scales in one hand and a sword in the other, and with her optics partially veiled, as tradition has laid down that they should be so. 'Zekiel Homespun, you will remember, was the type of the American farmer who was wont to boast that his father "fit in the Revolution," inasmuch as "he druv a baggidge waggin," and that he was "wownded," to the extent of being "kickit by a myowle." It is explained to Mr. Homespun that the effigy of the "gal with the sore eye" represents Themis. It was in pursuit of this damsel that I recently left my bed at an extremely matutinal hour, and that, through the intermediary of sundry kind friends in New York, I was enabled to make a careful, although brief, study of the Seamy Side of life in that surprising capital, by taking note of one morning's administration of criminal justice. It was my desire to behold Bow Street in Manhattan. A few years ago I beheld Bow Street on the Bosphorus; that is to say, I sate on the bench by the side of her Britannic Majesty's Consular Judge at Constantinople, as he

heard the night charges from Galata, and complaints from Scotch captains whose ships were moored in the Golden Horn against Irish sailors who had turned restive during the voyage from Odessa. When the court had risen, we went over the consular prison, where we saw, under a shed in the yard, a gentleman under sentence of penal servitude for forgery, grinding in a very leisurely manner at the crank, and another gentleman in a cell, who looked gloomy; and well he might, seeing that he was in hold on a vehement suspicion of murder, and that the probabilities were strongly in favour of his being tried, convicted, and sentenced to death by the consular judge, and of his being then comfortably sent to Malta to be hanged. It was odd, while listening to these purely British matters, to peep through the barred windows of the prison corridors at the blue Bosphorus with its dancing caïques, and in the distance at Seraglio Point, and the domes and minarets of Stamboul.

From the Turkish to the English Bow-street, and thence to the cognate tribunal in New York, is a farther cry than to Lochawe; but humanity in its scoundrelly aspect presents very strong points of similarity. All the world over, rascals are your true cosmopolitans; and in the course of the morning, which I spent with Justice in New York, I was many times inclined to forget that I had crossed the "big pond," and apt to think that the sitting magistrate was Sir James Ingham or Mr. Flowers, and that his worship was dealing, not with the frailties of the Bowery river and the aberrations of Greenwich-street, but with the nocturnal escapades of Seven Dials and the peccadilloes of Drury-lane. I must premise by reminding you that the courts of petty sessions in New York have a very extended jurisdiction, and deal with highly important, albeit somewhat repulsive, social matters. The total number of persons arraigned before the police courts of the Empire City during the year ending October 31, 1878, was 78,533, of whom 56,004 were males and 22,529—a dismally large proportion—females. Out of this aggregate 51,786 were "held" for adjudication, and the remainder were discharged. These included all cases of felony, misdemeanour, and summary trials, or what we term night charges.

In addition to the above, 243 male and 72 female persons were committed to the House of Detention "for witnesses." This, which at the first blush would seem to be a strange violation of the liberty of the citizen, is the American substitute for the English system of binding over the witnesses for the pro-

LODGING-ROOM AT STATION-HOUSE.

secution in their own recognisances to appear at the trial. A respectable witness who can give substantial bail would not of course be clapped into gaol to await the finding of a true bill or otherwise by the grand jury; but in the case of a witness whose antecedents are doubtful, whose social status is equivocal, and whose *bona fides* is vague, and who might in all likelihood "skip the town," or show justice a clean pair of heels before matters came to the consummation of Oyer and Terminer, American criminal jurisprudence very practically holds that the best possible recognisances that the future testifier can possibly give are his own proper person. So they lock him up, in non-afflictive imprisonment—that is to say, he has unstinted opportunities for "loafing," during his detention until the time of trial. I suppose that this system, which is decidedly repugnant to our ideas of individual freedom, is found to work well in the States. In any case, it has undergone no material alteration since its prevalence was mentioned—and mentioned with reprehension—by Charles Dickens, in his "American Notes," more than five-and-thirty years ago. On the other hand, bail on criminal

charges, even to the most serious ones, is much more freely granted in New York—I am careful, you will perceive, to particularise one State, because I do not know what may be the practice in other commonwealths of the Union—than it is in England, where within recent times there has been a growing disposition among stipendiary magistrates to regard bail, not as what it constitutionally is in all cases save felony, a right, but as a privilege to be arbitrarily extended or withheld, according to the magistrate's opinion of the prisoner. This is specially noticeable in cases of assault.

My experiences of a "Morning with Justice" would be also comparatively without value were I to omit a brief mention of the relative nativity of the various persons arraigned before the police-courts. Broadly speaking, I believe that I am not much beyond the mark in saying that, in point of population, New York is the first Irish and the third German city in the world. These are, indeed, portentous statistics. I have repeatedly heard it said that New York is the second Teutonic city; but I wish rather to over-estimate than under-estimate a computation which can only be unerringly verified by the next census returns. Of the 51,786 persons "held to answer," fined, committed in default of bail, or sent to reformatory institutions, the several nativities were as follows: 22,571 came from the United States, 19,021 from Ireland, 6,358 from Germany, 1,444 from England, 614 from Scotland, 379 from France, 406 from Italy, 981 from other countries; and the nationality of 11 persons was not ascertained. There were only 719 males and 629 females of coloured extraction in the aggregate, but the very large proportion of female to male prisoners of African descent is certainly remarkable. In the way of fines, between the police-courts, the courts of special sessions, and the mulcts paid, after conviction, to prison warders, there were collected in 1878 some 53,000 dollars, say £10,600.

For the purpose of equitably dealing out justice among this great army of misdemeanants, New York is divided into six districts. It was at the court held at Jefferson-market, a few minutes' walk from the Brevoort House, that I spent my morning with Justice, and the Cæsar who sat in judgment on that particular morning, was Mr. Charles A. Flammer, the President of the Board of Police Justices, from whose fifth annual official report I have gathered the foregoing statistics. The office of police-justice—or stipendiary magistrate, as we should term it—

is, like the majority of judicial appointments in the United States, an elective one, and is held for a term of years. The work is extremely hard—certainly harder than that of a London police magistrate—and demands the possession not only of a large amount of legal acumen, but also a reserve of strong common sense. The salary is about equal to that paid to our own stipendiaries; but it must be borne in mind that the post is not permanent, that the cost of living is much higher in New York than in London, and that there is no retiring pension to the veteran and worn-out distributor of justice. I was presented to Mr. Flammer through the intermediary of a friend, who is the editor of a New York newspaper, and by a gentleman whom I had known in former years, not only as a conspicuous politician, but as District Attorney or Public Prosecutor for New York. Nothing could have been greater than the courtesy and kindness shown to me by the magistrate in placing me face to face with Justice, and explaining to me the inner mechanism of his tribunal, from the tabulation of the charges to the ultimate bourne of the prisoners charged.

Jefferson-market Court-house, which adjoins a real market, overflowing with the good things of this life, is a very spacious and lofty building of red brick, with stone casings to the doors and windows. The pile is flanked by a lofty and imposing tower, the purpose of which I shall presently explain. In fact, the entire structure is as commodious, and as handsome, as I trust that new Bow-street Police Court will prove to be, which the Office of Works are building in view of the wretched and squalid structure over the way, which has so long been a disgrace to the administration of summary justice in the British metropolis.* The police court-room at Jefferson-market is a

* The new Bow-street Police Court is now an accomplished fact. I leave the passage standing in which I mentioned the old and abominable den; because I "hammered away" at it in the columns of the press for years, almost as sedulously as I hammered away at that other scandalous nuisance—Temple Bar. Persons of my profession in England have not much to be thankful for. The journalist is assuredly no favourite of fortune. We work desperately hard, and looking at the work we do and the immense fortunes which we materially help the proprietors of the newspapers to make we are but poorly paid. The English journalist has no definitely ascertained social position. The courts of law do not even consider him to be a professional person—much less a "gentleman" fit to serve on the Grand Jury; and he is liable at any moment to be summoned on a petty jury, and to sit day after day at the Old Bailey or the Middlesex Sessions trying pick-pockets and pot stealers; while his next door neighbours in the street where he lives—the solicitors, the surgeons, the architects and surveyors—are excused from serving. He

lofty, well-ventilated, and generally comely apartment, with fittings of some dark wood very tastefully carved. Right across one extremity of the room runs a high raised partition or bar, behind which is the bench, a roomy, carpeted area; in the centre of which the police justice is throned in a comfortable arm-chair, his clerks being seated at desks on either side of their chief. This arrangement obviates much inconvenience, and loss of time, in handing up official documents to the magistrate, who has all his judicial apparatus, from a volume of statutes to a commitment warrant, at hand and at command; and, irreverent as may be the simile, the magistrate, behind his high counter, assumes the guise of a kind of Rhadamanthus "bar-tender," who

may have an extended knowledge and experience of politics, and he may be a fluent and sensible speaker, but seats in parliament being marketable commodities usually fall to the share of the highest bidder. The doors of the House of Commons are partially closed against the journalist; if he has had the means or the opportunity in early life of getting called to the bar, he may possibly when he is bordering on fifty years of age, obtain a County Court Judgeship, or the post of a stipendiary somewhere in the manufacturing districts; but if he be not a barrister, the very most which the chief of the political party to which during half his life he has done yeoman's service, can do for him, is to fling him, very much as though it was a pennyworth of cat's-meat—a vice-consulate at Caqueville-sur-Mer, or a consulate in the Cruel Islands. And, unless he fails to obtain either a County Court Judgeship, or a consulate, he dies, in harness, and when it is discovered that he has not left £50,000 invested in the elegant simplicity of the Three per Cents, and that his wife and children are comparatively destitute, many heads are dolefully shaken over the extravagance and lack of thrift of literary men; and if a public subscription be made to assist those whom he has left, the usual sneering allusions to "sending the hat round" are indulged in. I should have mentioned that the journalist, if he happens to achieve eminence in his calling, is expected to contribute largely to miscellaneous charitable institutions, and that he is the prey of all the begging letters in London; nor should it be omitted (for the benefit of foreigners, and especially of Americans) to hint that however eminent an English journalist may be, there is not an idiotic lordling, nor a smooth-faced sub-lieutenant in a marching regiment, who does not consider himself fully justified in calling the writer in a newspaper "an anonymous scribbler," or a "wretched penny-a-liner." This is the ordinary fate of the follower of a vocation in which the kicks are many and the halfpence few; but there are consolations and compensations for my brethren and myself. We possess the power to redress grievances and to serve good and useful purposes. We have the opportunity for "hammering away" at nuisances and misfortunes, to denounce the jobbing minister, to expose the nefarious speculator, to shame the intolerant priest, to rebuke the unjust judge: and, on the other hand, to plead the cause of the poor and oppressed, the fainting and feeble folks. We are foiled and baffled sometimes:—witness that hideous insult to propriety and good taste, the Griffin in Fleet-street; but I mean to keep on "hammering away" at that disgrace to the city, as I "hammered away" at old Temple Bar, and old Bow-street Police Court; and I hope, before I die, to see the Griffin in the gutter.

mixes you precisely the sort of "drink" which he thinks most suitable for you—from a short drink of ten days in the City Prison to six months on the Island, which is decidedly a long drink.

Between the magisterial daïs and the body of the court there is another space, securely railed off from the section set aside for the public, and having lateral access to the depôt for prisoners. In this space, I suppose, are situated the dock, the solicitors' and counsel's table, and the witness-box, or "stand," as the place of testimony is called on this side the Atlantic. I say that I suppose; but I really cannot tell with accuracy—first, because my organs of vision are lamentably faulty, and, next, because the order of procedure in a New York police-court is very peculiar, and amounts in substance to the following:—A stalwart policeman brings the prisoner's body forward, but without, in any way, hustling him or "dragging him along." He merely seems to present the individual in trouble to the magistrate, with an air as though he were asking, "Now, what do you think of this specimen of humanity, your honour?" A very choice specimen of humanity the prisoner usually turns out to be. The prosecutor stands cheek by jowl with the person whom he accuses, and the witnesses for and against the defendant are all close at hand. There is a crier or usher, who administers the oaths to witnesses; and now and again the head of a gentleman—generally well bearded and eye-glassed—is popped out of the group, and the head proves to belong to the attorney, or the counsel for the prosecution or for the defence. Anything more informal, and at variance with our cut-and-dried traditional notions of the administration of justice, it would be difficult to imagine. But it is from beginning to end highly practical.

Half-a-dozen times during the hearing of a case the foreigner begins to be nervous lest the witnesses on either side should fall foul of one another—they do indulge, it is true, in violent personal recrimination—lest the prosecutor should "go for" the prisoner, or *vice versa*, or lest the lady or gentleman in trouble should suddenly take it into his or her head to emulate the exploit of Jemmy O'Brien, as recorded in the stirring lyric of "Garryowen," by leaping over the dock, "in spite of the judge and the jury." It is true that there is no jury, unless a concourse of the sovereign people who fill the benches in the body of the court can be taken as representing the "twelve honest men," multiplied to a considerable extent. Yet this seemingly "higgledy-piggledy" manner of doing things seems to me, in the

long run, to be eminently sensible and business-like. There is a sufficient number of policemen at hand to take good care of the prisoner should he exhibit premonitory symptoms of turning "ugly," or of "raising Cain and breaking things." The magistrate, on his high daïs, is tolerably safe from the peril of having a leaden inkstand or an iron-heeled shoe flung at him by an irate defendant—dangers to which English stipendiaries are not unfrequently exposed—and has besides the inestimable advantage of hearing every word that the parties have to say and of looking at them all "straight between the eyes."

In most police cases, all over the world, there is, I take it, an immense amount of lying. Sometimes the mendacity is on the part of the complainant, sometimes on that of the defendant, and occasionally it is on the side of the police, who have so far the better of their adversaries in the circumstance that their experience in mis-statement and prevarication is lengthened and varied; and in the telling of fibs, as in most other things, practice makes perfect. Now, the main object of a police-magistrate is to get at the truth, and to find out who is stating the thing which is not; and the system pursued at Jefferson-market Court appeared to me peculiarly calculated to bring about such a desirable consummation. For example, one of the cases turned on an "interfamiliar" row in a tenement house.* Mrs. Jones accused

* The New York "tenement house" corresponds with the lower-class unfurnished lodgings of London. Its occupants are chiefly the poorer mechanics, labourers and their families, foreigners and the like. It is considered almost disreputable to live in one of them, and the native-born clerks and artizans who cannot afford a house of their own, seem to prefer the "boarding house" and its sempiternal "hash" to the comparative freedom which the "tenement house" affords. One of the most picturesque and at the same time unsavoury blocks of tenement houses, is situate in Mulberry-street, near the Bowery, and is known as "Rag-picker's court" from the calling pursued by the bulk of its inhabitants. A cellar in the front house opens to the street, and peering down one sees a score of men and women half buried in piles of dirty rags and paper which they are sorting and packing for the mill. The place serves as a general depôt to which the rag-picker brings his odds and ends for sale after he has sorted them. Two passages running through this and the neighbouring house, lead into a small badly paved courtyard which separates the front buildings from those in the rear. Looking up, the spectator beholds rags to the right of him, rags to the left of him, on all sides rags, nothing but rags. Lines in the yard are strung with them, balconies festooned with them, fire-escapes draped with them, windows hung with them; in short every available object is dressed in rags of every possible size, shape, and colour. Some have been drawn through the wash-tub to get rid of the worst of the dirt, but for the most part they are hung up just as they are taken from the bags, and left for the rain to cleanse and the sun to bleach them.

The yard is in an abominable condition, and the rooms, the upper of which are reached by external staircases, are but little better. Every inch of the walls and

Mrs. O'Flaherty of breaking into her bed-room where she was lying sick, and proposing to pour a pailful of boiling water over her. Mrs. O'Flaherty made a counter-accusation against Mrs. Jones, first of having called her "out of her name in a most bare-faced and onlady-like manner," next of having, without any reasonable cause, violently "spanked" three of her, Mrs. O'Flaherty's, children, and finally of having incited one Mr.

ceilings is as black as ink. Against this dark back-ground are hung old hats of odd colours and odder shapes, musical instruments of various kinds, pots, kettles, pans, joints of raw meat, strings of sausages, women's gowns and big pipes. The beds are almost invariably covered with old carpets retaining something of their original colours. None of the chairs have backs and hardly any of them four legs. Seated on these uncertain supports, or oftener on an empty box, or upturned boiling pot, are the rag-pickers sorting old rags, or cutting up old garments that are too rotten to wear, and stuffing the bits into bags for the marine store, or "junk" dealer, as he is styled in New York. In some of the rooms the horrible odour of rottenness is sufficient to knock one down; and only those habituated to such pestilent smells could exist in the place. These rag-pickers are mostly Italians.

AT SHILOH SHELTER.

They might certainly find cleaner—if not to their minds more comfortable—quarters, a little way off in the poor man's lodging house known as "Shiloh Shelter," at the corner of Prince and Marion-streets. The building was formerly a church, but in 1875 a philanthropic merchant, Mr. C. H. Dessart, rented it, fitted up the pews and benches as bunks, and erected frames of timber from which hammocks were slung, so as to afford accommodation for some 450 lodgers. At first the lodgings were free, tickets being distributed at the police stations with requests to give them to respectable but destitute men. It was found, however, that the privilege was abused, and now a nominal charge is made for a lodging; a bunk in a pew costing three cents a night, and a hammock five. In the morning a breakfast of boiled "mush," a kind of porridge, is served, and every one can have as much as he wants for a couple of cents. Towels, soap, hot water in abundance, buttons, needles and thread, are also

Timothy O'Gallagher, a lodger in the same house, to revile and "bate" Mr. O'Flaherty while that last-named gentleman was "thick with the dhrink." Mr. O'Flaherty, who seemed rather thin than thick from the effects of the maddening wine cup, was then heard in aggravation of his wife's statement; but Mr. Jones, a pauper-looking boot-clicker with a black eye, testified somewhat to the conclusion that Mr. O'Flaherty had run amuck in the tenement house, and ever since Thanksgiving Day had been "stoking with whiskey, and busting fire and flame all around." All these good folks said their say at the very top of their voices, and eventually the magistrate remarked that, "judging from what he had heard, and from the general appearance of the litigants, he liked Mrs. Jones's side of the house better than he did Mrs. O'Flaherty's." Then he sent complainants, defendants and litigants, all about their business.

It fared harder with the *habitués* of the charge-sheet—the topers who had been arrested by the police either in a drunk and disorderly or drunk and incapable condition. The ordinary fine inflicted in these cases was ten dollars, or two pounds sterling.

provided free. The "shelter" is opened at eight in the evening and closed at ten. At six in the morning the lodgers are called, and by half-past seven the place is cleared of all who are not working, or washing their clothes. During the winter, it fills every night, but in the summer the demand for bunks is not so brisk. The annual deficit is made up by Mr. Dessart, who personally superintends the place.

SLEEPING ARRANGEMENTS IN SHILOH SHELTER, NEW YORK.

"Lying dead drunk on the side-walk" was the usual formula of the police indictment. One of the defendants was an old lady with wavy hair, who was seemingly not far from sixty, and who was quite respectably dressed in a serge dress and a Paisley shawl. She did nothing but wag her head in a disconsolate but comically penitent manner, mumbling some incoherent sentences, the end of which was that "Satan was in the street cars." The Enemy of Mankind, we all know, is ubiquitous, but I was unaware that he was specially addicted to travelling per street car. Then there was an Irishman, who had been arrested at the suit of his wife for "bating" her when "thick with the dhrink." She did not want to have him punished, she said, but he must swear a "big oath" before the judge that he would never touch liquor more. The magistrate had to tell her that he had no power to compel the man to swear any oath, big or little, in his court to abstain in future from strong drink; but on the toper expressing repentance, he was advised to go to his Roman Catholic priest in ordinary to "swear off," and was discharged without any fine.

One very humorous defendant appeared in the person of a

Frenchman, very swarthy of complexion and with a singularly shaggy head of black hair. He described himself as a wood engraver, and I fancy that he must have come from Marseilles or somewhere in the Midi. He had been picked up in his shirt-sleeves and working apron on the side-walk, insensibly intoxicated, at nine in the evening. When called upon to say what he could for himself, he grinned a most dolorous grin, showing the whitest of white teeth, and, holding his shaggy head between his two hands, declared that it felt "comme un tonneau"—like a hogshead. He was let go with five instead of ten dollars fine. A sadder fate befell two pretty brazen girls from Greenwich-street: the Colleen Bawn and Kathleen Mavourneen "gone wrong." Poor things! They were "sent down" for ten days. Several Germans, a Dane, and an Italian were arraigned, the services of a police-constable sworn as an interpreter being occasionally called into requisition; but of one defendant, a bearded creature wearing a serge blouse and a fur cap nearly as large as an English grenadier's "busby," neither the Court nor the interpreter could make anything. I think that he must have been a Moldo-Wallachian. Perhaps he was one of the "heroic Lazes," who had taken shipping at Erzeroum, and turned up, somehow, at New York. It was instructive to remark that, out of seventeen night charges to which I listened, only one referred to a native-born American. That was a case, and a very bad case, of burglary; and the detectives employed in the affair made a most dramatic display of "jemmies," skeleton keys, and other housebreaking implements, on the magistrate's desk. The man accused of burglary—a skeleton key had fallen from his pocket when he was arrested on the staircase of a house in Broadway—was remanded for further examination. He looked a poor, destitute creature enough, with barely sufficient rags to cover his back; but he had sufficient dollars, it would seem, to procure legal advice, and had retained a fashionably attired young gentleman learned in the law to defend him. I wish him—the prisoner—a good deliverance; but if ever a man had a "Sing Sing" face he had. Let me conclude this imperfect record of a Morning with Justice by mentioning that the magistrate took his seat shortly after eight a.m. At noon there is a "recess" of two hours; and thereafter throughout the afternoon so long as may be necessary the magistrate continues to sit, patiently and conscientiously plodding through the warp and woof and weft of the Seamy Side of New York life.

VI.

Fashion and Food in New York.

New York, *Dec.* 5.

The Seamy Side! I saw something of it in Paris, in 1878; and wretchedly seamy indeed was the side which revealed itself when only one small corner of the tapestry on which were figured all the luxury and the splendour of the Exposition Universelle was lifted. I have been in New York only ten days, yet, for all the brevity of my sojourn, I have experienced, these three days past, a strangely uneasy longing to behold the Seamy Side of the Empire City. You may opine that such a desire on my part, savoured of the discontented and ill-conditioned. "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise." That choice maxim of poetic paradox—perhaps the neatest example of epigrammatic clap-trap extant—was taught us many years ago by Mr. Thomas Gray. Why should I not be content to remain in blissful ignorance of the "seamy" side of the poverty, and vice, and crime of New York? Why could I not let well alone? To the tourist well supplied with letters of introduction, and with plenty of money in his pocket, Manhattan is, at the present moment, perhaps, with one exception, as enjoyable a metropolis as could be found in the whole world over; the

exception of which I speak is the potential occurrence—when the frost is apparently at its hardest, and promises to last some weeks longer—of a Thaw. Then, everything, in an out-of-doors sense, goes to wrack. Slush is triumphant; crossing Fifth-avenue is wading through a Malebolgian mire, and perambulation is, to a lady, next door to the impossible. But, if you can afford to keep a carriage, or to hire a hack coupé, you will find New York between the end of November and the beginning of March, gayer than Paris, and almost as gay as St. Petersburg was before the Nihilist revolts.

The fashionable season is beginning, and society is brilliant, varied, cosmopolitan, refined, intelligent, and almost totally free from prejudice. Politics are wholly tabooed from polite conversation,* and people talk no more about the Eastern Question

* This was written before the beginning of the Electoral "Campaign" for the Presidency; and (so far as I can judge from the "Campaign" articles in the newspapers) the contest would appear to have been carried on, from first to last, with much less than the customary acrimony. One of the most heated of the "Campaign" utterances that I came across in the States was the following choice excerpt which I cut from the *Okolona Southern States*:—

"A STRONG GOVERNMENT"—HOW THE INFANDOUS IDEA HAS BEEN SERVED IN AMERICA, AND HOW IT WILL BE SERVED AGAIN.

"A strong Government."
So says the Stalwart Saltimbanco of the New York *Tribune*, in his issue of the 14th ult.;
And the remark is being quoted by the Republican press with many commendatory comments.
The old Continentals had
"A strong Government"
Prior to 1776;
But they read the law of liberty to
The palace-born whelps of St. James,
And they rammed it down the throats of his soldiers,
With a seasoning of saltpetre.
THAT was the way our fathers served
"A strong Government;"
And their sons haven't forgotten the trick.
The Confederate Commonwealths were subjected to
"A strong Government"
From 1865 until 1875,
But a storm kept brewing and blowing up through all that Dark Decade.
It broke in
Blood and
Flame,
And our people
Sabred and
Shot-gunned
Their way to liberty.
The questards for
"A strong Government"
Can learn a salutiferous lesson by conning these precedents, and committing them to memory,
For just as surely as Jehovah
Holds this planet in the hollow of His hand,
Just that surely will our people
Spot
The first man that undertakes to inaugurate
"A strong Government"
On our soil,
And crack his infernal neck on the gallows-tree.
They will do it,
If they die for it—
They will do it if they have to paint the midnight sky with a fret-work of fire, and wash the high-ways and by-ways of the land with the life-blood of the
Catilines and
Conspirators.
We thought that the
Infandous idea of
"A strong Government" was dying out with the despotisms beyond the Atlantic.
Europe is leaping into a
New,
Freer, and
Transplendent
Life
Under the magic touch of liberty,

than they do about the Alabama Claims. Hospitality is as unstinted as it is splendid; and masquerades are not looked upon as they are with us as shockingly wicked things, to be repressed with the most wrathful rigour of which the Middlesex magistrates are capable. I don't know what would be thought of the Middlesex magistrates in this city, where public music and dancing are a recognised feature in the amusements of the people. The "serious" classes here go their own way—and a very useful and beneficent way it is—but they do not strive to coerce their non-serious fellow citizens into ways of asceticism and gloom. The truth is, that in New York there is room enough for Everybody; whereas in London, huge as it is, there is not sufficient room for Anybody. Our houses, our interests, our idiosyncrasies, our creeds, our habits and modes of life are continually jostling and conflicting with each other; and the natural result is that we are always snarling and grumbling and bringing actions against our brothers and sisters. A significant example of the placability of the Americans, is that the columns of the newspapers are almost entirely devoid of letters from outside correspondents fiercely protesting against social grievances. "A Subscriber from the First" is not accustomed vehemently to inveigh against the disgraceful conduct of the proprietor of the Great Bonanza Hotel, in the matter of the quality of the

And is being
Redeemed,
Regenerated, and
Republicanized.
Are we to drop back into the Dark Ages,
As the Eastern Hemisphere heaves upward into the light that was first quickened and kindled on our soil?
Shall we introduce the
Trumpery and
Filigree
Of Imperialism,
Together with its
Janizaries,
Bastiles, and
Chains,
As the Old World discards these
Relics of barbarism,
And transforms her subjects into sovereigns?
Never!
By the Holy Trinity!
NEVER!
NEVER!!
But this is the ultimity of Stalwartism.
Therefore Stalwartism
Must and
Shall
Die the Death.

This Union is a
Loose and
Temporary
League
Of Sovereign Commonwealths.
They are their own lords and masters.
No central power will be permitted to usurp one solitary
Right or
Function
That is guaranteed to them by the royal sign-manual of God Himself.
The people of Mississippi, for instance, are a
Separate,
Distinct, and
Sovereign
People;
They propose to do precisely as they please, whether the citizens of the other States like it or not,
And the sooner that this fact is understood,
Once for all,
The better and
The safer
It will be for the unhung scelerats who are brawling in behalf of
"A strong Government."

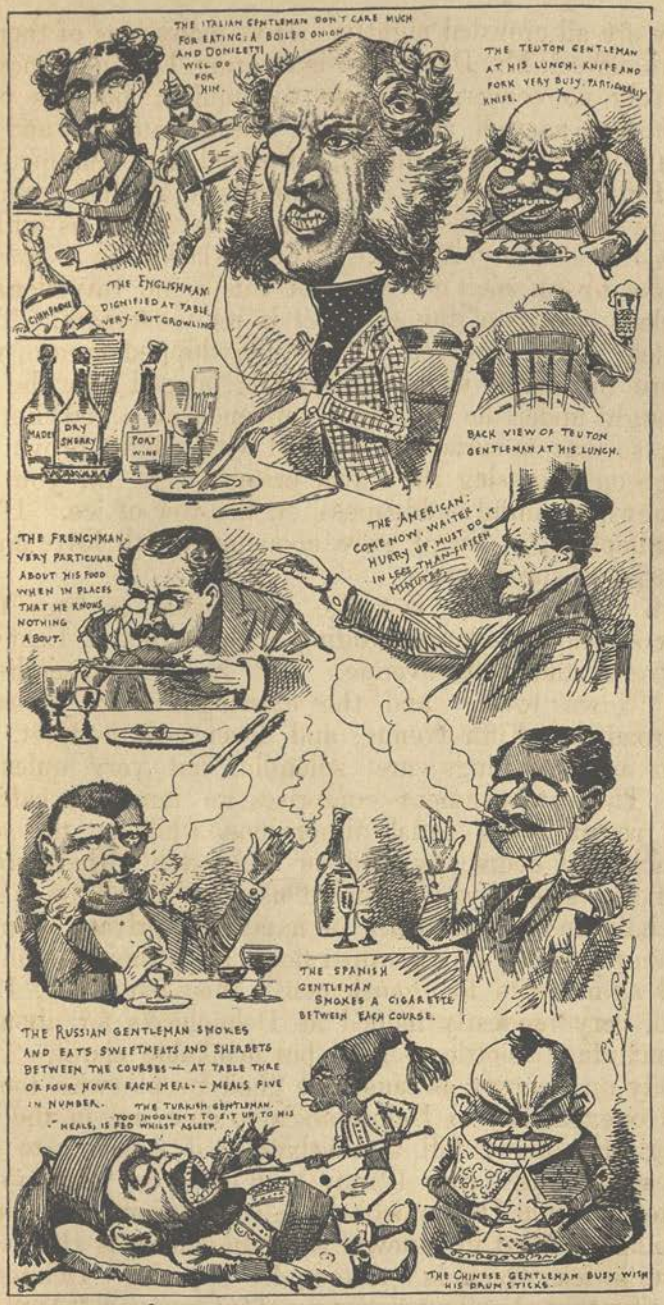
WAITING FOR A TRAIN ON THE ELEVATED RAILWAY AFTER THE MASQUERADE.

maple syrup supplied with the buckwheat cakes at breakfast; nor does "Amicus Justitiæ" fight furiously in print with "Paterfamilias" on the disputed question of hot air flues *versus* anthracite stoves for heating apartments.

On the whole there seems to me to be far less social friction in modern New York life than is the case on our side. People here do not trouble themselves much about things calculated to arouse embittered controversy; and in this respect the New Yorkers closely resemble the Viennese. *La Bagatelle* appears, for the moment, to be triumphant. There are a multitude of cheap and well-managed theatres open, playing mainly the most frivolous and nonsensical pieces it is possible to conceive;

and they are all crowded nightly. How many tens of thousands of dollars a week Mr. Delmonico is clearing I do not know, and it is surely no concern of mine to inquire; but his palatial establishment, as well as scores of the restaurants and cafés, continually overflow with guests. I dined at Delmonico's hard by the Fifth-avenue Hotel, a few nights ago; and among the dainties which that consummate caterer favoured us with, was an *entremet* called an "Alaska." The "Alaska" is *a baked ice. A beau mentir qui vient de loin;* but this is no traveller's tale. The nucleus or core of the *entremet* is an ice cream. This is surrounded by an envelope of carefully whipped cream, which, just before the dainty dish is served, is popped into the oven, or is brought under the scorching influence of a red hot salamander; so that its surface is covered with a light brown crust. So you go on discussing the warm cream *soufflé* till you come, with somewhat painful suddenness, on the row of ice. E'en so did the Shepherd in Virgil grow acquainted with love, and find him a native of the rocks.

When I was here last the fashionable or "up town" Delmonico occupied a large building at the corner of East Fourteenth-street, and Fifth-avenue. But East Fourteenth-street is now "down town," and the existing Palazzo Delmonico fronts Broadway, Fifth-avenue, and Twenty-sixth-street. The furniture and hangings are splendid, but very quiet and refined. The establishment comprises an immense café, and a public restaurant of equal dimensions, while on the second floor (reached of course by a lift or "elevator") there are first a magnificent saloon which can be used as a ball room or as a dining hall, and next a series of handsome private rooms for select dinner parties; on the upper floors are a limited number of furnished apartments for gentlemen. You may dine, I have been told, very modestly indeed at Delmonico's for about five dollars, including a bottle of light, but drinkable claret. I state this merely on hearsay, because the good people who took us, over and over again, to Delmonico's to dine, are in the habit of paying the dinner bill themselves, and refusing to show it to us afterwards. But I may hint (also on hearsay) that a first rate dinner at Delmonico's is a very serious affair in the way of dollars. Next in renown to Delmonico's is that of the Hotel Brunswick which is "diagonally opposite" Delmonico's (I am quoting that abundant repertory of information, "Appleton's Dictionary of New York and its Vicinity"). Here the viands


THE ITALIAN GENTLEMAN DON'T CARE MUCH FOR EATING: A BOILED ONION AND DONIZETTI WILL DO FOR HIM.
THE TEUTON GENTLEMAN AT HIS LUNCH: KNIFE AND FORK VERY BUSY, PARTICULARLY KNIFE.
THE ENGLISHMAN: DIGNIFIED AT TABLE VERY. BUT GROWLING
CHAMPAGNE
MADEIRA
DRY SHERRY
PORT WINE
BACK VIEW OF TEUTON GENTLEMAN AT HIS LUNCH.
THE FRENCHMAN: VERY PARTICULAR ABOUT HIS FOOD WHEN IN PLACES THAT HE KNOWS NOTHING ABOUT.
THE AMERICAN: COME NOW, WAITER, HURRY UP, MUST DO IT IN LESS THAN FIFTEEN MINUTES.
THE SPANISH GENTLEMAN SMOKES A CIGARETTE BETWEEN EACH COURSE.
THE RUSSIAN GENTLEMAN SMOKES AND EATS SWEETMEATS AND SHERBETS BETWEEN THE COURSES — AT TABLE THAT OR FOUR HOURS EACH MEAL — MEALS FIVE IN NUMBER.
THE TURKISH GENTLEMAN, TOO INDOLENT TO SIT UP TO HIS MEALS, IS FED WHILST ASLEEP.
THE CHINESE GENTLEMAN BUSY WITH HIS DRUM STICKS.

EATING AS A FINE ART.

(From the "New York Daily Graphic.")

and courses are quite as *recherchés* as they are at Delmonico's. The prices are also *recherchés*. The Brunswick presents an additional attraction of a large garden in the rear, and here, in summer, meals are served under a canvas awning. Described as "strictly first class" but a trifle inferior to Delmonico's and the Brunswick, are the restaurants attached to the Golsay House, Broadway (at Twenty-sixth-street), the St. James's Hotel (Broadway and Twenty-fifth-street), the St. James's Hotel (Broadway and Twenty-sixth-street), the Hoffmann House, Broadway, between Twenty-fourth and Twenty-fifth-streets; and the Rosmon Hotel (in Broadway at Forty-second-street). On the lower rungs of the social ladder are the so-called "fifteen cent houses," where for sevenpence halfpenny you may be served with a cut from a hot joint with bread, butter, potatoes and pickles.

The florists, the dry goods storekeepers, the confectioners, the silversmiths, and the French milliners ought all to be making gigantic fortunes. There is a tidal wave, just now, of matrimony, and of fashionable weddings there is no end. Old St. Mark's Church—the late Mr. A. T. Stewart's place of worship—was, the other morning, the scene of a most superb wedding, the young couple being the representatives of two very ancient Manhattan families. The bride was exquisitely attired in a costume consisting of a long train of rich brocaded satin trimmed with "point Duchesse" lace. Her veil was of old point, which had been in her family for more than a century. It was fastened with a magnificent spray of diamonds, which also held a few natural orange blossoms. Her necklace was of diamonds upon a band of black velvet; and she carried a gorgeous gold and velvet bound Prayer Book in lieu of a bouquet. The bride's mother wore a primrose satin, "of slight, pretty, delicate, lilac shade, with a rosy flush to it, which has of late become fashionable." Elsewhere I read of a "seven hundred dollar dress," just completed for a lady leader of fashionable society, and which consists of a long train of ruby-red brocade, edged with a pure gold cord as thick as the index finger. "The entire front is of solid cloth of gold, with gold embroidered lace let in, and striped insertions of superb bronze beading on lace." Dresses of equal splendour are to be worn at a ball to be given at Delmonico's this evening, for the purpose of introducing a charming young *débutante* to society.

I may just quietly hint that all these fine things are not so enjoyed without the expenditure of a vast amount of money. I

suppose that luxurious life in New York is at the present moment about the most expensive of any life in any city in the world. Living is dearer than at St. Petersburg, dearer than at Madrid. I am constrained to have a private sitting room in addition to a bed room, as I have a great deal of writing to do, and I pay seven dollars a day, or twenty-eight shillings, for accommodation which I could certainly obtain at the Hotel d'Angleterre at St. Petersburg for six roubles, or fifteen shillings, and at the Fonda de los Principes at Madrid for an Isabellino or twenty shillings per diem. Yet the cities on the

Neva and the Manzanares are proverbially quoted as phenomenally expensive capitals. Good wearing apparel here is surprisingly costly. Two dollars and twenty-five cents., or nine shillings, are charged for a pair of Dent's kid gloves, which you could purchase in Piccadilly for four shillings and sixpence. Ladies' gloves are proportionately expensive. You cannot obtain a Havana cigar worth smoking for less than ninepence; and two shillings is thought to be quite a moderate price for a Regalia Britannica. There is no drinkable champagne under three dollars or twelve shillings a bottle. Claret is almost equally dear. In fact, so far as my experience goes, I have found that the purchasing power of the dollar in New York does not exceed that of an English florin; just as in analogously expensive Holland the tourist finds, to his dismay, that the Dutch guilden does not go further than an English shilling. This condition of things financial is all the more productive of consternation to me, since when I was last in America gold was at from one-fifty to one-eighty per cent. premium—that is to say, for every hundred dollars I got from two hundred and fifty to two hundred and eighty dollars in greenbacks; and I cannot recall to mind that things in New York were so very much dearer in 1863-64 than they are now in 1879. I remember, indeed, being once sharply, yet pertinently, told by an American gentleman, with whom I was having a political discussion, that I had no right to grumble, since, as he put it, "I was living on my exchange;" nor am I prepared to deny that there was some admixture of truth in his assertion.

The truth of the matter is that several experienced lady housekeepers gave me to understand that the necessaries of life, properly so called, may be bought in the numerous and excellently provided markets of New York at prices which, estimating them by comparison with our own, we should be entitled to consider as ridiculously cheap. Thus very good beef is procurable at from eight to ten cents—fourpence to fivepence—a pound. The choicer parts do not go beyond twenty-four cents. Mutton ranges between fourpence halfpenny and eightpence. Pork is a little lower. Butter commands about the same prices as with us. Cheese is wonderfully cheap. Sugar is dearer than it is in England, varying between fourpence and fivepence. In London good moist sugar may be bought for threepence a pound. Coffee in New York fluctuates between ninepence and fifteen pence a pound. Oysters of every size and

OUTSIDE WASHINGTON MARKET, NEW YORK.

OYSTER BOATS, NEW YORK.

variety of flavour are as cheap as oranges are at Havana—that is to say, they may be bought for "next to nothing." Fish is amazingly plentiful, delicious, and inexpensive. The New York markets provide delicacies of the deep—striped bass, Spanish mackerel, sheep's head, kingfish—positively unknown to us; the cod is superb, but the sole is non-existent. There is a kind of plaice that professes that he is a sole, but he is not to be

SHAD FISHING IN DELAWARE BAY.

believed. He is a "fraud." Smelts abound. The vegetables are prodigious in size. I never saw such gigantic cabbages and cauliflowers out of Valencia, in Spain; and they are cheap in market overt. There is an inexhaustible plentitude of tomatoes, of "squash," and of the health-giving celery; which American diners almost incessantly nibble from the beginning to the end of their repasts. Of other salads there is no stint. Venison is excellent and cheap; and the Americans have the good sense to eat it when it is fresh, and not rotten. A perfectly fresh steak of boiled venison beats all the chateaubriands in the world. Poultry is abundant, and may be quoted "all round" at tenpence a pound. Ducks are multitudinous: but a canvas-back duck at a restaurant costs you three dollars; and a man with a healthy appetite can scarcely dine off a canvas-back duck, seeing that it is only the breast of the bird that is eatable.

On the other hand, I find from a carefully compiled table of

RAKING FOR OYSTERS IN CHESAPEAKE BAY.

PREPARING FOR THE HOLIDAY BANQUETS IN WASHINGTON MARKET.

prices and rates of wages in a New York paper that bricklayers here earn from twelve to fifteen dollars—from £2 8*s.* to £3 a week—that the hebdomadal wage of a mason or a plumber is from twelve to eighteen dollars, of a tailor from ten to eighteen dollars, and of a day labourer from six to nine dollars. In a country where food is so abundant and so cheap, and where labour is so amply remunerated, there ought scarcely to be any Seamy Side.

A PULLMAN PARLOUR CAR.

VII.

On the Cars.

Baltimore, *Dec.* 7.

It is always hard to leave New York—first, because, as a stranger, you probably find more friends there than in any other part of the Union; and next, because foreigners frequently cherish a preconceived notion that the Empire City is the head-quarters of what Europeans usually consider to be refinement and comfort; and that, once out of New York, you must expect nothing better than pork and beans and Indian pudding, or hog and hominy if you go South; the whole washed down by rough cider or molasses and water—'tis only the Germans and Irish, I am told, who drink lager beer and whiskey in the America of to-day. In any case, it is certain that temperance—even to total abstinence—has made enormous strides within the last few years in the States; and, but for a kindly and thoughtful tolerance of the bad habits of foreigners, whom they ask to dinner, and whom they still insist on regaling with the rarest of vintages, I am assured, in some quarters, that the custom of wine drinking would speedily fade out altogether from good society in America.

I had, in transatlantic parlance, such a thoroughly "good time" since I landed from the *Scythia*, that I found it doubly grievous to quit, even temporarily, a city where I had found so many dear old friends, and made so many new ones. But business is business; and the entries in the *feuille de route*, which I had proposed to myself when I started on this expedition, had to be, so far as circumstances would permit, duly attended to. I was due at Baltimore, in the State of Maryland, on the evening of Saturday, December 6, so on Friday I sent round my pasteboard "P.P.C.'s;" and the next day, at noon, one of the comfortable *coupés* of the Brevoort conveyed me, per Jersey City ferry, to the terminus of the Pennsylvania Railroad, by means of which, viâ Philadelphia and Wilmington, I was to reach Baltimore. We left Jersey City at one P.M., and I wish to be tolerably minute in recording even the trivial incidents of a seven hours' journey of about 200 miles, in order to show how, since my last coming to the States, the disagreeable features of a formerly dreadfully uncomfortable railway trip have been reduced to a minimum. In the war time it was my frequent and unhappy lot to travel, at least once a fortnight, between New York and Washington by the way of Philadelphia and Baltimore; and on the eve of every departure, I was filled with gloomy pre-occupation at the thought of the miseries which I was about to endure. But I have no wish needlessly to renew the memory of bygone dolour. Let me draw a veil over the melancholy past, and record only the cheerful present. At the same time it may be stated that it required rather a plentifully permanent stock of animal spirits to be cheerful on Saturday morning, seeing that it rained heavily, and that the steady vertical downpour ceased not during the whole day and evening. Still we contrived, systematically, to baffle the wrath of the elements. Mark in what manner.

In London, one would have driven, say from home to Euston-square, in a four-wheeler. Act the first: Loading the roof of the four-wheeler with the heavy baggage; curses both loud and deep on the part of a rheumatic and rum-odorous cabman; appearance on the scene of the "odd man," who turns up fortuitously, to assist in loading baggage, and wishes to know whether I consider myself a gentleman, on his receiving what he deems an inadequate remuneration for breaking one of the windows of the vehicle with one of the iron clamps of a trunk, and letting a lady's bonnet-box tumble in the mud. Act the

second: Arrival at Euston terminus; fearful row with the cabman about fare and luggage; exciting chase after porter, who has snatched up your small articles, and fled with them you know not whither. Another hunt after porter, who has wheeled away your heavy trunks; discovery that you have gone through the wrong door, and got on to the Liverpool platform instead of the Birmingham one. Eventual finding of the ticket office, where your purchase of the necessary billet is delayed by the inability of the deaf old lady in front of you—first to find her *porte-monnaie*, and next to make up her mind as to what class she means to travel by. Culminating confession of the deaf old lady that she wants to go to Norwich, and that the Great Eastern, not the London and North-Western, is the line by which she ought to travel. *Tableau:* the bell for departure having begun to ring. Fearful scene on the platform; almost by a miracle, so it seems, you get your luggage labelled, fill your pocket-flask with—well, say orangeflower water, at the refreshment buffet, buy your morning papers, and, asking for a smoking carriage, get bundled into a compartment with two Quakers, a lady with a cough, a nurse, and a baby. Act the third:—N.B. In the interval between second and third acts, you have had four minutes' liberty to scald your throat with some soup or some tea—you scarcely remember which—to half choke yourself with a sandwich, and to cultivate an acquaintance with all "the Painful Family of Death, more Hideous than their Queen," beginning with the indigestion which lurks in the geological formation of a pork pie.—Arrival at your destination; grand salmagundi of luggage on the platform. Your favourite valise undiscoverable for fifteen minutes; it is fished out at last from the remotest corner of the van. Your luggage-label has been converted by the rain into a little pellet of yellow pulp; possibly you have lost it altogether. If you are so fortunate as to get all your luggage hoisted on to the roof of another four-wheeled cab, fresh brawl with the other cabman when you arrive at your hotel. Compensation: You have been travelling at the rate of forty miles an hour.

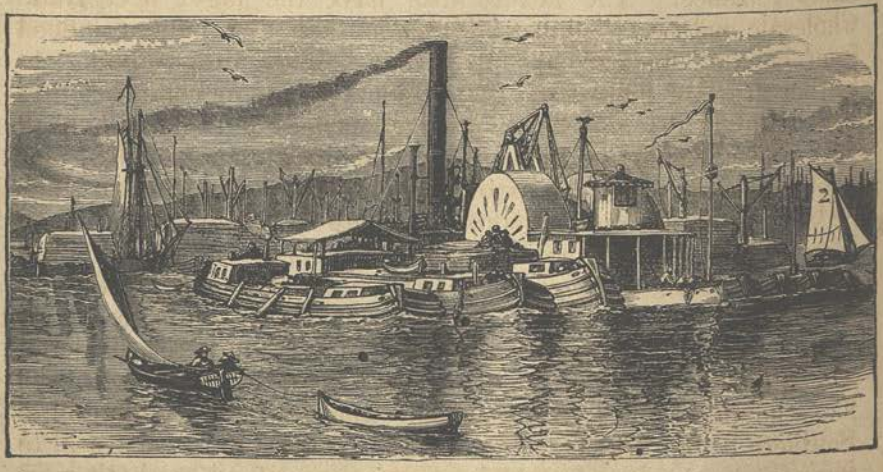
My experiences of a journey to Baltimore on a hideously wet day were very different from the foregoing. Persistently as it poured, not once did I have to unfurl my umbrella. The obliging gentlemen in the clerk's office at the Brevoort purchased our railway tickets for us, together with a couple of fauteuils in the Pullman "parlor"—or, as it is called in

PICTORIAL RAILWAY TICKET.

England, "drawing-room car"—attached to the train. On arriving at Jersey City ferry we alighted, under cover, at a commodious booking-office; and our luggage was at once hoisted on to a high counter to be "checked." There was plenty of it (the baggage); but no charge was made for excess weight. On a French railway I should most assuredly have been surcharged at least 50 francs "*pour excédant de bagage.*" The checking consisted simply in buckling a strap, to which was attached a brazen disc bearing a number, to each of our trunks, and handing me an equal number of brazen circular counters bearing corresponding numbers. Provided with these I needed to trouble myself no more about my belongings. The porters who conveyed the baggage from the waggon which had followed us from the Brevoort did not ask for any gratuity, and the waggon and our own coupé had been duly charged for in the hotel bill before we left. After about five minutes passed in a neat waiting-room, the doors swung open and we stepped on

PICTORIAL RAILWAY TICKET.

board the Jersey ferry boat—a huge steam-launch with a hurricane deck and a comfortable cabin for ladies, in which no



NORTH RIVER FLOTILLA.

smoking was permitted. We glided easily and almost noiselessly across the North River, which was veiled in one dun white shroud of rainy mist, hiding shore, docks, houses, shipping, everything from the view, to Jersey City. Landing —still under cover—we found ourselves in a spacious, well-warmed, and tastefully decorated *salle d'attente*, almost Swiss châlet-looking with its prettily carved decorations and inlayings in fancy woods. In the old time an American railway depôt was little better than a log cabin on a large scale, and between ticket-hunting and luggage pursuing you lost your temper about twice in every three minutes. I know that I lost mine so thoroughly that I never found it for nearly thirteen months.

The waiting-room at Jersey City—perhaps a trifle too well warmed with anthracite coal, so as to produce the impression on your mind on a wet day that you were so much barley that had been well sprinkled and had germinated, and were now being roasted, as malt, in a kiln—was provided with all kinds of travelling comforts. There was a drinking fountain, yielding inexhaustible supplies of iced water. There was a bookstall well provided with newspapers and illustrated periodicals; a kiosque where cigars, cigarettes, smoking and chewing tobacco, could be obtained—the quid has still a few votaries left—and you may be sure that there was a very grand "candy" stall, overbrimming with those lollipops so irrepressibly dear to the American palate. "Candy" and "caramels" are "institutions" in this country. Swiss *confiseurs*, German *conditorei* keepers flock over here and make fortunes. The latter, also, have the lager beer trade wholesale and retail, almost entirely in their own hands: indeed from banking to barber-shop keeping, from lithographing to leather dressing there is no department of trade or commission in which the thrifty and laborious Teuton does not make himself felt—and make money to boot. I like him not, personally—nor his boorish ways, nor his arrogant insolence of demeanour since Sedan, nor his (to me) hideously uncouth language which I have been trying to speak fluently these forty years past, without even a modicum of success; still the German in America, looking at him corporately, fills me with admiration. Honest, capable, frugal and industrious, peaceable and law-abiding:—he is the model of a good citizen. And boorish as he is (or rather as he seems to me, who am of the Latin race and whose tongue is hung on a Southern belfry), the German in America has done a vast deal to improve the element of picturesqueness, now of an æsthetic, now

of a convivial character, into the manners of a people who, nominally, are the most unpicturesque of any people on the earth's surface. "Santa Claus" is of Dutch origin, and I will not rob the knickerbockers of their due; but the German has imparted carnival balls and masquerades, processional pageants, the *fachel tanz* and the *fachelzug*, choral unions, glee societies, and in fact social music in any form, and he gets on so well in the United States, learns English so quickly, and associates himself so thoroughly to the political and social usages of his new home, that I am only surprised that there should be any Germans, to speak of, left in Germany at all.

I suppose that it is patriotism keeps a tolerably dense population there; but in the way of being able to talk German and read German newspapers, and keep up German customs, they can be quite as patriotic in Minnesota or Nebraska or Ohio, as in Pomerania or Silesia or Brandenbourg, and in America they are free. No gendarmes, no press-laws, no conscription, no addle-pated "Vons" to sneer at and bully the "Kauffmann." Why don't they leave the Fatherland to the "Vons" and the drill sergeants and the *polizäs*, and make a new Germania of their own in the West? They have already done so, to a considerable extent, but a very much larger clearing out of oppressed nationalities (so some people think) to the New World is necessary before the governing classes in the despotically governed countries of the Old World can be made to understand that the millions do not intend any longer to be their slaves and thralls—to toil and work for them, and see them pampered with luxuries, bedizened with stars and crosses, and demanding homage to be paid to them on account of the rank which they have no right to possess and the tom-fool titles which the ignorance of the masses have allowed the "Vons" to arrogate to themselves. In old times, such-like fools used to be burnt by the common hangman. There is a book that wants burning by the common housemaid—the housemaid of common sense—very badly indeed, that book is the "Almanach de Gotha."

Nevertheless—pardon that little digression about the German *conditorei* keepers—candy tempers the bitterness of scandal, and mollifies the exacerbation of political controversy. It even counteracts, to some extent, the deleterious influence of Pie—pronounced "Poy"—which is the Transatlantic incubus, and clings, with its doughy legs, over the shoulders of Columbia like an Old Man of the Sea. Almost everything that I behold in

this wonderful country bears traces of improvement and reform —everything except Pie. The national manners have become softened—the men folk chew less, expectorate less, curse less; *the newspapers are not half so scurrilous as our own**; the Art idea is becoming rapidly developed; culture is made more and more manifest; even "intensity" in æsthetics is beginning to be heard of and Agnosticism and other "isms" too numerous to mention find exponents in "Society," and the one absorbing and sickening topic of conversation is no longer the Almighty Dollar—but to the tyranny of Pie there is no surcease. It is a Fetish. It is Bohwani. It is the Mexican carnage god Huitchlipotchli, continually demanding fresh victims. It is Moloch. Men may come and men may go; the Grant "Boom" may be succeeded by the Garfield "Boom;" but Pie goes on for ever. The tramp and the scallawag, in pants of looped and windowed raggedness, hunger for Pie, and impetuously demand nickel cents wherewith to purchase it; and the President of the United States, amid the chastened splendour of the White House, can enjoy no more festive fare. The day before we left New York one of the ripest scholars, the most influential journalists (on the Democratic side) the brightest wits and most genial companions in the States lunched with us. He would drink naught but Château Yquem; but he partook twice, and in amazing profusion of Pumpkin Pie. They gave me Pie at the Brevoort, and I am now fresh from the consumption of Pie at the Mount Vernon, Baltimore. Two more aristocratic hotels are not to be found on this continent. I battled strongly against this dyspepsia-dealing pastry at first; but a mulatto waiter held me with his glittering eye, and I yielded as though I had been a two-years child. The worst of this dreadful pie—be it of apple, of pumpkin, of mulberry, or of cranberry—is that it is so very nice. It is made delusively flat and thin, so that you can cut it into conveniently-sized triangular wedges, which slip down easily. Pardon this digression; but Pie really forms as important a factor in American civilisation as the *pot-au-feu* does in France. There is no dish at home by which we nationally stand or fall. The "roast beef of Old England" sounds very well to the strains of

* The modern American press seems to me to offend only against good taste in their omnivorous appetite of interviewing celebrated or notorious individuals (and the interviewing nuisance has become common enough in England), and in their fondness for filling their columns with brief personalities sometimes very quaint, but usually almost childishly frivolous and quite harmless.

Mr. Dan Godfrey's band at a dinner at the Freemason's Tavern; but sirloin of beef is fourteen pence a pound, and there are hundreds of thousands of labouring English people who never taste roast beef from year's end to year's end—save when they happen to get into gaol or into the workhouse at Christmastide.

There was a handsome restaurant attached to the waiting-room at the Jersey City terminus, and I have no doubt that pie galore was to be found in the bill of fare; but I had newly breakfasted, and could defy the voice of the charmer. More pleasant and more novel was it—on American soil—to contemplate the trim little maidens tripping about offering bouquets for

sale, or "boquets," as, I know not why, the Americans persist in pronouncing and spelling the French noun, which surely has the vowel U in it. The French do not speak of a lady's "boche," or a gentleman's "mostache." This, however, to my ear, is not so aggravating as the "theater," which American purists in orthography have substituted for our time-honoured theatre. It stands to reason, by analogy at least, that if "theater" be

correct, the Latin accusative "theatrum tectum" should be "theaterum tecterum," which leads us by an easy incline to the rhythmic dictum of the dark lyrist:

"Dere was a poor man whose name was Luzzarite,
O, bless de Lor', Goary Hallelujerum!"

No, it cannot be. I firmly protest against "theater," and against "boquet." Fancy the "boquet" of Château Lafitte.

There was nothing, happily, to protest against in the railway time-bills arrangements at Jersey City. At a few minutes before one wide portals again swung open; and without any crowding or fluster we passed from the *salle d'attente* to the platform. There were plenty of polite conductors and ticket collectors in neat uniform, with gold-braided caps, about; and we were at once directed to our particular Pullman car. This handsome and comfortable caravan needs no description on my part. You have seen it in full working order, both as a sleeping, a drawing-room, and recently as a restaurant car on the Midland, and as a drawing-room car on the London and Brighton Railway. We were duly inducted in our numbered fauteuils, while our wants, intellectual and physical, were sedulously ministered to by itinerant "car-wallahs," who perambulated the whole line of carriages offering for sale all the New York papers —*Harper's Weekly*, *The Daily Graphic*, *Frank Leslie's Chimney Corner*, *Puck*, *Scribner*, *Lippincott*, and so forth— together with Malaga grapes, California pears, and the inevitable candies and caramels. There was plenty of drinking-water on board the Pullman, which was fully warmed by means of steam-pipes; and at one end of the vehicle was a luxurious smoking room.

Touching the journey between New York and Baltimore, I can say but little. Torrents of rain never ceased descending; and we could see but little from the windows, which presented only so many large rectangles of fretwork in watery beads. However, I shall be going and coming with tolerable frequency over this line between now and the New Year; and shall be able to tell you something concerning the aspect of the regions through which we sped. For the nonce my business is with the inside, and not the outside of the cars. So far, nevertheless, as I could make out through the persistent rain and mist, the country between New York and Philadelphia is densely populous, and to a very great extent manufacturing. The train seemed to pass right through the main streets of a large number of thickly-

inhabited towns; and the perils of level-crossings were indicated by significant reminders on the signposts by the way, "Look out for the Locomotive," and by the gruesome pealing of a bell on the locomotive itself.

Another faint *impression de voyage* which I got through the rain-clouds may very possibly be, like most hastily-formed notions on the part of travellers, an erroneous one; still, I give it for what it is worth. In days long past I used to be told that the Board of Directors of the Camden and Amboy Railroad were lords paramount in New Jersey, but so far as my limited observation extended, not only the State of New Jersey, but those also of Pennsylvania and Delaware right up to the borders

AN ARTIST IN ROCKS.

of Maryland, have fallen under the dominion of one Schenck. Schenck's proclamations to the million were on every wall, every paling, every fence, every tree-stub and rock-boulder for miles

and miles around. There was no field without its printed or stencilled portent of Schenck and his wares. His pulmonic syrup, his gargles, and his many varieties of pills, met you at every rood and furlong of your course. Does he go on like this, even to the Rocky Mountains and the Yosemite Valley, and so on to the crack of doom? In the environs of New York Sozodont ran him hard, and in Pennsylvania his supremacy was combatted by the Iron Bitters—one bottle of which has just restored an old lady of ninety-two, belonging to one of the first Revolution families, to the comeliness and vigour of sixteen—and especially by the "Rising Sun Shoe Polish"—when I go home I mean to patent the Aurora Blacking—but in the long run Schenck was triumphant. Somewhere in Pennsylvania I had a view of Schenck's sawmills. I can dimly fancy him sawing up primeval forests to make his pill-boxes withal. A wonderful man.*

I was revolving in my mind the various turns of fate below, and what might possibly happen to me if I were to devote myself for a regular and systematic course of Schenck, when a hand was laid affectionately on my arm. The hand was that of the conductor of the Parlor Pullman, who considerately apprised me that refreshments could be served on board the car on our arrival at Wilmington, in the State of Delaware. The bill of fare was simple, but succulent and sufficing. There was a choice of beefsteak and porksteak, fried oysters, and ham and eggs, with tea or coffee, Philadelphia ale, and lager beer. Our dessert we had already laid in, so far as Malaga grapes and California pears went. We elected to try fried oysters and beefsteak as an evening collation, and the decision was telegraphed from the next station to Wilmington. It was raining more pitilessly than ever when we reached that important city (does not Senator Bayard hail from Wilmington, Delaware?), and the platform, with the restaurant dimly visible beyond, was filled by a dense, surging crowd, sable in garb, steaming with moisture; altogether unattractive to look upon. A railway platform in Lancashire on a soaking December evening—that was the kind of aspect presented by Wilmington.

Still, in our Parlor Pullman, our withers were unwrung. Once more the train started; and anon a slim youth made his appearance in the car, bearing a towering pile of deep quadrangular baskets of the "picnic" kind. One of them he deposited in front of us. Straightway the careful conductor, unlocking a

* I got into terrible trouble at a dinner party at Baltimore by confounding Schenck of the Pills with a popular preacher of the same name.

cupboard, produced a stack of well-polished mahogany planks. One of these he brought into an horizontal position, and by means of a symmetrical arrangement of pegs and holes, dexterously "hitched" one side of the plank to the wall of the car. From the other side a flap-leg was let down; and at once a table was improvised. The well-packed picnic basket being opened, the board straightway "groaned under the delicacies of the season." The fried oysters were a great success. They were a little shorter than French *sabots*, and not quite so wide as the knife-board of an omnibus; but they were very toothsome. The steak was well broiled, tender, and juicy. Moreover, there were fried potatoes, crisp and hot; good white bread, fair butter,* tolerable coffee, and excellent lager beer, sparkling, exhilarating, and non-intoxicating. Stay, there were also table-napkins, fine of hue and gauzy of texture. They were not much bigger than postage-stamps; still they served. When our repast was concluded, the picnic baskets were repacked, and the slim youth, bearing a pile of them much taller than himself, disappeared from view. He could scarcely have quitted the train, seeing that it was in full motion, but had possibly sought fresh fields and customers new. It was the conductor with whom we settled. The entire charge for our collation was one dollar and fifty cents —say six shillings—including the use of the table, which could be afterwards utilised for the purpose of indulging in the mirthful écarté or the innocent picquet.

About a quarter before eight there was a cry of "luggage for Baltimore." One of the Express Company's familiars took me, in a friendly manner, into custody at once. How many packages had I? Where did I mean to stay? With lamb-like resignation I surrendered my brazen checks. With becoming meekness I mentioned that I intended to alight at the Mount Vernon. The familiar of the Express Company vanished noiselessly. Did I want a hackman to drive me to the hotel? the conductor asked. The porter who was to carry our minor packages and rugs and convey them to the carriage, at once grew up, as it were, from the floor of the car, just as if he were the ghost of a Corsican Brother. Did I mind two ladies, who

* Not from one end of the United States to the other, have I ever tasted any butter equal to our Cambridge "best fresh," or to the butter of first class Paris restaurants. The very best American butter tastes more or less of salt; and butter should be sweet. American housekeepers will probably vehemently dispute my contention.

were bound in the same direction, sharing the carriage with us? Not the least in the world. They proved to be most charming ladies; and one of them told us that on Monday we should be just in time to see the "Frog" Opera, and hear the "Pollywog" Chorus, which extravaganza is just now rivalling "H.M.S. Pinafore" in popularity.

By half-past eight we were snugly installed at a very clean, quiet, and beautifully furnished hotel called the Mount Vernon. No *bachshish* had been demanded from us at any stage of the journey; *but*, the obliging hackman who drove us from the station charged us a dollar and a half for what in England would have been an eighteen-penny drive; and for a modest bedroom on the third floor of the Mount Vernon I am now being mulct at the rate of four dollars or sixteen shillings a day, exclusive of board. Never mind, I had rarely made so comfortable a railway trip, except in Russia, where railway comfort and even luxury have been brought almost to perfection. So I went to bed with a clear conscience at the Mount Vernon, Baltimore, in the beauteous State of Maryland, and dreamt that I was listening to the Pollywog chorus, to the accompaniment of the booming bell and the hoarse fog-horn of the locomotive.

"KIN I TOTE YER LUGGAGE, SAH?"

SERVANTS' OFFICE IN AN AMERICAN HOTEL.

VIII.

The Monumental City.

Baltimore, Md., *Dec.* 10.

When I awoke at the Mount Vernon Hotel, Baltimore, to find that the mercilessly drenching Saturday night had been succeeded by a Sunday morning glowing with sunshine, and with a sky of cloudless cobalt blue, it was with no small curiosity that I stood at my casement to take a first peep of the newest city that was to be revealed to me. The town was hilly; the undulating sky line made that fact at once prominent, and pleasantly so; for there is no use in disguising the fact, that the unvarying flatness of New York makes it, after a time, distressing to the eye. But Baltimore has not yet been graded to a dead level; and its surface presents a most agreeable variety of ups and downs. When looking straight ahead from my window, I beheld an amphitheatre of handsome villas, with green jalousies and shining steps of white stone in front of the houses; and especially when I noticed that the pavement of the side-walks was of red tiles, that the rain had completely dried

up, and that there was not a symptom of mud to be seen anywhere, it occurred to me, in that confusion of ideas to which the freshly awakened traveller in a strange place is liable, that I was in the rearward and upward regions of Brighton—say at Montpelier. Then, extending my range of vision, I noted gentle acclivities crowned by groups of really stately mansions of red brick and somewhat in the Queen Anne type in architecture. Surely, I reasoned, this must be Bath—where, by the bye, I have never been—the Crescent must be close by; and after breakfast I must ask my way to the Pump Room.

But by degrees, first through hearing the distant jingle of a tramway car bell, and next from observing the passage to and fro on the side-walk of a number of American citizens of African descent and of both sexes, most of them in their Sunday best—and very gay and sparkling is that "best," I can assure you—I began to understand that I was neither in Brighton nor in Bath, but in Baltimore, in the State of Maryland—the "Capua" of poor Guy Livingstone, whence he set forth on his "Border and Bastille" expedition: he lingered too long on the Border, else he might never have got into the Bastille of the Old Capitol Prison at Washington—and one of the comeliest, the most sociable, the most refined, and the most hospitable cities of the United States. More than that, I was on the shore of the beautiful river, the Patapsco—all the rivers hereabouts have pretty names, as Southey found out long ago, when he proposed to emigrate to the Susquehana merely because it had such a musical sound—and I was in DIXIE'S LAND. Yes; Dixie. I mind how, in the old dark days of war, I often used to sit in the great café of the Dominica at Havana, listening to a cracked fiddle and a wheezy clarionet discoursing "Dixie," the "Bonnie Blue Flag," and the "Homespun Dress the Southern Ladies Wear," for the delectation of the "Secesh" exiles in Cuba. But anon a consumptive accordion and an asthmatic harp of Federal tendencies would join issue with the Southern minstrels; and the Dominica would be made cacophonous with the Northern ditties "John Brown's Body," "The Sky-blue Coat," and "When this Cruel War is Over." Then some strong Federal voice would intone "We'll hang Jeff Davis on a Sour Apple Tree!" to which Confederate lungs would responsively roar,

"I hear the distant thunder hum,
Maryland! my Maryland!
The old lion bugle, fife and drum,
Maryland! my Maryland!"

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Then mutual scowls would be exchanged between the Northerners and Southerners present, culminating perhaps in "a fite," happily innocent of shooting episodes, but resulting in the destruction of several rush-bottomed chairs and Panama hats, with perhaps the coming to grief of the cracked fiddle, and the ignominious expulsion from the premises of the asthmatic harp. It is very different days now, thank goodness! The hatchet is buried, and a new line of railroad is being built over the place of the obliterated war-path.

Humbly following the example of the illustrious Knight of La Mancha, I have ever striven to be the earliest of risers; but on this particular Sunday morning I should have liked to remain an extra half-hour between the sheets. I was constrained, however, to rise by the persistent booming of the church bells. They rang me into nervousness, they rang me into consternation and præ-cordial anxiety; they rang me into a most irreverent and un-Sunday-like state of exasperation, and they rang me temporarily very nearly mad. There may have been a good many people sick unto death that morning in Baltimore; and the incessant clanging and jangling of the bells may have been as efficacious as the old "Mrs. Gamp," pulling the pillow from beneath their heads in order to terminate their sufferings. I suppose that campanology is a science, and I wish its votaries joy of it. I can understand the zeal of the "College Youths" and other amateur bell-ringers who ring "triple bob majors" by the ten thousand; because at the conclusion of their labours they are sometimes regaled with a leg of mutton and "trimmings" for supper; but I do seriously think that the time has arrived for quiet people all over the world to unite in a protest against the senseless, cruel, and barbarous practice of jangling bells in order to invite the public to attend divine worship.

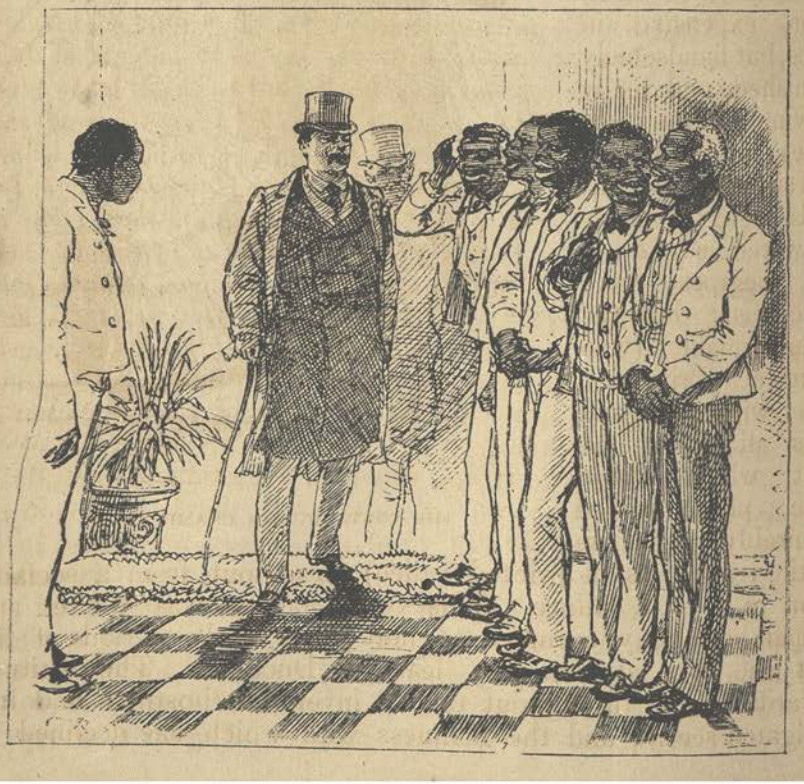
The bell-ringing nuisance is nearly as offensive in England as it is in America; and in both countries the practice is equally needless and wantonly indifferent to the requirements of those who need rest and quiet. Surely a man knows to what religion he belongs, and at what hour the services at his particular place of worship begin. Yet the sexton goes on tugging at his bell as though Christians had altogether lost their memories, and as though there were no clocks and watches in the world. Moreover, how is the churchgoer to discriminate between the different bells when they are all brangling at the same time? Here in Baltimore, a city of 300,000 inhabitants, there are about 200

churches, besides a number of halls used by different religious sects and societies. There are cathedrals and churches belonging to the Roman Catholics, the Protestant Episcopalians, the Baptists—this persuasion has one vast marble church in Eutaw-place, with a bell-tower 187ft. high—the Methodist Episcopalians, the Independent Methodists, the Lutherans, the Presbyterians, the English Reformed, the Independents, the Unitarians, the Society of Friends, the "Christians," the United Brethren, the Universalists, and the Swedenborgians, or New Jerusalemites. There are 12 Jewish synagogues; and there are numerous places of worship for the 50,000 coloured people who inhabit Baltimore, many of whom, however, are communicants at churches frequented by white worshippers. With the exception of the Quakers' meeting-houses—I am not certain about the synagogues—all these churches—chapels you never hear of—are amply provided with bells, which boom and brawl from sunrise to sunset, as though they were so many hotel gongs, calling guests to theological meals.

I want to know—in the interest of the sick and nervous—what good these bells do anywhere? Do they render anybody more serious, virtuous, or devout? Or are they only a survival of uncivilised ages when savages felt bound to make some kind of noise before their idol or their fetish? I recommend the campanological nuisance to the attention of all sensible physicians. Robinson Crusoe, according to Cowper, longed for the sound of "the church-going bells." He should have come to Baltimore; and I fancy that after a single course of Sunday bell ringing in the Monumental City he would have been ready to join the Monastic Quietists of Mount Athos, who ring no bells, and sing no services, and preach no sermons, but let their beards grow, and "fash" themselves about nothing in particular, passing the major portion of their lives in the placid contemplation of the pits of their stomachs.

The Mount Vernon Hotel, to which I had been urgently recommended by American friends in England to sojourn, is situated in Monument-street, hard by Monument-square, in that which I was told is the most fashionable, and which is certainly the most sequestered portion of the Monumental City. The Mount Vernon was formerly the town mansion of a wealthy Maryland magnate, and retains many traces of having been the residence of an affluent private gentleman of taste and culture. To meet the needs of a large number of guests, a spacious

structure, to serve as a restaurant, has been added to the original edifice; but the private dining room of the original owner has been preserved intact—a spacious apartment with a painted ceiling of the Verrio and Laguerre type, an elaborately sculptured marble mantle-piece, and walls covered with stamped and gilt Cordovan leather. From this proceed a suite of lofty parlours and withdrawing rooms, richly furnished with Brussels and Aubusson carpets, crystal chandeliers, handsomely-framed mirrors, amber satin and white lace window-curtains, tapestried *portières*, and console tables adorned with bronzes, marble statuettes, and Sèvres and Minton china. The Maryland gentleman's library, affluent in carved oak book-cases, is over against the drawing-rooms, across a marble-paved hall. The library now serves as a smoking-lounge and reading-room, while a contiguous boudoir has been converted into a clerk's office, with the usual apparatus of telephones and electric bells, and the usual display of placards and time tables relative to railroad routes all over the enormous area of the Union. In the dark background of the



clerk's sanctum looms the inevitable appendage, the Fire Proof Safe. In the marble hall dwell a continuous contingent of dark servants, all very civil and serviceable fellows. If you look pleasantly at them they immediately begin to grin from ear to ear, which puts things in general on a good-humoured footing. Besides the public entrance to the hotel, there is a handsomely-carpeted side entrance for ladies. The baggage department is under the charge of a strong-armed colossus from Chicago, who exhibits slight traces of Irish ancestry, and is as obliging as he is strong.

THE CONTEMPTUOUS CHAMBERMAID.

The clerk allotted us a capital "alcove" bedroom on the third floor, expensive in price, but handsomely furnished, and really serving all the purposes of bed-room and sitting-room. The bells were promptly answered, so far as the negroes were concerned; but the chambermaid (who wore a "Princess" robe, with puffs and frills all down the skirt which would have photographed admirably, but, in textile truth, was of printed calico) turned out, from a sociable point of view, a failure. This young person was White; and it had seemingly occurred to her at an early period of life that she was at the very least a Duchess. The attitude towards us was throughout one of inveterate hostility and unmitigated scorn; and the firmness with which she declined to

make any response to the salutation of "good morning," when we chanced to pass her on her stairs, merited commendation if only on the score of its consistency. Of course she wore her hair, and a great deal of it, or of somebody else's, *en cheveux*, and "fixed up" according to the latest modes presented in "Harper's Bazaar;" but this, I am told, is not the inexorable rule with American girls when they condescend to be "helps." An advertisement was pointed out to me the other day in a New York paper, in which a young lady who wished to obtain a domestic appointment distinctly proclaimed herself to be an American, and as distinctly announced her willingness to "wear a cap." Is this a hopeful sign, or the contrary? American ladies, who have been accustomed to live in Europe, complain bitterly on their return of the difficulty which they experience in obtaining "helps" of native extraction; but on the other hand, there may be many uncompromising Republicans who hold it to be derogatory for a Daughter of the Gracchi to wear a cap, and otherwise submit to the little descents from personal dignity which, in antiquated and still semi-feudal Europe, we expect from lovely woman when she accepts the functions and the wages of a housemaid or a chambermaid.

The philosophy of the matter, as it seems to me, is that, as regards domestic "help," England is becoming rapidly Americanised, whereas America is becoming slightly Europeanised. The Baltimore chambermaid, as beseemed the denizen of a Monumental City, was phenomenally self-conscious and stuck up; but at the Brevoort, at New York, we had a female attendant who was as attentive and deferential as a chambermaid at a first-class English hotel could be. I noticed, too, a vast number of gentlemen's grooms and coachmen in Fifth-avenue and in the Central Park, clad in livery and wearing crest buttons, and even cockades in their hats. In the old time a gentleman could certainly procure the services of a "help" who, for a consideration, would drive his carriage for him; but in very few instances would the "help" in question deign to wear anything approaching a livery. Remember, I am not prepared to make an affidavit that the retainers in the handsome liveries and the cockaded hats are native Americans. I am yet raw and unfledged as a tourist in this country; and everything that I record must, as the lawyers say, be taken "errors excepted." But I have beheld the liveries and the cockades—rivalling as they do, in their plenitude and their splendour, the

brilliance of Hyde Park-Corner at the height of the season. In concluding this digression on domestic servants, I may just vindicate that which I said concerning the rapid "Americanisation" of England by asking any English lady, long accustomed to keep house, whether five-and-twenty years since she would have allowed her female servants to dress their hair precisely as they chose, or to be called "Miss" on the letters addressed to them through the post? "No ringlets," at the distance of time to which I refer, was a Median and Persian law imposed on English parlourmaids and housemaids; but if ringlets were fashionable now-a-days who would dare to gainsay Sarah Ann if she appeared with her tresses laterally corkscrewed out even to the similitude of Ninon de l'Enclos or a Blenheim spaniel?

Sunday in Baltimore proved, from a theological standpoint, to be unexceptionably admirable and amiable, but in a secular and sociable sense it was undeniably most deplorably and desperately dull. I had plenty of letters of introduction; but I hesitated to deliver any of the credentials with which I was furnished on the Sabbath. I made up my mind at starting to tread on as few toes as ever I possibly could on this vast continent; and for aught I could tell Sunday observance might be a very soft corn indeed in Baltimore. Nevertheless I endured all the agonies of intense boredom. Beyond church-going there was nothing to do; and one could scarcely go to church morning, afternoon, and evening. Let me remark, once for all,

that the observance of the Sabbath in some parts of the United States is a substantial, stringent, inflexible, but doubtless beneficent reality. It is more than Scotch in its severity. We all know how vastly serviceable to the cause of morality and virtue the strict observance of the Seventh Day has been to our brethren beyond the Tweed, and how "proper" Sabbath-keeping statutes make them a model people in the way of ethics and abstinence from intoxicating liquors. Similarly, righteous respect for the sanctity of the Sunday has evidently been productive among the Americans of that rapidly growing temperance, frugality, and law abidingness, and that surprising development in political purity and commercial probity which no foreign visitor to their country can fail to observe as being eminently characteristic of the nation.

Baltimore is not behindhand in the Spartan strictness of its Sabbatarianism. I was wicked enough to wish to get shaved; but the sable barber of the Mount Vernon had bolted and barred himself up in his den in the basement of the building, and informed me through the keyhole that it would be against the law of the State for him to shave me then and there, but that he was shortly about to come upstairs for the purpose of "barbing" Number Sixteen, and as soon as he was "through" he would come and "fix" me. He did accordingly "fix" me in my own apartment, and charged 25 cents, which, considering the trifling "gettin' up stairs" he had gone through, was not greatly in excess of the normal rate of 15 cents.

Another illustration of Sunday strictness will be afforded should you happen to require, before dinner, such an "appetiser" as a glass of sherry-and-bitters, or that even more pungent whet, a whiskey-cocktail. I am ready to grant, for the sake of argument, that it is sinful to drink sherry-and-bitters, and that a cocktail is perdition. Now, in the underground regions of the hotel there is a bar, where from Monday till Saturday, from early in the morning until late at night, you may obtain as many cocktails, cobblers, juleps, brandy smashes, and gin-slings, as you may choose to order. But on Sunday, and during the whole of the Sabbath, from midnight till midnight, the Law of the State inexorably closes, not only the dram shop, but the hotel bar. You can obtain nothing whatever that is potable, either in or out of church-time. From the locked and bolted bar you are sent away thirsting; but there is not the slightest necessity for your being thirsty in your bedroom. You have but

to ring your bell, and signify your wishes, and in a few minutes a smiling attendant will bring you whatsoever you require in the way of stimulants. The same toleration extends to the dinner table. It is the bar only that is sealed; and the Sunday taboo was, I have no doubt, prompted by a laudable desire to exclude the bibulous loafer from without. How the bibulous loafer gets on in an American city on Sunday, I have not the slightest idea.

THE BIBULOUS LOAFER.

We hired an open carriage and pair from the hotel at three in the afternoon—driving, for pleasuring on the Sabbath has fortunately not been prohibited by the Laws of the State—and made the circuit of the smiling city. I could not help being struck with astonishment by the perfection to which Sabbath-keeping had been brought in Baltimore. Not a cigar shop, not a fruit or candy or cake store, or ice-cream saloon, was open. All the petty branches of commerce which flourish in London on Sunday were entirely suspended. The solitary exception made

was in the case of the pharmacies or drug stores—the chemists' shops, as we should call them. Many of these are very large and handsome establishments, and aërated and mineral waters are among the articles which they vend. I wonder whether it would be against the Law of the State to enter a drug store, and call for a certain febrifuge well known in military circles in England, and compounded of seltzer water, sal volatile, syrup of ginger, and gentian. It is called, I believe, the "Steel Battle-axe Pick-me-up." Would the Baltimore druggist be stricken with horror were he asked for the unhallowed tipple; or, on the contrary, might he not possibly suggest that quinine wine and Vichy water was an agreeable tonic, or that Apollinaris and "iron bitters" had been found, under circumstances of alcoholic stress, refreshing?

THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT.

We drove by the chief architectural attractions of the Monumental City, including the really grandiose and imposing columnar monument to George Washington, with the nobly simple inscription, "By the State of Maryland." The column stands on a beautiful eminence, formerly called Howard's Park, but now rechristened Mount Vernon-square, a hundred feet above the level of the Patapsco at high tide. The pillar, which with the base is nearly two hundred feet in height, is surmounted by a colossal statue of the Father of his Country, represented in the act of resigning his commission as commander-in-chief of the armies of the United States. Only one lunatic has thrown himself from the top of that monument; that was in 1875, and the madman, of course, was instantaneously killed. We drove by the famous "Battle Monument," erected to commemorate the citizens who fell in defence of Baltimore during the engagement

at North Point and the bombardment of Fort M'Henry by the British forces in September, 1814. An Englishman can never think without bitter chagrin and vexation of the veterans of the Peninsula campaigns, the flower of Wellington's conquering legions, frittered away in one of the pettiest and most purposeless wars that was ever concerted by a knot of unusually stupid statesmen. We saw the Oddfellows' Monument and the memorial erected over the tombs of the fiery youths, Daniel Wells and Henry G. M'Comas, who killed the British General Ross at our attack on Baltimore in 1812. The fiery youths were themselves immediately afterwards slain by the British.

THE BATTLE MONUMENT.

Finally we drove to Druid-hill Park, one of the handsomest pleasaunces to be found, I should say, in any city of the United States. It comprises about five hundred acres, and was first laid out more than a century ago, in the style of English landscape gardening then in vogue. It was not, however, until 1860 that the property was purchased by the city of Baltimore for the sum of $500,000. It occupies the highest point of land in the immediate vicinity of the city, and commands magnificent views of stately Baltimore and the Bay beyond, down to Kent Island and Annapolis. Here are splendid thickets of trees, of great age and magnitude of girth—catalpas, Lombardy poplars, hickories, and white oaks; here are a cascade and a lake, verdant lawns, umbrageous bosquets—Sleepy Hollows and lovers' walks, for aught I know. There are herds of graceful deer; in fact, almost everything was visible in Druid-hill Park, this particular Sunday, except Humanity. Comparatively

VIEW IN DRUID HILL PARK.

speaking there was nobody about, either on foot or on wheels. Outside the park, the avenues leading therefrom were traversed by tramcars; but the passengers were few and far between. The fair city of Baltimore seemed to be lying dead in its smooth, shining, silent, Sunday sarcophagus. Where were the three hundred thousand inhabitants of the Monumental City? All at church, I suppose. I began at last to feel guiltily uncomfortable. Conscience reproached me with Sabbath-breaking, as we sped through the still streets homeward to the Mount Vernon; and then came darkness, and the bells began to jangle again for evening service.

EXCHANGE PLACE, BALTIMORE.

IX.

Baltimore come to Life again.

Baltimore, *December* 13.

That you should "sleep upon it" is a very excellent piece of advice, the common-sense of which, as applied to most of the affairs of mankind, has made the counsel proverbial. "Sleeping upon it," then, I arrived, after a night's rest, at the conclusion that Baltimore was not so like Tunbridge Wells, or Brighton, or the Bath, which I had never seen, as it was like York; and that impression grew upon me as I reviewed the scenes, so charming yet so socially depressing, of the day before, and recollected the jangling bells which had so distracted my nerves on Sunday. There are, I believe, in the venerable city of Constantine, exclusive of the Minster, fifty churches belonging to the Establishment alone. Make allowance for the difference of population, and add your churches of other denominations—Americans are too lofty-minded to acknowledge such edifices as chapels, although they sometimes speak of "going to meetin'"—and you have an ecclesiastical aggregate for which our York may be accepted as

a tolerably close parallel. There is, moreover, a decidedly Eboracan appearance about the first-class dwelling-houses in that which I should call the capital of Maryland, did I not timeously remember that the State capital—that is to say, the seat of the Legislature—is at Annapolis.

These tall, grave, and dignified mansions in Baltimore, with

ROOM IN THE BRICE HOUSE.

their casings of white stone, these shining windows of plate glass, and the steep flights of stone steps in front, have a strikingly Georgian look; and many of these edifices are handsome enough to have been built by that much maligned but really very capable architect, Sir John Vanbrugh. There are plenty of such houses in York, and in imagination I peopled the steep flights of steps in Baltimore with bevies of pretty English girls—you know how charmingly pretty are the maidens in the City of the Five Sisters—on their way to or from church, all carrying handsomely bound prayer-books, and escorted either by portly mammas of that amplitude of figure which the amiable Nathaniel Hawthorne erroneously assumed to be peculiar to the British matron, but which, I rejoice to observe, is not by any means uncommon among the mothers of the American Gracchi

in 1879, or else accompanied by auburn-bearded and athletic brothers, exemplarily devout and demure-looking, as beseemed Sunday, yet in whose guise there was a lurking and latent Something which hinted that on Monday and the remaining days of the week they knew a great deal on the subject of a horse, and would be prepared to express their opinions concerning the Doncaster St. Leger if called upon to do so.

Nor would it at all have astonished me had I met, trotting along the red-tiled side-walks of Baltimore, a number of plump personages whose rosy gills, clean-shaven chins and upper lips, and neatly-trimmed side whiskers, no less than their shovel hats and black gaiters, proclaimed them to be dignified clergymen of the Church of England. I was quite prepared to meet an Archdeacon "performing archidiaconal functions" in the chief city of Maryland. I think that, without collapsing, I could have supported even the spectacle of a Rural Dean. The city looked, not only ecclesiastically but municipally, like York. I had green turtle and venison steak for dinner on Sunday. My bosom swelled with patriotic pride within me as I partook of callipash and callipee; and I had nearly screwed my courage to the sticking-place to sally forth and ask the way to the Mansion House, with the intent of interviewing some rubicund personage with a gold chain, whom I might deferentially address as My Lord, and of whom I might inquire when it would be convenient for me to pay my respects to My Lady Mayoress.

To tell the truth, I had been in desperate conversational straits all day Sunday. I had a sheaf of letters of introduction in my satchel; but I dared not commit a possible breach of etiquette by presenting any of those missives on the Sabbath. I had been promised by friends in England a hearty reception at the Maryland Club; but on Dead Sunday I was as the Peri at the Gate of Paradise—if you can imagine a corpulent and elderly Peri in a carriage and pair, raging in his inward heart because he found himself in a city renowned for its courtesy to strangers—a city of 300,000 inhabitants—without anybody to talk to. Inside the Baltimore Club House were no doubt some of the grave and reverend seigniors of Maryland—those at least of their number who were not at church—to say nothing of the *jeunesse dorée*, the gay young bloods of the city. That there *were* some gay young bloods in Baltimore I was certain; for on Sunday evening, accidentally peeping into the stately Cordovan leather-hung apartment, which had been the gentleman's dining

SOME MEMBERS OF THE OLD MARYLAND CLUB.

room when the Mount Vernon Hotel was a private mansion, I saw a table laid, in approved Delmonico style—bouquets, ferns, silver candelabra, crystal, and so forth—for four. The sable waiters were bringing in the Blue Point oysters on the "half shell" when I fled disconsolate to the desolate public dining room, where, save the waiters and ourselves, there was nobody but a clergyman, who was taking his tea and a liberal allowance of stewed oysters in a silent hurry, having doubtless to preach a sermon later in the evening, and a gentleman with a snuff-coloured beard, whose vesper repast consisted of a baked apple, a quantity of uncooked celery, and a glass of iced water. I very much feared that there was something the matter with him, or that there would be shortly. For the sake of conversing with somebody or anybody (for I was growing desperate), I would have addressed the vegetarian unintroduced, and advised him for his stomach's sake to try some of the medicaments of the wonderful Schenk, Waywode of Pennsylvania, Hospodar of New Jersey, and Kaimakan of Delaware—say his Pulmonic Syrup or his Mandrake Pills—but my companion besought me to be quiet. The mulatto waiter was a most

civil and obliging creature, but, conversationally, he was a failure.

The bar, as I have already stated, was closed, else I might have renewed my acquaintance with a very genial old gentleman with whom I had conversed late on Saturday night. He was good enough to adopt the hypothesis—I was in travelling garb of a shaggily woollen texture—that I was "a captain of one of them big ships that was taking grain to Europe;" and he confidently expressed his opinion that Great Britain was not in a position to pay for the bread-stuffs with which she proposed to feed her starving population. We had got no money, according to the genial old gentleman, "Nary cent." He offered to treat me to a "hot whiskey skin," in compassion, I presume, for my insolvent and destitute condition. But he was not accessible on Sunday. Nobody was accessible.

I went after dinner into the apartment in front of the clerk's office which served as a smoking room. Three speechless gentlemen occupied three rocking chairs. They read newspapers, they smoked, they expectorated, and they said nothing. One side of the room was nearly filled by a huge book-case, splendidly carved; but the shelves were protected by plate glass, and the case was locked. I felt too dejected to ask for the key, and only peeped through the glass at the library store within, which, so far as my dim vision could aid me, appeared to consist of Reports submitted to Congress on the Ku-Klux outrages in the Southern States, in three hundred and sixty-five volumes. I never before beheld such a mass of "outrageous" literature collected under one head.

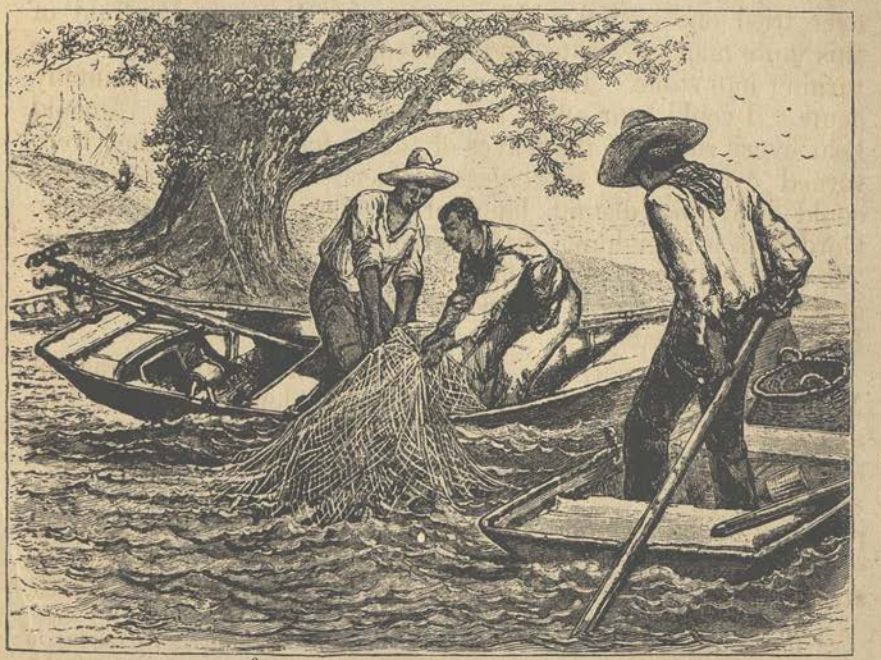
Behind the counter was a very paragon of mutism in the shape of an hotel clerk. I tried him on all kinds of subjects—on the weather, on the trains southward, on the price of grain at Chicago, on the addresses of people on whom I wished to call. For a long time he was dumb; then he became responsive, but only monosyllabically so, and in a voice that came as it seemed from the Tombs. I would have asked him if he had ever tried one of Schenk's curatives, but I was fairly afraid of this mute man, so I sate, and smoked, and felt as though I were turning into stone. But my sense of hearing became painfully acute. I could hear every pulsation of the hotel clock. I could hear every rustle of the leaves of the hotel ledger as they were turned over by the speechless cashier; and, worse than all, I could hear the distant laughter of the four guests in the Cordovan leather-hung dining room. Ah! they were having "a high old time of it" for certain. Terrapin à la Maryland as a matter of course. Extra dry Verzenay, no doubt. Regalias, Imperiales, probably.*

On Monday morning—and a delightfully mild and radiant Monday it was—Baltimore, to my infinite delight, Came to Life again, and proved to be a very vivacious and cheerful city, full not only of commercial bustle and activity, but of social amenity and refinement. I set out for a long ramble, and found that the principal streets extending through the city—which has a circuit of twelve miles—were Baltimore-street (formerly called Market-street), Lombard, Batt, Frederick, Gay, Holliday, North, South,

* In Maryland a stringent Act exists which protects diamond-back terrapins in the waters of the State. The fishing opens on the first of November and terminates on the 31st of March. It is unlawful to catch any terrapin of a size less than five

Calvert (a dim reminiscence this of the Calverts Lords Baltimore, proprietaries of the colony of Maryland), Light, St. Paul, Charles, Hanover, Sharp, Howard, and Eutaro. Exchange-place in Lombard-street is the focus of the heaviest business: the Merchants' Exchange, Post Office, and Custom House being all in this locality. South and Second-streets close by, are crowded with banks, many of which are really palatial structures; and with the offices of insurance companies, stock-brokers, and real estate agents. The real estate agent is a very important personage in a country where house property in cities, otherwise known as "town lots," possesses such an enormous value. I was told that Baltimore-street was not only the chief emporium of retail business, but also the principal promenade of female beauty and fashion; and here I was

inches on the bottom of the shell, or to interfere with or destroy the diamond-back terrapin's eggs. Thirty years ago the dealers found it difficult to sell terrapins at $6 a dozen, and now the difficulty lies in obtaining them at even $38 a dozen, owing to their increasing scarcity. The male terrapin is known as the "bull," the female as the "cow," the lady being more in request on account of her thirty eggs, which are used to garnish the delectable dish.



NETTING TERRAPINS.

gravely informed I might "determine on the comparative beauty of the Baltimore ladies." I resolved to survey this notable thoroughfare, under its double aspect of commerce and comeliness; and, as regards the latter, I own that I had formed high, exalted expectations.

Feminine fashions in Baltimore are serious matters. I had been reading that morning in one of the local journals a most portentous column of items, headed "For the Ladies." May I venture to hope that some of my lady readers in England may be edified by the announcement that, in the genial city of Maryland, "hoops threaten to come once more into fashion, and satin cashmere is a new dress material"? Further on I learned that "the new shade of purple is called 'dahlia,'" that "epingeline" is "a novel name for uncut velvet," and that "new plaid stockings have the checks set diagonally." This I hold to be a decided advantage, since many years ago, when the exuberance of crinoline occasionally led to indiscretions in the revelation of ankles, I remember seeing a lady the rectangular black and white checks on whose hose suggested to an irreverent omnibus conductor in High-street, Knightsbridge, the profane remark to the driver of the vehicle that he would "werry much like to 'ave a game o' draughts on that gal's legs." Then, again, I gathered that, "to be fashionable, one must have a leopard skin muff," and that the "Derby hat" is very much worn by young coloured girls. Subsequently I came to the mysterious statement that "an innovation in underwear is seen in the fine pink and blue flannel, beautifully embroidered with flowers in white floss." "White skirts," the oracle went on, "are no longer worn in the street; black satin or Japanese blue, scarlet or olive green satin or flannel, take their place." After this I concluded that it was time to retire from the perusal of the column for the ladies. Even the writer seemed to have grown terrified at his own audacity, for after the allusion to the black satin "underwear," he became slightly trite and jejune, contenting himself with remarking that "wool plaids in plum-colour, black, and gold are patronised by the most fashionable schoolgirls," bidding those young ladies "who have no sealskin sacques cheer up, for the doctors say they are very unhealthy," and drifting at last into the mere platitude of advising girls who wished to have small mouths to repeat, at frequent intervals during the day, "Fanny Finch Fried Five Floundering Frogs For Francis Fowler's Father."

As a matter of fact, I found Baltimore-street and Charles-street, by which last-named thoroughfare you descend from the fashionable district of the city, full of well-dressed ladies intent on shopping. Sealskin "sacques" or jackets were plentiful,

but, according to a critical authority by whom I was accompanied, the American ladies patronise a sealskin which is dyed almost black instead of a rich chestnut hue, and they have consequently a somewhat sombre appearance. The "Derby" hat is simply what we call a "pot," of black felt; and it had need to be patronised by young ladies of colour, for it is inexpensive. Imitations of our "Devonshire," "Gainsborough," and, indeed, every kind of "hard" and turned-up hats for ladies, were numerous. So far as I could obtain information from the price tickets affixed to tasteful Paris bonnets in the shop windows, a lady's chapeau here, as, indeed, throughout the States, is an inordinately costly article. A very pretty article with an embroidered crown and trimmings of black velvet was priced five-and-twenty dollars, or five pounds; a tiny little baby's straw bonnet with a plain white cap was ticketed seven dollars, or one

pound eight shillings. In Oxford-street it would have been dear at half a guinea.

For these astounding prices, which rule not only every department of male and female apparel, but almost every appliance of what we call civilisation, Americans have to thank the Tariff—that Tariff which not only imposes an almost prohibitory duty on imported commodities, and thereby encourages an inconceivable amount of smuggling, venality, and corruption, but which, notwithstanding the assertion of the doctrinaires and the interested, also seems to have the effect of paralysing native industry. We are content in England to pay a high price, say four shillings and ninepence, for a pair of the very best kid gloves; but "'Arry" can purchase at hundreds of London shops a shilling's worth of "bow-wow," that is to say, a pair of strong, serviceable so-called dogskin gloves, for twelvepence sterling. The American must pay, thanks to the Tariff, two dollars four, or eight shillings, for a pair of kid gloves, and those not of the first quality; and I should be very much obliged if any one would tell me in what American city, and at what kind of store, I can buy a pair of strong leather gloves, simulating dogskin, for five and twenty cents, or one shilling. Yet the Americans have plenty of leather, and are expert mechanics. Why should they not make their own gloves, as they are making their own watches—which are coming to be of surprising excellence—and their own sewing machines? You must excuse my occasional references to the Tariff. It is the Bottle Imp of American life, and people have not yet "learned to love it."

INDEPENDENCE HALL, PHILADELPHIA.

X.

The Great Grant "Boom."

New York, *December* 20.

I HAVE just returned from an interesting although brief sojourn in Washington and Philadelphia; and have first of all to narrate some personal experiences in the City of Brotherly Love in connection with the grand parade held in Philadelphia on Tuesday, the 16th of December, in honour of General Ulysses S. Grant. It was from the Quaker City that the ex-President of the United States took his departure some two years since, amid universal manifestations of respect, to make a tour round the world. He travelled, indeed, far afield; and, like that other Ulysses that

we wot of saw men and cities innumerable; and, as his brilliant pilgrimage was to come to a close in the self-same place where it had begun, the General's admirers in Philadelphia—and their name is apparently legion—determined to make the penultimate week preceding the Christmas holidays the occasion of the very grandest festive patriotic demonstration, with General Grant for its hero, that it was possible to organise. The "Great Grant Boom" is now gone and past—it is a "played out" boom so far as festivity is concerned, and must now give place to the Christmas boom and Santa Claus, and the approaching masquerade ball at the Academy of Music. My business is only with the events of Tuesday, the 16th instant, and that immeasurably grand parade of which I will once for all frankly admit I was an involuntary and a miserable spectator. I have suffered much since last Tuesday, and the Great Grant Boom has entered into my soul.

It is rather late in the day to observe that the government of the United States of America is strictly and irrevocably a Republican one; and that, in the whole Union, there is not a more sternly loyal commonwealth than Pennsylvania, the "Keystone" State, nor a more intensely Republican centre than the city among whose monuments of the past the historic Independence Hall is the most proudly conspicuous. Philadelphia, nevertheless, rejoices, so far as the refinements of society are concerned, in a King, by the name of Mr. George W. Childs, the proprietor of a very well-known daily newspaper, called the *Public Ledger*. Mr. Childs, it is universally acknowledged, comprises in his individuality the attributes of a man of Ross, a Mæcenas, an Amphitryon, and a Herodes Atticus. His activity is indefatigable, his public spirit indomitable, and his hospitality inexhaustible. Mr. Childs' proprietorial Sanctum at the office of the *Public Ledger* is a marvel of art furniture, decoration, and tasteful *bric à brac;* and he makes it a *pundonor*, as the Spaniards say, to present every lady who visits him with a piece of rare porcelain specially imported for him from the Old World by the famous Tiffany of New York.

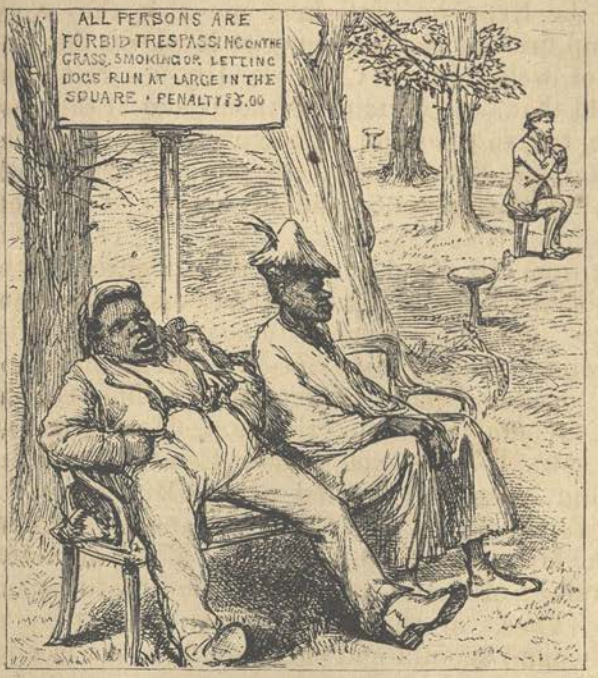
When Mr. G. W. Childs is not engaged in entertaining his friends and the strangers that are within the gates of Philadelphia at luncheon, dinner, or tea, he presents stained-glass windows to Westminster Abbey, or indulges in some other *délassement* of cosmopolitan munificence; and some of those days it may be confidently expected that he will give the finishing architectural

touch in the way of a spire a couple of hundred feet high, to Boston "stump," in Lincolnshire. Mr. Geo. W. Childs is, in fine, a highly representative American in general and Philadelphian in particular; that is to say, a thoroughly courteous, hospitable, and generous gentleman. I had no knowledge of him, save by repute, when I arrived in America; but he was good enough to offer to show me all the episodes of the Great Grant Boom, which was to last an entire week, and during which I was to be his guest. Mr. Childs' own house was to be entirely devoted to purposes of feasting, and General Grant and his suite were to be lodged on the first floor of the colossal establishment in Walnut-street, called the Continental Hotel. In that same gigantic caravanserai, apartments, I was informed, had also been secured for me and mine.

When Americans are on hospitable cares intent they are not accustomed to do things by halves. They come down on you, figuratively, "like a hundred of bricks" in the way of kindnesses and courtesies; and during the fortnight when I was staying between New York, Baltimore, and Washington, the United States mails were conveying to me premonitory reverberations of the Great Grant Boom, in the guise of biddings to participate in the rejoicings of the memorable week which was to begin on the 16th and to end on the 23rd. First came a prodigious glazed card bearing a large corporate seal and an engraved heading, which at first made me somewhat uncertain as to whether I was surveying a United States Five-twenty bond or a certificate of membership of the Ancient Order of Foresters. This proved to be a general invite signed by the clerk of the Collected Committees of Councils to partake during seven days of "the hospitalities of the City of Philadelphia." I promptly accepted the liberal offer, but I felt

ENTRANCE TO FAIRMOUNT PARK.

slightly uncertain as to the nature of these hospitalities and where I was to find them. I asked American friends, and they smiled. Would the prodigious enamelled card enable me to occupy an *al-fresco* bench all night in Fairmount Park, or to ride gratuitously in the street cars, or to "shin round the free lunches," or to get shaved the coming Sunday. When I was young a favourite diversion on the 1st of April was to forward to our friends and acquaintances cards of admission to the Tower of London for the purpose of "seeing the lions washed." Would the invitation to enjoy the "hospitalities of the City of Philadelphia" prove as derisively delusive as the lion-washing permit?



A SKETCH IN FAIRMOUNT PARK.

But the invitations continued to pour in. Cards for receptions and soirées, issued always "to meet General and Mrs. Grant," from influential private citizens of the Chess Board City, it would be obviously indecorous to particularise; yet of such cards I had a pack. Then the Union League of Philadelphia wrote on hot-pressed Bath post, surmounted by an elaborately-engraved vignette of the American Eagle gazing at the rising sun and holding the star-spangled banner in his talons, to say that I was expected to meet General Grant on Tuesday, the 23rd. Subsequently, and still through the medium of copper-plate engraving, the Worshipful Mayor of Philadelphia signified to me that on a given evening he should be at home to receive General

Grant; and then, on a prodigious placard of Bristol board covered with chalcographic effigies of eagles, thunderbolts, stars, stripes, St. Andrew's crosses, sabres, and cannon balls, the "Grand Army of the Republic" informed me that they would hold "a grand camp fire" at the Academy of Music on the 18th, with the object of welcoming "Comrade Ulysses S. Grant." Likewise was I told that, on a certain afternoon, and at this same Academy of Music, twelve thousand schoolgirls would go through a variety of recitations, musical performances, and calisthenic exercises: always in the presence and in honour of General Grant.

Finally came from Mr. Childs a triumph of chromo-lithography in golden blazonry of the flags of all nations, surmounting the bill of fare of a "quiet little dinner" to be given on Tuesday, the 16th, at the proprietor of the *Public Ledger's* private residence in Walnut-street, to a select party of guests, including General and Mrs. Grant, General Sherman, the Hon. Hamilton Fish, General Sheridan, Mr. A. J. Drexel, Senator Cameron, the Hon. Edwards Pierrepont, sometime United States Minister to the Court of St. James's, the Hon. John Welsh, also an ex-"plenipo" to London, and the Hon. George S. Boutwell. These are names of European as well as of American renown; and that is why I enumerate them. Places at this distinguished board were reserved for your obedient servant and partner. It was a wonderful *menu*. Blue Point oysters—they are almost as small and as delicate in flavour as our English native, and are thus grateful to the palate of the uncivilised foreigner who cannot relish the genuine American bivalve, which is a trifle smaller than a coal barge and a "wee bit" larger than a roller-skate—green turtle soup, fried smelts and striped bass, filet of beef with mushrooms, spinach with cream, *ponche à la Romaine* to "cut the courses;" terrapin and celery, canvas-back duck, and a wilderness of sweets and ices. Alas!

We had been bidden to dinner in Massachusetts Avenue, Washington, on Tuesday, the 16th, at the house of the most hospitable, the most accomplished, and the most brilliantly conversational of Democratic Senators. He would not have been thought Democratic (in one sense of the political term) in England. He would as to his manners and culture have been pronounced decidedly (that is to say naturally) aristocratic. We were congratulated on our good fortune in being invited to the "quiet and select" dinner party at Mr. Childs', for as a matter

of course the bill of fare and a complete list of the guests had been published in all the newspapers. Woe is me! I dreamed golden dreams. Was there a possibility, I wondered, of obtaining a divorce swiftly and cheaply in the convenient State of Indiana—where growling at the amount of a wife's millinery bill is said to be recognised as legal cruelty—and marrying the daughter of a Grand Vizier, or at least of a Billionnaire from Nevada, a Crœsus from Colorado, or a Petroleum Plutus from Oil City? I dreamed of giving "surprise parties" at Delmonico's, and of purchasing all the *repoussé* silver ware at Tiffany's. Alnaschar! What had I in the basket of my brain? Nothing but some brittle glass and fragile crockery.

The morning of Wednesday dawned somewhat cloudily and coldly, but I was up with the lark, or, at least, with the screech-owl, one of the sable attendants in the lower regions of Wormley's Hotel, Washington, having recently caught a lively specimen of the species just named, which used to perch on the marble counter of the bar all day and hoot as though he were a Vice-Chancellor about to commit a refractory defendant for contempt, or a discontented shareholder at the annual meeting of a joint-stock company. The screech-owl, together with a mocking-bird occupying a cage in the clerk's office, and which was the most discordantly derisive bird that I ever came across, used to have "a high old time" of it at Wormley's Hotel; and when the screech-owl was at his shrillest and the mocking-bird at his harshest, there was only needed the horrible disturbance made by the steam-heating apparatus, which began to *fonctionner* about five in the morning to split the ears and rend the nerves of the guests.

How is it that the Americans, whose nervous system is, according to physiologists, so exquisitely sensitive, and who are, until they have been introduced to you, so distressingly taciturn, seem to be so completely indifferent to the noises made around them? They tolerate on the collars of their horses those bells which in London are prohibited by the Police Act. Of the maddening nuisance of the church bells I have already spoken. An American workman makes much more noise at his work than an Englishman does. He bangs and slams, rams and jams about as though the by-passers had no drums to their ears. A baggage porter "dumps" trunks and portmanteaus down on the pavement as though he were delighted with the noise they made in falling. Yet a car full of travelling Americans is about the quietest company in which you could possibly find yourself;

and an American crowd, unexcited by whiskey, is a model of placid good behaviour. One noise, years ago productive of infinite anguish to me, I have not yet become re-acquainted with. I have not heard it in New York; nay, nor in Baltimore, nor Washington, nor Philadelphia. I wonder how far down South I shall get ere I meet with that appalling engine of torture, the Hotel Gong.

In travelling from Baltimore to Washington—a short trip of some eight-and-thirty miles, and in view, I suppose, of the brevity of the journey—the train was unprovided with a Pullman. The clerk, however, who sold me my tickets civilly directed me to take the "third car to the left" when I reached the platform. This proved to be virtually a first-class car, since, although the doctrine of "equal rights" is legally established throughout the United States, I found that all the coloured passengers (of whom there were many in the train) eschewed the "third car to the left," and settled down quietly in other compartments. It did not appear to me that they were in any manner coerced into thus segregating themselves from their white brothers and sisters. They seemed to keep themselves apart as much from choice as from custom; and this I have noticed many times during my stay in this country. It would be mischievously idle to assert that the negro—his thorough political enfranchisement notwithstanding—"goes into society" in the Reunited States. He does nothing whatever of the kind. Nobody grinds him to the wall, nor is unkind or uncivil to him—so far as I have yet seen; but he, on his part, does not seem very anxious to mingle socially with the race who, of course, at this time of day, neither dislike nor despise the black man, but who, perhaps, feel as uncomfortable in his company—as a social and political equal—as he does in theirs. But,

perhaps, I am prematurely broaching a subject on which I shall probably have to say a great deal by and bye.

There was nothing to remark about the car, substantially a first-class one, save that midway on each side of the vehicle there was a small rack, in which was placed a Bible, with the printed memorandum beneath, "Read and return." I saw the sacred volume read and returned many times in the course of the journey; and this constant familiarity with the Scriptures—you meet Bibles and Testaments at every turn all over the land—should surely have a very beneficial effect on the morals of the population. It may be (on the other hand) that their minutely intimate acquaintance with Holy Writ occasionally betrays the Americans into some slight amount of irreverence, not to say profanity. For example, at a public dinner lately in New York, I heard a reverend gentleman who was a Doctor of Divinity, and a deservedly popular preacher, tell a highly comic story about Daniel in the lion's den. In the course of this apologue he incidentally remarked that if the lions had carried out their "programme" the prophet would, at least, have been safe from the afflictive contingency of making an after-dinner speech. Remembering one of the most moving of Scriptural dramas—remembering Mr. Britton Riviere's weird and mysterious picture of Daniel—I confess that I could not see anything very funny in the notion of the prophet being called upon to make an after-dinner speech.

But the Americans have their own notions about religious reverence, and we have ours. On a recent Sunday night there was given in this city of New York an entertainment which began with the "Stabat Mater" *and ended with a ball;* and I notice that next Thursday, being Christmas Day, there are to be morning performances at several of the fashionable theatres. And yet a barber may not open his shop, nor a barrowman sell pop-corns or ice creams, on a Sunday. These are the things which perplex foreigners, and occasionally provoke them into making ill-natured remarks—not designedly ill-natured, since theremarks are mainly attributable to the foreigner's ignorance of American feelings in the matter of fasts and festivals. As we wonder at their secular celebration of the Feast of the Nativity, so may they think our shutting up of the theatres on Ash Wednesday—when few people fast and nobody puts ashes on his head—a detestable piece of hypocrisy.

Pullman the beneficent did not fail, however, to be vehicu-

larly manifest on the train which conveyed us from Washington to Philadelphia on the momentous morning when the Great Grant Boom was to be "inaugurated;" and Pullman's luxurious accommodation was all the more welcome since, as the day matured, it grew colder and colder. We left the Federal capital at 9.30 a.m. The train was an express one, and kept admirably punctual time; and precisely at 1.15 p.m. we were in Philadelphia. The railway depôt bore a singularly deserted look. I had duly "expressed" my luggage, and handed in my checks; but there were no express waggons at the station. There were but two hack carriages waiting for fares. One I straightway engaged. I told the driver, a good-humoured Irishman, with a moustache that would have done honour to a captain of British Heavy Cavalry, that I wished to go to the Continental Hotel. How much would it be? "Two dollars," he made answer.

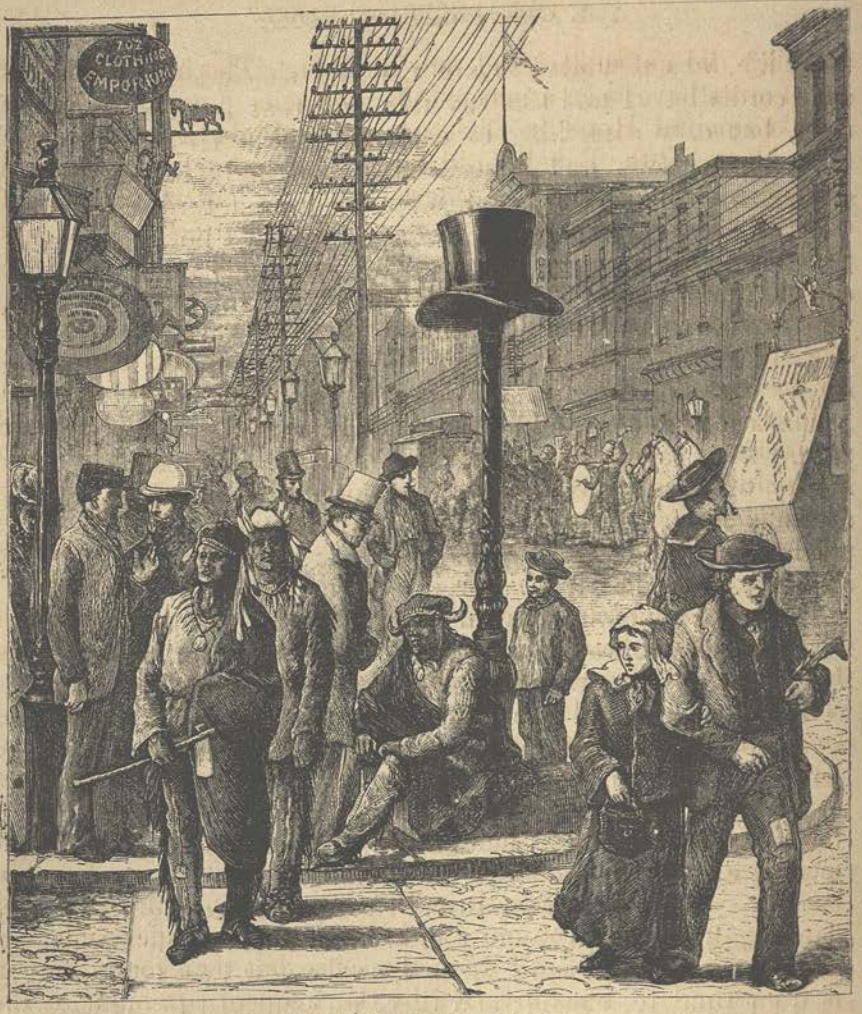
Eight shillings for a two miles drive! I own that I thought the price a little stiff; but then Great Grant Booms do not reverberate every day, to paraphrase the sage remark of the Hampshire innkeeper in 1814, when he charged the allied Sovereigns half-a-guinea apiece, all round, for their hard-boiled eggs. The good-humoured driver added that he would take us as near to the Continental as he could, but that we had much better go to the Colonnade Hotel, which was a most "iligant house." I mildly informed him that I was bound to go to the Continental, as apartments had been taken for us there; whereupon he whistled, and mounted his box with an expression of humorous resignation on his confiding countenance.

Something was evidently wrong. What that something was the driver of the other hack obligingly volunteered to inform us. We should never get to the Continental, he consolingly remarked—at least not until there was a "month's Sundays," or there were five Fridays in a February. In consequence of the Great Grant Boom, business for the day was entirely suspended. General Grant had arrived early that morning, and was then sitting in his carriage witnessing the march-past at a given point of the Grand Parade, which was eight miles long, and would certainly not be over until four o'clock. It was now half-past one. The main streets had been all carefully roped in by the police; the street cars were abroad, but the traffic was wholly stopped, and altogether we had about as much chance of reaching the Continental Hotel by any route, direct or indirect, as we had of reaching the North Pole by way of West Weehawken, Jericho, Hong Kong, Communipaw, and the Straits of Bab-el-Mandel. Our driver, nevertheless, set off at a leisurely trot; but, so soon as he reached the vicinity of the Colonnade Hotel he stopped, dismounted from his aërial perch, flung open the carriage door, and, in expressive American parlance, "dumped" us down on the pavement, saying that he could do no more for us, and that to go any further was an "onpossibility."

It was by this time two p.m. We had breakfasted early and slightly, and the nipping cold had made us fearfully hungry; so before pursuing our pilgrimage on foot—we were encumbered with minor luggage in the shape of wraps and hand bags, in addition to the heavier articles which I had "expressed"—I deemed it politic to enter the Colonnade in quest of lunch. The clerk behind the office counter, whom I had never seen before

in my life, was very glad to see me, and shook hands with me quite cordially. I told him my tale, and that I did not want a room, but only something to eat and drink. He sympathised with our sorrows, and himself most obligingly led us to the dining-saloon. On our way thither we passed through a suite of prettily decorated parlours, in one of which I noticed a grand pianoforte, and a young couple, who, seemingly newly-married and quite indifferent to the attractions of the Great Grant Boom, were singing "La ci darem la mano," from "Don Giovanni" in splendid style. Happy, happy, happy pair! We got some lunch: oysters, cold chicken and ham, apple pie, and a pint of Mumm's extra dry; all very good, and nicely served. The price, I need scarcely say, was as stiff as the broomstick to the rigidity of which was brought the man who, in the German student's song, "swiped" beer for three days in succession at the Black Whale at Askalon. We were charged four dollars and sixty cents, nearly a sovereign, for our refreshment.

Then we adventured again into the streets. We found ourselves in the thoroughfare called Chestnut-street, which was almost entirely deserted by pedestrians. Nearly all the stores were closed; and all the doors and windows were veiled by garlands of evergreens and fasces of United States flags. This I had noticed in every thoroughfare through which we had passed. Proceeding a few blocks up Chestnut-street I came upon a line of street cars, empty and motionless. This looked ominous, and the omens soon became fertile in direful result. The given point of the march past was in Broad-street, intersecting Chestnut-street, close to a magnificent pile of unfinished marble buildings, which are to serve, I am informed, as the new Post Office. We made for this given point; and there we contrived to get wedged in the midst of a huge crowd, in which we remained utterly powerless to move from half-past two until half-past five in the evening. But worse remained behind.



STREET IN PHILADELPHIA.

XI.

A Philadelphian Babel.

New York, *December* 22.

Some days may have elapsed in and about that audacious tower which was builded in the plain in the land of Shinar, with brick for stone and with slime for mortar, before the people that had journeyed from the East, and who had heretofore been of one language and of one speech, began fully to realise the fact

that they did not understand one another. The breaking up of Babel must have been a marvellous spectacle. I wonder whether the Continental Hotel in Chestnut-street, Philadelphia, is anything like what the Babel of old was. I am inclined to think that it may be. I told you in my last letter how, on the first day of the Great Grant Boom, we were for three bitterly cold hours hopelessly wedged up in the midst of a compact multitude thronging every inch of the side-walk, while the Grand Parade, eight miles long, filed through the intersecting Broad-street. We saw as much as we could of that Parade, making allowances for the fact that we were half "perished" by the cold, and that ever and anon we were all but carried off our feet by the tempestuous swaying to and fro of the mob. For one full hour we could see little of the procession beyond a chaotic bobbing past and up and down of banners bearing devices to which the celebrated inscription, "Excelsior," was quite tame in the way of strangeness.

Now, the contemplation of banners may, for a brief space of time, be as interesting as that of "the 'oofs of the 'osses" may be to the little country joskins who, lying prone on their stomachs, peep beneath the canvas drapery of a travelling circus, and satiate themselves with the sight of sawdust and the lower extremities of the noble animals: the entire performances of which the exiguity of the small rustic's purses will not permit them to behold. Still, such gratuitous and restricted entertainment is apt to grow eventually monotonous; and this I found to be the case after witnessing for sixty minutes the incessant flapping of flags. Even our Lord Mayor's show, under analogous circumstances, would pall upon the sense, but that your attention is from time to time diverted by the frequent attempts of the larcenous among the spectators to pick your pocket or snatch at your watch chain, and by the ruffianly behaviour of that foulest of all foul scamps, the London Blackguard, whose delight it is on all public occasions to gratify his instincts of mischief and cowardice by squirting dirty water over the garments of females by means of abominable little syringes called "Ladies' Tormentors," the manufacturers of which ought certainly to be indicted for a constructive breach of the peace.

Fortunately the many-headed at the corner of Chestnut and Grant-streets were not, in the main, tall-hatted. "Stove-pipe" or "chimney-pot" beavers were few and far between; and when we once contrived to struggle from the back settlements

of the side-walk, and to take up a position alternating between the second and the third ranks of the spectators, we obtained, owing to the general lowness of headgear of those in front of us, a tolerably good view of one of the most remarkable assemblages of humanity on which I have ever set eyes. Bear in mind that I was witnessing it against my will; that this was not by any means the show which I had bargained to see; that I was the victim of circumstances over which I had no control; and that my mind was full of anguish at the evanishment of all prospect of dining with General Grant and the statesmen and diplomatists bidden to the Apician board of Mr. Geo. W. Childs.

Premising thus much, I trust that I shall not be treading on any American corns, nor irritating any American skin, figuratively speaking, by hinting that the mob in which I involuntarily found myself a member for the nonce did not, in its outward aspect, in any way represent the respectable citizens of Philadelphia. Quite the contrary, I should say. To put it plainly, I was in the thick of a "populacho" that howled and that expectorated freely, and that used language which was the reverse of choice, and that was not, in its whole length and breadth, quite sober. The reason for this became at once obvious. The respectable citizens of Philadelphia were either taking part in the Grand Parade, or, with the ladies of their families, were witnessing the defile of the procession from the banner-hung and evergreen-festooned windows in Broad-street. Fully to understand the purport of the Great Grant Boom, it must be realised that the whole adult, valid, arms-bearing population of a great American city had turned out to do honour to a representative American soldier and statesman. The aged, the infirm, the ladies, and the children, were at the windows, or were seated in stands of tribunes specially erected for the purpose along the line of march. Only tag, rag, and bobtail—only the populace—were on the foot-pavement: and we were of it.

To place the aspect of the show and its components clearly before the unimpressed British mind, I will just ask my compatriot reader to imagine this: first, a strong contingent of regular troops, followed by seamen and Marines of the National Navy; a prodigious volunteer force, some of them clad in sober uniforms of blue or grey, others rejoicing in a garb so brilliantly fantastic as now to remind you of the Preobanjinski Guards of the Emperor Alexander, and now of the Vieille Garde of Napoleon I. These were, I apprehend, the Militia of Phila-

delphia. Then came contingents of the Grand Army of the Republic, representing, I presume, old soldiers who had fought in the Federal ranks during the Great Civil War; and they were apparelled in their historic and battle-stained sky-blue gaberdines, which led their foes on the other side of Mason and Dixon's line to speak of them as "Blue Bellies." They retaliated by nicknaming the Confederate soldiers "Graybacks." What more? Regiments more, Brigades more, Divisions more. The Tenth Legion multiplied by Ten and Standard Bearers innumerable. The Union League Club, marching I do not know how many abreast, with gorgeous rosettes of velvet and gold at their button-holes. All the fire companies of Philadelphia, with engines, hose, hooks, and ladders complete. The war-charger of General Meade, bearing the scars of twenty-six distinct bullet wounds. Four old tattered flags, which had waved over the Ninth and Eighty-seventh Regiments at Gettysburg, borne by a veteran comrade with a wooden leg. Thirty-nine hundred citizens, representing the textile manufactures of Philadelphia.

This section of the Parade comprised a hundred and fifty operatives from the Germantown Mills, bearing "regalia" composed of different oils and wools. They were followed by a huge wagon laden high with woollen fabrics, and surmounted by an abnormal banner in the shape of a Brobdingnagian stocking woven in the device and colours of the Stars and Stripes. An ingenious device, truly. But are we Englishmen to be less patriotic than our Transatlantic brethren? Will no public-spirited manufacturer of Nottingham or Coventry register a "Union Jack stocking"? It would be a sweet thing in fleecy hosiery for British ladies' winter wear. Another textile trophy, consisting of an omnibus heaped Atlas-high with "dummy" blankets, informed an amazed world that the annual product of the Manayunk Mills amounted to twelve millions of dollars. O glorious art of Advertising, thou wert not forgotten, even amidst the most patriotic throes of the Great Grant Boom! I noticed that, on their banner, the Ridgway Upholsterers declared that they "would see it out on this line if it took all winter." I began with inward dread to opine that I should have "to see it out on this line," and that it "would take 'all winter" to see it. Room for the West Philadelphia Republican Club! Room for the Twentieth Ward Hoyt Club, five hundred strong, and carrying a banner with "the five-hundred-dollar portrait of Governor Hoyt," heroic to look upon and cheap at the price. Then there

was a club—I forget its precise designation—three hundred strong, who varied the monotony of civilian attire by all wearing bright yellow gauntlets. The Old Reliable Club was composed of American citizens of African descent. The Delmonico Assembly—who never perform out of Philadelphia—also numbered two hundred coloured members, and an omnibus.

For some mysterious reason quite inscrutable to me, the Consumers' Ice Company figured as a political organisation in this astounding Parade. These Hyperboreans had with them a wagon laden with effigies of eagles, cannon, and a huge bust of General Grant, all made out in solid ice. This Arctic art was shocking to me, wedged as I was, in the centre of the cold crowd, and so hideously did my teeth chatter that I could find it neither in my heart nor in my cachinatory muscles to grin when a number of garishly-painted and gilded chariots tottered by crowded with strange beings in masquerading attire; kangaroos and baboons, clowns and crowned kings. What did these mummers here? What political organisation did they typify? Mystery. The Iron and Steel Delegation, 2,450 strong, all wearing purple badges. That stalwart Delegation I could very well comprehend. Trucks bearing forges in full blast, with "smutty smiths" at their anvils. Trucks full of minstrels with tin horns—most sincerely do I hope that *they* never perform out of Philadelphia—playing airs from "Fatinitza" and "H. M. S. Pinafore." A crane-beam christened after General Grant, forged by an enterprising Philadelphian firm for the Russian Government, fifteen feet long, weighing one hundred and twenty thousand pounds, and claiming to be the biggest crane-beam in the world. Twelve hundred shipwrights, bearing axes, mallets, tar-mops, and other implements of their calling. Machinists, boiler-makers, carpenters, sail-makers, and figure-head-carvers, all displaying trophies technically emblematic of their respective trades. The Ancient Carpenters, the House Furnishers, and the Schumachers' Pianoforte-making Company. The brickmakers, the gas-manufacturers, and the soap-makers—the latter with the effigy of a Red-skin plentifully lathered with soap, and bearing the superscription, "Settling the Indian Question." It is assuredly not with soft soap that the Indian question, so far as the troublesome Utes are concerned, is being settled.

Then, may it please you, came a cavalcade of five hundred journeymen butchers mounted, accompanied by the Washing-

ton Greys' Band, the musicians in a circus chariot drawn by eight coal black horses. Attendant on the butchers were first, a dilapidated vehicle, labelled, I know not why, the "Great London Mail Coach," and last, a poor little shivering beast put up in a cart, and reputed to be "the smallest bullock in the world." This diminutive specimen of the bovine species, which was about the size of an average Alderney, did not look at all flattered by its liliputian reputation. Two hundred master butchers in barouches closed the cortége of the marrowbone-and-cleaver fraternity. It is something to have seen and to be able to remember with pity two hundred master butchers in barouches; but I am afraid that did an English mob gaze upon so numerous and so prosperous an assemblage of retail slaughterers and vendors of butchers' meat, dark thoughts would come over the hungry multitude touching leg of mutton at a shilling and rump-steak at eighteenpence a pound; and those thoughts might be succeeded by a burning desire to string them, the master butchers, up to the nearest lamp-posts. The butchers were not clad in what we traditionally consider to be the professional blue. They wore over their black broad-cloth flowing white gaberdines or smock-frocks. To them succeeded the milkmen and the buttermen of Philadelphia.

What came next I know not, for dusk had been succeeded by darkness; the procession was probably "whittling down to the fine end of nothing;" and, for the first time in three weary hours, the police slackened the ropes which had been stretched across the intersecting thoroughfares, and allowed the public to cross Broad-street. How eagerly did I rush across the road. We might be happy yet! It was only half-past five, and by superhuman efforts one might manage to dress in time for dinner. Wretched I! wretched we! I had not proceeded two blocks up Chestnut-street before I found myself in the midst of a denser mob than ever. The Continental Hotel, so far as its accessibility went, might have been ten thousand miles away. Inspired by what seemed to me to be a purely demoniacal impulse, it had occurred to the five hundred journeymen butchers on horseback, to the two hundred master butchers in barouches, and to the milkmen and buttermen of Philadelphia in vans, shandrydans, drays, and milk-carts, escorted by the Phœnix brass band of Phœnixville, the Washington Greys, and other contingents of brazen instrumentalists, all armed with shawms, psalteries, and Chaldean trumpets, all powerful enough to blow down the

Walls of Jericho and affright the New Moon from her propriety, to make a détour after marching past the new Post-office-buildings, and, swooping down upon Chestnut-street, serenade Mrs. General Grant at the Continental.

Beshrew those journeymen butchers! How they pranced and curveted in their snowy bedgowns! Some of them

whooped and howled for patriotic joy. It *must* have been patriotism. Bourbon and Old Rye had nothing to do with it. The air was innocent of the odour of cocktails—I would have given a dollar for one, so cold was I;—but the crowd whooped and howled as lustily as did the butchers on horseback and the butchers in barouches. Yelling, we all know, is contagious. I remember once, that after listening for three-quarters of an

hour to the Howling Dervishes at Constantinople, I felt a passionate yearning to join in the chorus of ululation; and I frightened my English travelling companion half out of his wits by warning him that in another minute I proposed to begin roaring like a very bull of Bashan. But I had no wish to howl in Chestnut-street, Philadelphia, in the midst of the seething crowd. You do not howl when you are cold and hungry, you collapse in mute despair.

The clock struck six; and in mine eye there stood a drop of "unfamiliar brine," as I remembered that the last chance of the gala dinner was gone. It would be unjust, while recording as I must needs do the boisterousness of the immense throng which crammed the thoroughfare, certainly at this point not broader than Cheapside, but as long as two Cheapsides joined end to end, to omit mention of the fact that the mob was eminently good-humoured; that wherever it was practicable courtesy and kindness were shown to the weaker sex, irrespective of colour; and that when, in my immediate vicinity, women began to shriek and children to exhibit symptoms of suffocation, strenuous efforts were made by the brawnier members of the throng to secure a little breathing-room for those who were fainting. I never witnessed such a fearful "scrouge" in my life, and, quite apart from the deep respect and sincere admiration which I am bound to feel for General Grant as a gallant soldier and an upright statesman, I most earnestly hope that I shall never witness—save from the secure coign of vantage of an upstairs window—such another "scrouge" again.

It lulled at about a quarter-past six. Remember that we had arrived in Philadelphia at a quarter-past one. When the last of the mounted butchers, in his snow-white bedgown, and the last of the buttermen and milkmen had clattered down the stony street, the thickly-packed concourse began to break up; and by dint of infinite elbowing and shoving we reached the Continental Hotel, there to be received with all possible kindness and courtesy, and to be straightway conducted to the elegant apartments which had been prepared for us. But it was Too Late. Ah! fatal word. Our "expressed" luggage did not make manifest the expression of its appearance until long past seven; and by that time we remorsefully thought Mr. Geo. W. Childs and his distinguished guests would be well "through" with their *ponche à la Romaine*, and well "on" with their canvas-back ducks.

TRAVELLERS ARRIVING AT A LARGE AMERICAN HOTEL.

XII.

At the Continental.

New York, *December* 24.

Gentlemen from the West in general, and from the State of Ohio in particular, who are apt to regard pork-packing and grain-elevating as about the most important factors in the regeneration of humanity and the bringing about of the Millennium, have frequently assured me, lately, that the most wonderful hotels in the whole world, both for size, splendour, and luxury in accommodation, are to be found at Chicago.* I have usually noticed that this assurance has been given me in the presence of gentlemen from New York, and in somewhat of a humorously defiant manner; whence I have been led privately to infer that not only in commerce, but also in most institutions representing the progress of civilisation, there exists a chronic and steadily growing rivalry between the Atlantic metropolis and the wondrous Phœnix-City of the Lake Shore. I hope to touch Chicago before I have done with this continent (during a second trip—I should like to make a third or a fourth, but I am growing old and stupid), and to judge of its hotels, as well as of other

* As a matter of fact, the most magnificent hotels on the American continent, and, perhaps, in the whole world, are the United Palace and Grand Hotels, of which Mr. Sharon is lessee, at San Francisco.

things, for myself; but, so far as my observation up to this present time of writing extends, I should certainly say that the most wonderful caravanserai that I have yet beheld in the United States is the Continental Hotel, Philadelphia.

You must bear in mind that I am as yet a mere babe and suckling in respect to Transatlantic hostelries. I know nothing as yet of the Windsor and the Hotel Brunswick in "up town" Manhattan. The hotels in which I have hitherto found "ease" —the Brevoort, New York; the Mount Vernon, Baltimore; Wormley's, at Washington—are all comparatively small and quiet houses, conducted on what is called the "European" system, that is to say, so many dollars a day for your rooms and a restaurant *à la carte*, and resembling residential club houses more than hotels proper. I have yet to travel forth into the wilderness, and to fight with wild beasts at Ephesus. Whereso-ever I have been as yet, I have been expected, and known, and kindly welcomed. I have yet to find myself in a hotel many sizes larger than Noah's Ark, a total stranger, and bound to take the rough with the smooth, and to find perchance that the rough predominates. Hitherto I have been petted and spoiled in the way of comfort and luxurious living. It may be that in hotels, as in many other concerns to me as yet unrecked of, I am a young bear, and that all my troubles are to come.

Arriving, as I did, at the Continental at Philadelphia, foot-sore and half frozen, on the first evening of the Great Grant Boom, my earliest impressions of the establishment were of a tripartite nature. First, I was impressed by the idea that I was on the basement floor of that Tower of Babel to the resuscitation of which on American soil I have already hinted; next, that I was in the 'tween decks of the Ark of Noah just mentioned above, and that the animals, having been fed, were going to be watered; and, finally, that I was in the midst of Bedlam broke loose. Stark, staring, raving madness seemed to me to be prevalent everywhere. The male portion of the mob that had packed Chestnut-street so densely during the passage of the jubilant butchers and the festive buttermen and milkmen had poured, with all their brothers, and all their cousins, and all their wives' relations, into the pillared marble halls which form the ground floor of the hotel. Colossal as is the edifice, it is not, at first sight, externally imposing as an architectural mass—resembling as it does in this respect the Grand Hôtel, Paris. It is of the street, streety, forming one huge many-storied block of

THE CONTINENTAL HOTEL, PHILADELPHIA.

building pierced by innumerable windows. The Americans are not, in the North, at least, a balcony-loving people, and the absence of the stone or iron excrescences to the first floors, which in England look so light and handsome, and which are, in the estimation of our Chief Commissioner of Police, so eminently conducive to the perpetration of burglaries, give to American house-fronts rather a flat and monotonous aspect.

In the case of the Continental, however, I am not speaking by "the card." It is possible that it may possess ever so many tiers of balconies, and that on Tuesday, the 16th, I beheld not these adornments for the reason that on the evening of the Great Grant Boom nine-tenths of the façade of the Continental and of every other house in Chestnut-street were concealed by flags, banners, festoons of evergreens, and brilliantly illuminated transparencies—the last representing General Grant in every conceivable attitude and costume, from his full military uniform to a Roman toga, and under every conceivable circumstance of Apotheosis. In particular was I called upon by an enthusiastic Grantite to admire a radiant effigy of the General, painted on linen, and exhibiting him, according to my informant, "mounted on an Arabian charger, in the Shenandoah valley, up to his pant-knees in blood and glory—a wavin' of a crooked sabre above his head, and ladlin' out Tophet among the Confederate Brigadiers." I might easily have missed the Continental also—being short-sighted—as it possesses no lofty portico, and

no commanding flight of steps at the entrance. The name only of the world-famous hostelry is inscribed on a couple of lamps flanking the entrance, a circumstance which again reminded me of the Grand Hôtel, on the Boulevard des Capucines, the carriage entrance to which is so ingeniously on a level with the side-walk that you risk being run over by an omnibus laden with heavy luggage while you are tranquilly crossing from the shop where the French Government retail at extravagant prices the worst Havana cigars to be found in Europe.

But there the resemblance between the Continental and the Grand Hôtel ends. The Philadelphian caravanserai has no glass-roofed courtyard into which carriages drive; and on the *perron* of which the ladies sit *en grande toilette* when the table d'hôte is over. Not a female form was to be seen in the roaring lower halls of the Continental; and the absence of the fair sex from the business section of an hotel constitutes a peculiar feature in purely American hotel life. The Americans entertain so great—and I believe so sincere—an admiration and a reverence for Woman that they shrink from exposing her to the possible contact of rough male humans, endowed with uncourtly manners, using occasionally uncourtly language, and in particular given to the consumption at all times of tobacco. The American ladies abhor, as a rule, the Indian weed; and cigar smoke is in particular distressing to them. The other day a lady in New York, who had inadvertently entered a tramway car set apart for smokers, was so justifiably incensed by the conduct of a male passenger who persisted in smoking—in a smoking car—that she beat him violently about the head with her muff; and the more refined portion of the New York press has been affected almost to tears by the ungallant conduct of the persistent smoker in prosecuting the muff-wielding lady for assault. We in England are singularly impolite in this respect; and it would be beneficial to the cause of chivalry, perhaps, if we remembered the Virginian dictum, that "a smoking car ceases to be a smoking car when once a lady has entered it."

Thus, to obviate the occurrence of such disagreeable incidents as muff-fights in public resorts, where the guests are numerous and miscellaneous in their habits and their social status, the thoughtful courtesy of American hotel-keepers has led them to provide elegant side-entrances for the sex to whom they pay such well-deserved homage. A lady travelling in the States is not called upon to undergo the trying ordeal of passing through

a tumultuous hall filled with men smoking as fiercely as Stromboli, and talking about the price of grain and New York Central.* The carriage which brings her from the Erie depôt lands her at a private door in a side street. She ascends a handsomely carpeted staircase; courteous attendants communicate her arrival to the clerks below, secure a room, and bring her a key; and, according to the floor on which she is to be domiciled, the "lift" conveys the lady to the Earthly Paradise at so many dollars per diem which is her sphere.

HALL OF AN AMERICAN HOTEL.

Meanwhile the ears of the groundlings below are split by a tornado of tempestuous talk. The *propos des buveurs* in Rabelais, the *tohu-bohu* of the Paris Bourse in full blast of Mammon yell, and Aldridge's yard on a Saturday afternoon, would be as Quakers' meetings in point of noise compared with the halls of the Continental. I managed to elbow my way through the chaotic throng to the clerk's counter, and found a pile of letters and telegrams waiting for me. I was handed my key, and was kindly told that I was bound to dine with Mr. Childs, and that I must "hurry up" to do it. Hurry up! Mr. Childs kept telling me to hurry up every ten minutes in hastily

* There is a notable exception to this rule at the splendid St. Charles Hotel, New Orleans, where long processions of ladies habitually traverse the central hall of the hotel before and after meal times; *and they seem to like it.*

pencilled messages, brought by almost breathless couriers. But how was one to hurry up when one had no luggage and no wedding garment?

A very quiet, mild, unobtrusive-looking gentleman advanced and accosted me. He sympathised with my sorrows; he said—which was simply the truth—that accidents happened every day, and that they could not be helped; and he offered to assist me in any manner practicable under the circumstances. To whom, I asked, was I indebted for such prompt and unsolicited politeness? The mild and unobtrusive-looking gentleman made answer that he was the proprietor of the Continental Hotel. The proprietor of the Continental Hotel, Philadelphia? The Admiral commanding Noah's Ark, the Landlord of the Mammoth Cave, the "Boss" of the Tower of Babel and the Hanging Gardens of Babylon, rather. Why was he not one hundred and twenty feet high, at the very least? Why did he not have a guard of halberdiers, or of Varangian cross-bowmen? Why was he not accompanied by a Grand Vizier, a Kislar Aga, a Sheikh-ul-Islam, and several Bimbashis? I declare that the salaried manager of a second-rate hotel at a third-rate English watering place would have given himself more airs than did this Lord of a Thousand Bed rooms—this monarch of an Immeasurable Table d'Hôte.

We refreshed ourselves amply but cheerlessly enough in our own apartments that evening, thinking of the vanished dinner at Mr. Childs'; but on the morrow, both at breakfast and dinner, I tried the Immeasurable Table d'Hôte. I have seen nothing like it in Europe, in Asia, or in Africa, to say nothing of England, which is a country *sui generis*, and one which differs in its dining, as well as its other social arrangements, from the rest of the world. There are two immense refectories on the first floor of the Continental Hotel. "Full board" is charged so many dollars a day. I am not, in this particular case, qualified to say how many: seeing that, in our own individual case, "the hospitalities of the City of Philadelphia," as privately supervised by Mr. G. W. Childs, were conducted on the old Spanish principle of "Esta pagado, Señor." How often, in bygone days, have I received that pleasing information from the *muchacho*, or waiter, in the Dominica at Havana! A courteous Cuban had entered, espied you, seen that you were a stranger and a pilgrim, paid for your ices or other refreshments, and vanished without making himself known to you.

During our sojourn at the Continental I did not, with the exception of a few fees to servants, who made no sign of expecting to be fee'd, pay a cent to anybody. For whatever the tariff at the Continental may be you are entitled to consume five ample meals in the course of every four-and-twenty hours —breakfast, luncheon, dinner, tea, and supper. The Continental would surely have tried the fortitude of Bernard Kavanagh, the Fasting Man; nor, without thinking twice, should I like to turn a Trappist, or even a vegetarian, loose in these halls, since all the meals, I am given to understand, include flesh meat. I will speak, however, only of the repasts with which I became personally acquainted—breakfast and dinner. For the first-named collation, which is served from six in the morning—for the convenience of passengers by early trains—until ten or eleven, there is a bill of fare comprising such dishes as boiled, fried, poached, "dropped," and scrambled eggs, omelettes in every style, fried, stewed, and roasted oysters, hashed codfish with cream, fish-balls, dried and smoked salmon and herrings, salt mackerel, fresh fish in season, mutton chops, beefsteaks, pork cutlets, sausages, ham, bacon, cold meat, chicken, tea, coffee, and chocolate,

INDIAN CORN.

a variety of fancy bread, including "waffles," muffins, and those buckwheat cakes so inexpressibly dear to those who are venturesome enough to eat them without thinking of the imminent perils of dissolution through indigestion, and, to crown all, a copious dessert—remember, we were in mid-December—of apples, Californian pears, oranges, fresh Malaga grapes, and bananas.

There is no limit whatsoever as to quantity. You may order as many dishes as you please. For dinner, which was served from two until five and from five until seven p.m., the *menu* is more varied. At least half a dozen varieties of soup, the same of fish, turkey with chestnut or with cranberry sauce, salmis of chicken and game, beef, mutton, veal and pork, roasted or fried, three or four kinds of wild fowl, a wilderness of vegetables, including, in addition to our ordinary English esculents, sweet potatoes, fried bananas, "succotash," "squash," Lima beans, oyster plant, egg plant, preserved corn, and stewed celery, plenty of salad, and a dessert even more abundant than that which you enjoyed at breakfast. I noticed that the almost exclusive beverage partaken of at dinner was iced water. Symptoms of beer or of wine were almost altogether wanting; and, whatever may be the modes and whatever the times of the Americans sacrificing to Bacchus, it is certainly not at their meals that they seek to propitiate the rosy god.

The simultaneous feeding of hundreds of guests in an hotel so vast as the Continental is not altogether devoid of drawbacks; and, seeing that these drawbacks are complained of quite as bitterly by Americans as by foreigners, they may, I hope, without offence, be slightly glanced at here. Against the quality of the food, be it animal or vegetable, there is not one word to say. Touching the manner in which that food is cooked, I will not say that it equals the *cuisine* of Delmonico, of the Café Anglais, or of a London Pall-mall club; still, an American hotel dinner comprises an immensely greater variety of dishes than an English hotel dinner does, and in the way of sauces and seasoning the American *chefs* are a long way ahead of their British brethren; but the temperature of the dishes which are brought to you—not consecutively, but *en masse*—is uniformly tepid. The art of serving a dinner in courses seems to be utterly ignored, and dish covers to be utterly unknown. You order a heterogeneous assortment of viands, and the waiter brings them to you in a series of little oval dishes—which he carries, by means of some

indiscriminate dexterity of muscle, on one arm—and he "dumps" down the dishes before you to pick your way through the wilderness of esculents as best you may.

This system would seem to afflict not only public but private dinner tables, and is beginning to be denounced by the Americans themselves—at least, so I am entitled to opine from the following significant passage in the *New York Tribune:* "The time is fast coming when the 'medley dinner,' will be a thing of the past. By the 'medley dinner' you are to understand a meal served in one course. It is all summed up in the remark which some people will no doubt remember having heard made by a kindly oldfashioned hostess, 'You see your dinner.' And a bountiful table it probably was, with a good dinner utterly ruined for lack of a little judgment in serving. Soup, a chicken pie, a dish of pork and beans, a roast, four or five vegetables, pickles, preserves, pastry, pies and fruit, are all crowded together, leaving little room for your own plate, and none for your appe-

tite. It is a common saying of housekeepers that it is all very well for French people to serve their dinners in courses, their servants are used to it, know how to do it, and do not rebel; but that you cannot train a green Irish girl for instance—and most American housekeepers are subject to that kind of aid in their kitchens—to serve a dinner, nicely, in courses. Now the result of actual experience is that either a green Irish girl or a clever American girl can be taught to serve a dinner in the best style, and learn to appreciate the fact that it is on the whole the most convenient and least perplexing manner in which any meal can be served." Thus far that eminently serious and practical authority, the *New York Tribune;* and the reform which it advocates could probably be carried out without much difficulty at private and middle-class American dinner tables.*

The affluent and refined classes dine, it is almost needless to say, precisely as people dine in Europe, and in many particulars, notably as regards oysters, a great deal better than we do in Europe; but I gravely doubt the practicability of serving a great hotel dinner to two or three hundred guests at a time in duly following courses. The utmost that the waiters seem to be able to do is to bring your soup and your ice cream—I omitted the ice cream in my list of dishes—separately: and the soup is often as cold as the ice-cream is warm. In the first place, the distance, as Charles Dickens put it in the memorable case of "A Little Dinner in an Hour," is far too great between the kitchen and the tables. In the next place the bill of fare is, to my mind, far too varied. Be it generosity, or be it a desire to appear "splendiferous" and outshine all rival hotels, the Transatlantic caterer seems to offer his guests the choice of at least twenty more different preparations of food than they actually require. As it is, there is a superabundance of everything; and superabundance is apt to beget satiety. After all, the minds of mankind are more various than their appetites. There are certain edible things which some people like and others dislike; but strike an average all round, and the number of generally accepted eatables will not, I apprehend, be found to be very numerous.

* While on the subject of dinners and dining, in the States, I may take the opportunity of mentioning that Schools of Cookery for young ladies are becoming prevalent in the principal cities of the Union. At many of these establishments, the half-dozen members of the highest class, which includes married as well as unmarried ladies, enjoy the privilege on stated occasions, of each inviting a gentleman to partake with them of the dinner which they have previously prepared. The

The American bill of fare, as it at present stands, reads as though it were designed to meet the antagonistic tastes of a motley assemblage of Christians, Jews, Mohammedans, and Chinamen, and an infinite variety of Hindoo castes, all perti-

AN AMERICAN SCHOOL OF COOKERY FOR LADIES.

guests not unfrequently however, make their appearance long before the appointed time, and finding their way into the kitchen, occupy themselves in passing approving judgments on the soups and sauces beforehand.

THE COLONNADE OF A LARGE AMERICAN HOTEL.

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naciously declining to eat what other castes eat. The result in my own case has sometimes been comparative starvation in the midst of plenty; for I have found so many good things offered to me in print that I have not known what to order, and have found myself at last dining on some lukewarm soup, a boiled onion, a couple of pig's feet fried, and a vanille ice. Surely in colossal hotels of the Continental calibre it would be feasible to provide what is known as a *dîner du jour*—a bill of fare of moderate dimensions, comprising, say, a couple of soups, four or six *entrées*, a couple of roasts, with vegetables, sweets, and dessert in proportion.

As regards the service at the gigantic hotel, there is no cause whatsoever for grumbling. At the Continental the table d'hôte waiters are all either negroes or mulattoes; they are scrupulously attentive and polite, and need only the encouragement of a smile and a cheery word to be effusively kind. I do not think that they are so from a mercenary point of view. You may "tip" an obliging servant if you like; but your omission to "tip" him makes him neither sullen, impertinent, nor inattentive. Down stairs the "help" is all done by white men. The luggage porters are usually brawny Irishmen, willing and good-humoured fellows. The luggage "lift" brings your trunks to your floor noiselessly and expeditiously, and in a surprisingly short space of time strong-armed *facchini* bear the heaviest coffers into your room and unstrap them, ready for opening. Nor have you the slightest trouble about your luggage when you depart. In the same block with the hotel there is an office where you may buy railway tickets and Pullman coupons to any part of the Union. Then and there your luggage will be checked, and the brass counterfoils handed to you.

Anything that can possibly be done to reduce personal inconvenience to a minimum has been done in the colossal American hotel. If the weather be inclement, or yourself sick or infirm or lazy, there is no necessity for you to quit the hospitable roof of the Continental for a whole month together. Plenty of walking exercise may be obtained by a lady in perambulating the softly carpeted corridors. There are suites upon suites of luxuriously furnished drawing rooms in which visitors can be received, and where grand pianofortes are to be found. There are reading rooms, and there are boudoirs. Downstairs there is a monster bar, should you need the refreshment of occasional cocktails, and where you can smoke, and "loaf," and learn by

electric "tape" the last quotations from Wall-street and the Grain Exchange. Rocking chairs are scattered about, inviting the meditative and the idle to take their "kef," as the Muslims phrase it.

Should you wish to be shaved, or to have your hair cut, you will find a superb tonsorial establishment attached to the hotel. Do you need a cigar, tobacco in every form is to be obtained in the hall. Do you want to read, there is an inexhaustible store of newspapers and periodicals for sale. There is a telegraph office, whence you may despatch messages to the uttermost ends of the earth. There are places where you can purchase postage stamps, and mail your letters; and, should the day be a rainy one, and you feel inclined to sally forth to see how things are looking in Chestnut-street, you will find always within the halls of the Continental a modest bureau where umbrellas are lent on hire for five-and-twenty cents a day. I wonder if they lend evening dress clothes at that bureau. If such was the fact, I might have hired a "claw-hammer" coat in which to attend that never-to-be-sufficiently-regretted dinner.

SWELL CLERK PRESENTING UMBRELLA TO TRAVELLER.

XIII.

Christmastide and the New Year.

New York, *January* 2.

"Shut, shut the door, good John—I mean Jerry.—I pay no visits and I receive none," I sternly said, on the morning of the First day of January, 1880. I am thoroughly conscious that by omitting to make the customary New Year's calls on the ladies with whom I have the honour to be acquainted I subject myself for the remainder of the twelve months which are just now beginning to run their course to the very direst infliction of social ostracism. Never mind social ostracism. Major Pendennis asked his nephew Arthur, after the latter had been

plucked at Cambridge, whether "it"—meaning the plucking—had "hurt him much." I have a strong idea that to be ostracised, under certain circumstances, does not break any bones, and that, with a healthy, sanguine temperament, and the *mens conscia recti* under your waistcoat, you may in time recover from any amount of "ostrafication." Besides, what would my personal call or my humble visiting card have been among so many? A mere drop of water in an ocean of politeness.

Thus did I meditate on New Year's Day, as I resolved to sit at home and write about Christmas and the New Year instead of arraying myself in mourning weeds and a white cravat and hiring a coupé at a dollar an hour, making calls and dropping cards at the residence of persons, half of whom might languidly wonder at my impudence in calling, while the other half would be totally indifferent as to whether I did not put in an appearance at their elegant mansions. There are other reasons, too, which might impel sensible people to stay at home on the first day of the year in New York. In the most conspicuous portion of the *Herald* this morning, between the important announcement that Mr. Secretary Sherman wishes to purchase more U.S. Bonds for the Sinking Fund and a magisterial leading article on the arrival per steamship *Scythia* of Mr. Charles Stewart Parnell, M.P., I read this portentous announcement:—"A man who would canvass the city to-day with headache cures and temperance pledges could do a lively business in both." Coupling this significant hint with sundry appalling yells and shrieks which I heard in the dead of last night, I am inclined to think that in some quarters the festivities of the New Year failed to terminate in a manner which would have met with the entire approval of the United Kingdom Alliance or the Church of England Temperance Society.

I notice that, in a recent speech at Rochdale, England, Mr. Thomas Bayley Potter testified to the pleasing fact that during the whole of his stay in the United States he had only seen four drunken men; and in more than one of my own letters I have been enabled to bear humble witness to the undeniable and the steadily progressing growth of habits of sobriety among the American people. At the same time it must be borne in mind that Christmas comes but once a year; and that pleasant truism applies with equal force to New Year's Day. It may be that we in England are apt to indulge slightly to excess in

A NEW YORK DRINKING BAR.

the good things—or the unwholesome things—of life at Christmastide. The New Yorkers begin their convivialities a little later; but they certainly display much alacrity in making up for lost time. For example, a most delicious "scrimmage" took place on New Year's Night, or rather in the small hours of the present morning, between a squad of police belonging to the Eighteenth Precinct and a mob of about fifty roughs, in East Twenty-third-street, between First and Second Avenues. Officer Hogan found the mob, "all of whom had partaken freely of liquor," surrounding one Mr. Daniel Sullivan, who was using "boisterous language" towards a fellow-countryman from the Green Isle of Peace and Parnell. Threatened with arrest if he did not cease from cursing, Mr. Sullivan showed fight, and, expressing an opinion that the whole police force of New York were not strong enough to "take him in," closed with the officer, and knocked him down. The New York constabulary have, apparently, no rattles to spring. Their way of summoning assistance is to strike their clubs on the pavement; and in answer to this signal three additional policemen appeared on the scene of the *rixe*.

ONE WHO IS IN FAVOUR OF ABOLISHING THE WHISKEY TAX.

But these reinforcements were insufficient. The mob got the

entire mastery; and Mr. Sullivan was rescued by a select circle of friends, who dragged him into the hall of a house and locked the door. Officer Hogan, however, determined not to be baulked of his prey, set his stalwart foot against the street door and burst it open. He "went for" Mr. Sullivan, and Mr. Sullivan for him, while the three other policemen did their best to keep the crowd of roughs at bay with clubs and levelled revolvers. Eventually police reserves arrived from the station-house; and Mr. Sullivan was overpowered and removed to strong lodgings for the night. A like fate befell Mr. Francis Callaghan, a compatriot of the captive, who strove to raise another riot, but was promptly arrested: his head being cut open by a terrible blow from a police club. The police did their best to take others of the more conspicuous roughs into custody; but they only succeeded in capturing Messrs. Sullivan and Callaghan, who, it is to be feared, will be debarred from taking part in the grand Parnell demonstration at the Madison-square garden next Sunday evening. Their absence will be mourned by their oppressed country, if by nobody else. As for officer Hogan, he emerged from the fray

triumphant, but minus his hat, and very badly bruised all over his valiant body.

It may be noted here that the *personnel* of the New York

ONE OF THE BROADWAY SQUAD.

police force are specially selected for their size and courage, and that physically the New York policeman (pronounce the first syllable long) combines the aspect of an English Life Guardsman with one of Messrs. Barclay and Perkins's draymen. His salary

might, at the first blush, seem to us a splendid one. It is a thousand dollars, or two hundred pounds a year; but this stipend is subject to considerable reductions by the "assessments" made on the policeman by the committees of the political organisation of which he may happen to be a member, in aid of the funds necessary to provide banners, brass bands, and other "regalia," for torch-light processions, mass-meetings, and other party manifestations inseparable from the life of a democratic community. These assessments, together with other incidental surcharges of a public and private nature, are so heavy that the net income of a New York constable cannot be estimated at more than six hundred dollars a year—say two pounds ten shillings a week. His life is an exceptionally arduous one; and he has to cope with some of the most amazing ruffians that the whole world of ruffiandom probably could furnish.

Yet officer Hogan, who may himself be fairly assumed to be of Hibernian extraction, did not, it may be, pass through the trying scenes of the "scrimmage" of New Year's Night without a certain sense of enjoyment. It was a brawl wholly devoid of bad blood. Pray observe that not a single knife was drawn, and that, although the police presented their revolvers, they did not use those weapons; while on the part of the mob not a single shot was fired. Indeed "firing free," as the indiscriminate use of the six-shooter used to be called in my time, seems to be going rapidly out of fashion in New York—about the other States I am not yet qualified in this regard to judge—and a certain family of roughs named Scannell, who have long been notorious for their fondness for putting bullets on slight provocation through other people's bodies, and the last surviving member of which, Mr. Edward P. Scannell, is now in the Tombs for pistolling a casual acquaintance in the back room of a groggery, have come to be regarded as quite an abnormal and monstrous race, whom it is expedient sternly to stamp out and abrogate. The "scrimmage" of New Year's Night was just a fleeting survival of Donnybrook Fair, when the irrepressible Pat capered about at random, waving his sprig of shillelagh over his own head, and feeling for other people's heads which might be palpable to touch beneath the canvas of the tents. When he came upon a cranium suitable to his taste he whirled his trusty bit of blackthorn in the air and swiftly cracked the invisible pate.

Not by any means, however, is it to be supposed that "scrimmages" are the only social observances which take place

in New York in honour of the New Year. Goodness knows that we have enough and to spare of riotous disturbances in the neighbourhood of every one of our own London dramshops at Christmastide; and, indeed, my principal object in mentioning the brawl in East Twenty-third-street was to show that many of the more revolting features of an English brawl, such as kicking, biting, and jumping on the prostrate forms of the guardians of law and order, were absent from the New York riot. Meanwhile, not so many blocks westward, fashionable society was gaily supping at the magnificent restaurants that surround Madison-square. In New York the Tarpeian Rock is uncommonly close to the Capitol, and the Gemonian Steps are within a stone's-throw of the Golden House of Nero. Fifth-avenue is probably the handsomest street in the whole civilised world, taking it in the sense of comprising in its prodigious length more structural splendour and richness of internal decoration, and representing a larger amount of wealth, than are to be found in any thoroughfare in any European capital; but Fifth-avenue is intersected throughout its length by streets at right angles, which terminate to the eastward in a Wapping, and to the westward in a Wapping and a Whitechapel combined. To that complexion of the lowest waterside life you must come at last if you walk long enough. But the Americans are not a walking people. Carriages, horse cars, and the trains of the Elevated Railway carry them swiftly through or over the unlovely portions of their Empire City; and they hasten to forget its unloveliness, contiguous as squalor is to the very doors of their brown-stone houses with marble façades.

It was only of the handsome houses that I took note yesterday, for, as I have already mentioned, I did not leave the house until late in the evening; but the window of my sitting room overlooks Fifth-avenue, close to Washington-square; and from north to south I could enjoy a lordly sweep of vista of many-storied mansions inhabited by the magnates of society of Manhattan. I called on nobody myself; but I watched the arrival and departure, from noon until sunset, of numerous contingents of the great army of "callers." I had previously derived much edification from the study of a 'code of New Year's etiquette recently promulgated and made public by some occult but doubtless potent arbiters of fashionable society in this city. In this code (scarcely inferior as it is to the Blue Laws of Connecticut in rigorous explicitness), I read that the hours designated by the *beau*

monde for the reception of visitors on the First of January are from noon to ten p.m. Cards of invitation are sent to gentlemen. No visitors are admitted without a card. If the ladies are in full dress, the house is lighted up as for an evening reception. Callers should not remain longer than ten or fifteen minutes. Directly after the interchange of sentiment suitable for the day, the servant offers refreshments. If the room be

NEW YEAR'S DAY.—"DOESN'T HE THINK HE LOOKS NICE?"

crowded when the visit is concluded, a formal leave of the hostess is not necessary. Gentlemen who are not able to call send their visiting card enclosed in an envelope. Gentlemen who call, but do not enter the house, send in their cards with the right-hand upper corner folded down, which indicates that the gentleman has presented the card in person. Gentlemen should visit in full evening costume, and leave overcoat, hat,

A LADIES' FAVOURITE.

and card in the hall before entering the parlour. Refreshments may be very elaborate or quite simple; or there may even be no refreshments at all. The majority of ladies do not approve of offering wine to their visitors on this day, and prefer coffee, *bouillon*, and chocolate instead.

Thus far the code. I am bound to say that its enactments did not meet, when published, with general acceptance, and that in many quarters it was denounced as so much "hide-bound snobbishness" and "poppycock display." What "poppycock" may be I do not know; but the word is certainly a forcibly expressive one. On the other hand, it was rumoured that certain of the most socially influential of the New York clubs had issued a fiat strictly prohibiting the assumption on New Year's Day of evening costume by morning or afternoon callers. There is a kind of crusade going on against that sable garb of custom which we term the swallow-tail, but which, from its caudal bisection, is more appropriately designated by Americans the "claw-hammer" or "steel-pen" coat. It was resolutely repudiated yesterday in Philadelphia by gentlemen callers, but in New York, so far as my personal observation extended, sumptuary conservatism prevailed, and the "war paint" worn was of the orthodox undertaker's tint and waiter's cut. The white necktie was *de rigueur*, the which, combined with the asperity of the weather—it was fine overhead, but desperately frosty beneath and slippery on the side walks—and the fact that from my window I could perceive group after group of dandies in evening dress removing their goloshes or being disrobed by sable servitors of their fur-lined great coats and sealskin caps in the halls of the

NEW YEAR'S DAY:—THE MORNING TOILETTE.

mansions where they were visiting, gave to Fifth-avenue an aspect curiously suggestive of the aspect of some fashionable street in St. Petersburg—say the Great Morskaia. The resemblance was materially aided by the plenitude of claw-hammer coats and white cravats. The Russians are, I should say, the only people beside the Americans who pay morning visits in evening dress.

THE FINISHING TOUCH.

I did not notice any blinds drawn down, nor any symptoms of lighting up in the mansions visible to me over the way; but you must remember that Washington-square and Clinton-place, at the corner of which last is the Brevoort House, which were "up town" when I first came here, are as much "down town" as Long's Hotel, Old Bond-street, is now "down town" in London, in comparison with one of the grand new fashionable hotels at South Kensington. Perhaps fashionable New York yesterday began to draw down its blinds and to light up about the vicinity of Gramercy Park, which is about midway between "up" and "down" town, and so continued to be artificially nocturnal to far beyond the new and astoundingly palatial Windsor Hotel.

THE FIRST CALLER.

THE HOSTESS.

As to the refreshment question, a really animated controversy

has been for some time in progress in New York society and in the New York press. I never made but one round of New Year's Day visits in New York. That was on the First of January, 1863. I was young in the land, and did not know very many families. I hired a two-horse vehicle, closely resembling a hackney coach, which cost me six dollars; but, ah me! gold was then at a hundred premium, and six dollars meant, not twenty-four, but only twelve shillings — and I made, if I remember aright, about five-and-twenty calls. It was hard work—desperately hard work. The snow lay deep in the roadway, and where it had been scraped away from the side-walk a fearful slipperiness prevailed. The high "stoops" before the houses were also glacially glassy as to surface. The house doors were mainly on the swing. You needed no card of invitation. You were received in the hall by an affable negro man in a striped jacket. You grinned patronisingly. He grinned with an expression in which obsequiousness and patronage were mingled: for the sable child of Africa has his own notions of etiquette, and they

FLORAL OFFERINGS.

A QUIET FLIRTATION.

are rigorous. A lady in Washington lately told me that, happening to mention incidentally to her mulatto serving maid the

AN UNLOOKED FOR VISITOR FROM TEXAS.

THE IRREPRESSIBLE POET.

name of some family of Senatorial rank, the coffee-coloured damsel, after cogitating for a moment, remarked inquiringly, "I'se never heerd on 'em before. *Do we visit 'um?*" If the sable servitor in the striped jacket was pleasantly satisfied that you visited him as well as his employers, he speedily inducted you into a handsome parlour, where the lady of the house, surrounded by other ladies, of every *nuance* of youth and grace, sat perpetually bowing, smiling, and shaking hands. You bowed and you smiled. The room was full of gentlemen bowing and smiling. Negro attendants, smiling, flittered around with silver trays laden with

THE ITALIAN COUNT.

sandwiches, plum cake, and rare wines; and in the dim distance of the extensive parlour there were visions of oysters and cold turkey and ham. I will not be certain whether there was pumpkin pie or not; but most assuredly there were cut glass decanters containing the whiskey of Bourbon the Festive and the cognac of Gaul the Vivacious.

A TÊTE-À-TÊTE.

So you went from house to house, all through the live long day, bowing and smiling, and being bowed and smiled at, until there was some danger, when the shades of night had fallen on Manhattan, of your bowing to one of the slippery steps of a "stoop"—bowing with your nose and not getting up again—or of your smiling in the open fire grate, with your head in the coal-scuttle, whence you emitted cordial but scarcely articulate aspirations for a happy New Year to all and sundry. This was the old-fashioned or Knickerbocker mode of keeping New Year's Day; and during the last few years a reaction has set in against the convivial custom. The coffee, chocolate, and *bouillon* system is naturally strongly favoured by advocates of total abstinence, and by not a few hospitable but not over-affluent persons, to whom the heavy price of foreign wines must be a serious consideration; while the really stingy section—a very small one, for the Americans are the least stingy people in the world—pin their faith to the maxim of "No refreshments at all on New Year's Day." I cannot help fancying, nevertheless, that the old and time-honoured Knickerbocker fashion had, in the main, the best of it yesterday.

SELECTING A BANJO.

XIV.

On to Richmond.

Richmond, Virginia, *January* 4.

Long, long ago—not precisely "ere heaving bellows learned to blow, and organs yet were mute"—but really a good many years since, when the voice of the banjo was young in the land, and Mr. Pell, the "Original Bones,"* was only just beginning to instruct the small boys of England in the art of making a novel and diabolical street noise—in the days when we first

* Pell, Harrington, White, Stanwood, and Gormon, were the original quintett of "Ethiopian Serenaders" who appeared at the St. James's Theatre, London, in 1846-7. For years before that period, however, Mr. T. D. Rice had "jumped Jim Crow" with immense success in the British metropolis; and in the interval between his departure and the coming of Pell and his brethren, several isolated "burnt-cork minstrels" (one, I remember, in particular, named Sweeny, who played the banjo at the Princess's about 1843) visited London.

OLD DAN TUCKER.

eagerly listened to the lyrics which told of the joys and sorrows of Lucy Neale; of the delights of going "Ober de Mountain;" of the cheery life of the Boatmen "Sailin' down de ribber on de Ohio;" which so pathetically deplored the decrepitude of "Uncle Ned," and so piously expressed the aspiration that "he was Gone where de Good Niggers Go;" which ecstatically proclaimed the culmination of "a Gittin' up Stairs and a Playin' on de Fiddle;" which passionately implored the Buffalo *Gals* to Come out and "Dance by de Light ob de Moon," while they sternly warned the too impetuous "Mr. Coon" that he was all too Soon, seeing that "de Gals dey won't be ready till To-morrow Afternoon," and which, finally, cautiously inquiring "Who's dat Knockin' at de Door?" derisively added that there was no entrance for him who knocked, seeing that his hair did not curl:—In that remote epoch of primitive "Ethiopian" serenading, I remember to have heard a simple strophe reciting how

> Away down South
> A Nigger in the water
> Was standin' in a millpond
> Longer than he oughter.

Full five-and-thirty years had I been waiting to see that nigger standing in that millpond. I saw him in all his glory and all his grimy wretched-

ness at Guinneys, in the State of Virginia, the day before yesterday.

But I must tell how I came to Guinneys, on my way from New York to Richmond. I own that for some days past the potential African "standin' in de millpond longer than he oughter" had been lying somewhat heavily on my conscience. My acquaintance with our dark brother since I arrived in this country has not only been necessarily limited, but scarcely of a nature to give me any practical insight into his real condition since he has been a Free Man—free to work or to starve; free to become a good citizen or to go to the Devil, as he has gone mundanely speaking in Hayti and elsewhere. Coloured folks are few and far between in New York; and they have never, as a rule, been slaves, and are not even, generally, of servile extraction. In Philadelphia they are much more numerous. Many of the mulatto waiters employed in the hotels are strikingly handsome men; and, on the whole, the sable sons of Pennsylvania struck me as being industrious, well dressed, prosperous, and a trifle haughty in their intercourse with white folks.

In Baltimore, where slavery existed until the promulgation of Mr. Lincoln's proclamation, the coloured people are plentiful. I met a good many ragged, shiftless, and generally dejected negroes of both sexes, who appeared to be just the kind of waifs and strays who would stand in a millpond longer than they ought to in the event of there being any convenient millpond at hand; but the better-class "darkies" who had been domestic slaves in Baltimore families, seemed to retain all their own affectionate obsequiousness of manner—a kind of respectful familiarity, that is only feasible between *seigneur* and *villein*. There is an exquisite crystallisation of this feudal *entente cordiale* in La Fontaine's tale of "Le Baiser Rendu." On such terms were the Muscovite nobles and their serfs when I first went to Russia. Now all is changed in that respect. The emancipated *moujik* is

usually a sulky fellow; and, when he dares, he is insolent. Again, in Washington, the black man and his congeners seemed to be doing remarkably well. I saw stalwart negro policemen doing duty in Pennsylvania Avenue; and at one of the quietest, most elegant, and most comfortable hostelries in the Federal capital, Wormley's Hotel, I found the establishment conducted by the proprietor, Mr. Wormley, a coloured man, of gentle manners and great administrative abilities—many an Under-Secretary of State would break down over the task of "running" a first-rate American Hotel—all of whose em-

A GUARDIAN ANGEL.

ployés, from the clerks in the office to the waiters and chambermaids, were coloured.

At Wormley's, perhaps, the negro and negroid were seen at their very best. They had been slaves, or were the children of slaves. I found all the coloured people with whom I came in contact not only invariably civil and obliging, but in many cases very bright and intelligent. Our cham-

bermaid was quite a delightful old lady, and insisted, ere we left, that we should give her a recipe for "a real old English Christmas plum pudding." I wrote her out the only recipe for the goodness of which I cared to vouch—seeing that it was my mother's—but when I came to the item "a wine glass and a half of the best brown brandy" I ventured to add, parenthetically, "taking care not to drink it yourself." Aunt Phœbe—suppose we call the ebon chambermaid Aunt and Phœbe—was immensely tickled by this piece of advice, and was frequently overheard, while intent on her domestic duties, to repeat, "Lorful sakes. Not drink 'um youself! Takin' care not to drink 'um youself! hee! hee! gorry."

But these were not the millpond folk of whom I was in quest. They were of the South, as an Irishman in London is of Ireland,

but not in it. I had a craving to see whether any of the social ashes of slavery lived their wonted fires. A "way down South" was the real object of my mission; and in pursuit of that mission I came, on the Second of January, on to Richmond. The day following the festive First is known as Ladies' Day. On the Second the leaders of fashion, who have undergone so dire a martyrdom in sitting to receive male visitors throughout the First, have their "day out," and make a round of visits to each other, mutually exchanging experiences, comparing notes, and ascertaining how many new and eligible additions, in the shape of British peers and baronets, silver-mine millionnaires and Wall-street quadrillionnaires, each lady has made to her visiting list. The British baronet is usually pretty plentifully "on hand." The British nobleman just at present is rather scarce in the market; and his absence is accounted for by his inability to obtain any rent from his starving tenantry, and consequent lack of funds to pay his passage money to New York. The Italian count is not in much request; and the German baron has too frequently been found "a fraud;" although Italian tenors and German pianistes are always sure of a hearty welcome, even if they do not happen to possess handles to their names. If there ever existed a people who have gone music mad that people are the Americans. Chickering and Steinway are Kings; and I should mention, if I omitted to do so before, that the march-past of the Philadelphian parade, in honour of General Grant, was enlivened by the strains of no less than one hundred and twenty brass bands, among whom German instrumentalists predominated. "When Music, heavenly Maid, was young," she only played "Yankee Doodle" upon a humble fife; but Mr. Gilmore's new national anthem, "Columbia," is performed to the strains of hundreds of instruments, and is sung by thousands of voices. This country is rapidly becoming the paradise of fiddlers.

Ladies' Day in New York was a drippingly wet one, and it was through a fine black sea of slush that our carriage had to flounder and splash, at half-past nine at night, on our way to the Jersey City ferry. I feel tolerably certain that the New Yorkers will not be very angry with me—nay, I cannot help feeling that they should be, on the contrary, grateful to a stranger—for hinting that the streets of the Empire City are, throughout the winter, in an inconceivably neglected and filthy condition. When a heavy fall of snow has occurred the servants belonging

to each house sweep just so much snow as concerns them from the side walk into the kennel, where it is allowed to accumulate in huge mounds. Meanwhile the authorities of all the horse-railroads hasten to strew the tramways with salt, which, mingling with the snow, produces a rich icy slush, and which can be warranted to permeate the stoutest boots and the thickest sock, endowing the wearer forthwith with all the gifts that catarrh can give or that bronchitis can bring.* Our London omnibus companies know something about the art of salting the streets in snowy weather; but in New York the practice has been brought to a degree of perfection unknown in other capitals.

It is scarcely worth mentioning, perhaps, that street pickling has been explicitly prohibited by the Legislature of the State. There are so many things which are prohibited by the Legislature —cockfighting, for example, a sport which still goes merrily on —that the multiplicity of prohibitive statutes is haply too much for the popular memory. The ordinances, if any exist, touching the cleaning of the streets seem in particular to have slipped the recollection of those entrusted with the duty of looking after the "ædility" of the Empire City. The garbage-boxes or ash-barrels on the side-walks, in which receptacles the inhabitants deposit their household refuse, are still the same unsightly and unsavoury nuisances that I remember them to have been seventeen years ago; and in windy weather the miscellaneous contents of these "hopeless Pandoras" are distributed by the bounteous blast in unstinted profusion over the garments and into the eyes of passers-by. In winter, when a thaw takes place no combined efforts of any kind are made to cleanse the streets; and when a heavy black frost supervenes on the thaw—which, with unpleasant frequency, is the case, the winter in New York being subject to continual mutations—no systematic action is taken to clear the pavement from ice, much less to sand it.

Of course it is whispered that the large sums of money which are periodically voted by the City Council for street cleansing purposes are not as a rule applied to the exact purposes which they were intended to serve. The consequence of not sanding or otherwise obviating the glossy slipperiness of the side walk, is that the pedestrian is perpetually performing involuntary

* Without, scarcely, the variation of a word, this brief description of municipal carelessness would apply to the scandalous condition of the streets of London during one whole fortnight of the Great Frost of January, 1881.

"cellar-flaps" and unwelcome back sommersaults, ending in unprepared-for "break-downs," conducive, no doubt, to the delectation of the small boy who is passing, and of glee to the surgeon, to whom broken bones, in others, is as milk and honey, and somebody else's fractured skull a thing of great price, but which can be productive only of modified enjoyment to the person who wishes to perambulate the streets of a great and most interesting city without being tripped up by the treacherous ice or footsoaked by the saline slush. It is, however, principally foreigners who are the victims of the horrible *incuria* which makes of every thoroughfare of New York either a Slough of Despond or a Via Dolorosa. The natives, wise in their generation, do not walk, save in the very finest of weather. Why not imitate the wisdom of the natives? Simply for this reason: that it is difficult, if not impossible, to study the manners and customs of the people of a gigantic metropolis by merely passing to and fro in or over their thoroughfares by means of tramway cars and Broadway stages.

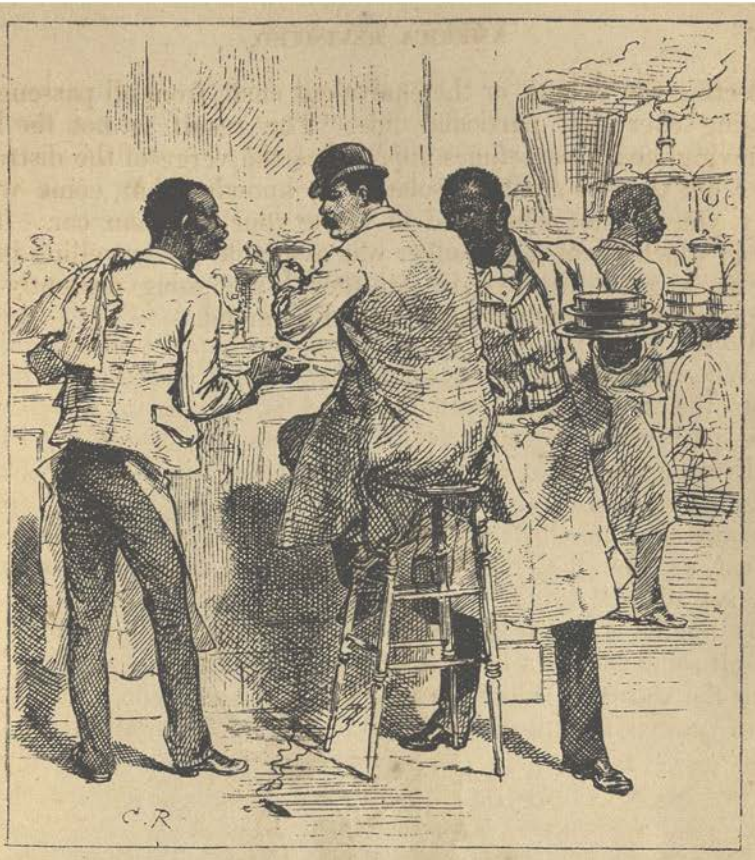
The New Yorkers, it is but fair to observe, grumble much more bitterly about the state of their streets in winter time than I have ventured to do; but I rejoice to note that a turn to their complaints in this respect seems to be approaching, and that the winter of their discontent is to be made glorious summer by the sun of Captain Williams. This eminently energetic public functionary was formerly the captain bold of a police precinct in New York. He had but one failing—an excess of that zeal against which Talleyrand so strenuously warned youthful diplomatists. Captain Williams, being armed with his "locust" or truncheon, seemed to have deemed it to be his bounden duty to smite everybody on the head—with the view of mending their morals, and never minding the injury which he inflicted on their heads and limbs. New York was to him one vast Crackskull Common, and he roamed about continually in quest of crania to crack. In fact, Captain Williams, in his conscientious but excessive zeal, "clubbed" so many people, the majority of whom had not deserved clubbing at all, that at length the popular wrath was excited, and the enthusiastic clubbist was indicted for assault. He was acquitted; but the Board of Police Commissioners, possibly thinking that Captain Williams had done enough for fame in the way of "caving in" the heads of the citizens of New York, removed him from the command of his police precinct, and appointed him an inspector of street

cleaning. By the time that I return to the shores of Manhattan I hope to find the streets very clean, indeed.

The distance between New York and Richmond is certainly under four hundred miles, and in Great Britain an express train would have accomplished such a journey in less than eight hours. We made the run in thirteen hours and a half, which I consider to be, on the whole, very good time. Once for all I may observe that, for any practical purpose to be served thereby, it is quite idle to compare English with American rates of speed to the disparagement of the latter. Their railway system is a very different one from ours, and a good deal of time is often unavoidably lost in shunting from one line of railway to the other. Taken altogether, the arrangements leave little ground for complaint; and the improvements in transit and traffic which have taken place since I came here last are really wonderful. It used to be a standing ground of complaint against the constructors of the permanent way on American railways that they did not "fish their joints;" but this technical grievance has now been definitively abolished; and the almost universal introduction of steel rails has added much both to the safety of the trains and the comfort of those riding in them.

The only serious annoyance to which the traveller is subjected on a lengthened journey is that arising from the frequent collection of tickets. The "conductor," or guard, seems to be always "at you." For example, between New York and Richmond I was asked to show my ticket, or rather to pay fragments of fare—for circumstances over which I had no control debarred me from booking right through—first at Jersey City, secondly at Philadelphia, thirdly at Baltimore, fourthly at Washington, and fifthly at Quantico, a little riverside station between Alexandria and Richmond. Dozing off into slumber, composing yourself to read, subsiding into meditation and the enjoyment of a cigar, it was all one. The inevitable conductor, a glaring lantern in his hand, ruthlessly woke you up, or implacably interposed between yourself and your cogitations, and demanded your ticket. This is not done with the slightest wish to cause annoyance to travellers, and is due only to some mysterious clearing-house exigencies. It may be that, in the course of such a journey as I undertook, between New York and Richmond, lines belonging to half-a-dozen different railways had to be travelled upon; and each company had its own conductor, who was bound to look after the interest of his employers by

collecting the tickets, or the equivalent cash, from all passengers passing over that particular line. The result is not the less annoying, and it sometimes approaches the verge of the distracting; but there is much consolation in knowing that, come what may, you are not compelled to leave your Pullman car. The car in which I was a passenger was available for travelling in as far as Augusta, in Georgia—whither I am going presently—a distance of five hundred miles from Richmond.



BREAKFASTING AT WASHINGTON.

XV

Still On to Richmond.

Richmond, *January* 6.

More than once I have taken occasion to observe that the Pullman Parlour Car—commonly termed a "chair" car—is a decided boon to railway travellers in America. Equally beneficent are the arrangements which permit you to take luncheon or dinner on board the car. Touching the sleeping accommodation provided by the thoughtful Pullman, it has hitherto impressed me more from the point of view of its extreme ingenuity than from any amount of actual comfort which I have derived from it. I have not yet mastered the art of going to sleep in a

sleeping car—I suppose that I shall acquire it after having travelled a few more thousands of miles;—but I have not the less regarded the process of converting a railway compartment into a dormitory as a highly amusing one. Indeed, the "tricks" and "transformations" through which the vehicle passes before you are entitled to sing—*sotto voce*, of course—"Bonsoir, Signor Pantalon," are much more diverting than an ordinary comic scene in a Christmas pantomime: which last is, I take it, next to a public dinner, about the most wearisome entertainment conceivable.

We were half way between New York and Philadelphia when the negro attendant in the Atlanta car in which we were passengers began to "fix up tings for sleepin'." First he divested himself of his jacket, and appeared in a blue-checked overshirt or guernsey, which gave him a curious resemblance to a theatrical scene-shifter. Then, at his leisure, he "prospected" the car, as though slightly uncertain as to what section he should first set about "fixing," in a somniferous sense. Meanwhile he softly jingled a bunch of electro-silvered keys, and murmured to himself some bars of a little song. I tried, but unsuccessfully, to catch the words. What were they? Perhaps some snatch of a hymn familiar to him in his dusky childhood. Peradventure,

> When de brimstone's ladled out,
> O! O! de moanin';
> *Den* de white folks howl and shout,
> O! O! de groanin'.
> But de cullered folks sing out,
> "No more de moanin'."

The "white folks" generally experience rather hot weather in Ethiopian hymnology. The negro attendant was full six feet in height, coal-black, shiny, and with a magnificent set of white teeth. Do you remember the stalwart Ethiop who, apparelled in a gorgeous costume of scarlet and gold and a splendid turban, used to play the cymbals in the band of one of our Guard regiments? I remember when I was a small boy I used to gaze with particular awe and admiration on a very curious device in gold embroidered on what the Americans would euphemistically call the "hinder stomach" of the black cymbal-player's pantaloons. Many years afterwards an officer in one of the Guards' regiments told me that this golden glory was technically known as the "dickey-strap." The negro cymbalier and his "dickey-strap" have alike faded out of our service.

The Pullman bed-room steward would have made an admir-

able cymbalier. With proper training he might have performed Othello. Had his lot been cast in another age, and under other auspices, he might have been a Jugurtha, a Toussaint l'Ouverture, a Soulouque—*que sais je?* As it was, Fate had appointed that he should make the beds for the ladies and gentlemen on board a Pullman car. Well; it was better, perhaps, than toiling in the rice swamps or the cotton fields, or wasting his opportunities away down South, standing in a millpond longer than expediency demanded or decorum required. After he had taken his survey of our car, he pitched upon the section immediately opposite our own as the one on which to commence operations. A "section" is made up of two crimson velvet-covered benches containing four seats at right angles to the wall of the car; and this section was occupied by two ladies, mother and daughter, bound to Savannah, a favourite health resort for delicate Northerners during the winter months. Fortunately the car was not by any means full, or the ladies would have been compelled to stand in the gangway or passage between the rows of seats while their beds were being made. As it was, they bestowed themselves on two vacant benches, while the athletic *homme de chambre* deliberately proceeded—so it seemed to my unaccustomed eyes—to pull the Pullman car to pieces. At least he broke up that particular section very small indeed. His electro-plated implements apparently included a "jemmy," a crowbar, and a whole bunch of picklocks. He tapped this, he unscrewed that, and he took a "nut" out of something else; and the immediate results were collapse and disintegration, speedily followed, however, by thorough reconstruction.

One touch of his magic wand, or screwdriver, and the roof of the "section" came down bodily. It did not, fortunately, tumble on his head, for its descent was arrested in mid-air, and out of it successively "cascaded," so to speak, a mattress, a blanket, a counterpane, and a pair of pillows. Then the sable athlete solemnly stalked to the end of the car and applied one of his shining keys to the centre of a panel of ornamental wood, ornamented with pretty carvings and inlaid work. The interior of a Pullman Palace Car is, I may mention parenthetically, as tasteful and as puzzlingly complicated as a box made of Tunbridge Wells ware which has gone through a course of Elkington in the way of electro-silver adornments. The variegated panel being tapped, a cupboard was revealed, from which the athlete, humming his little song the while, abstracted a store of snowy-

white bed linen. Again, parenthetically, I am bound to note that all the appurtenances of a Pullman Sleeping Car are spotlessly clean. By dexterous sleight of hand, and holding one corner of the linen sack between his teeth, the attendant, who might have been Jugurtha, or Mungo in "The Padlock," at the very least, contrived to get each pillow into its proper case. He would then have converted the "section" into an upper or a lower berth, steamboat fashion; but the ladies gave him to understand that one berth would suffice for them both, and that he might dispense with the ceremony of placing bedding on the upper shelf. At this he grinned solemnly, and a fresh feat of legerdemain on his part sent the disintegrated roof of the section back to its original position.

A great necromancer this. By magic art he had produced from unknown regions sliding panels which served as a top and a bottom to the bed—the edification of which would have been watched with the most intense interest by Messrs. Box and Cox—and, finally, this wizard of the rail spirited up, from some vasty deep to me unknown, a pair of highly ornate tapestry curtains, which buttoned all the way up, like the front of a modern lady's dress. Happy thought, those buttons; yet are those snugly-closed draperies pervious to the Tarquin-touch of the ticket-collector. Macbeth murdered Sleep in the days of old. That act of assassination is now performed by the railroad conductor. How the ladies managed to go to bed I know not. Of course I was as discreet as the youth in Thomson's "Seasons;" and while the beauteous Musidoras of the train were retiring to rest I fled to the little cabin at the extremity of the car where smoking is permitted.

When I returned our own section had been taken to pieces and put together in the guise of a bed, curtains and all; and about one in the morning—somewhere between Wilmington and Baltimore, I fancy—I crawled into my berth, to toss and tumble in uneasy slumbers until five. But during that broken sleep—rendered additionally feverish by periodical visits from the ticket-collector—I was haunted by the fearsome vision of a Human Foot and Leg, quite guileless of stocking. Whose Foot and Leg were they? Mine? Mystery. Next door but one to the opposite section there was a tremendously tall gentleman, with a sandy beard and a widely-flapped hat. He drove the negro attendant to the verge of distraction, first by persistently refusing to go to bed until an unholy hour, and subsequently

by declining as pertinaciously to get up the next morning. He had the longest legs that I have set eyes upon since I landed on this continent; and he placed outside his curtains the largest pair of square-toed boots that I ever remember to have wondered at. Did the Foot and Leg, the semblance of which haunted me, belong to that gentleman? It mattered little. I continued to toss and tumble, fitfully dreaming—now that I was a student in a Life Academy, and that my tibia and fibula were out of drawing, and my metatarsal bones hopelessly wrong, in the study from the human model which I was making in Italian chalk; and now that I was a corn-cutter condemned for maladroitness as a chiropodist to undergo the mediæval torture of the "boots."

On the whole, a sleeping-car, however admirably appointed, may be said to be adapted to all purposes save those of sleeping.

Man, nor woman neither, was not born to go to bed on wheels. Very many persons will disagree with me on this head; yet I venture to adhere to my own opinion, and to the regularly made-up bed. I prefer the *fauteuils* with moveable backs, forming couches, on which you may recline, with which the cars on the railroad between St. Petersburg and Moscow are provided. You may recline there at full length. You have ample elbow room and space overhead. You cover yourself up with rugs and furs; you place your dressing bag under your head, and you sleep the sleep of the just. The berth in a sleeping-car cannot, on the other hand, be occupied without a more or less immediate sense of suffocation.

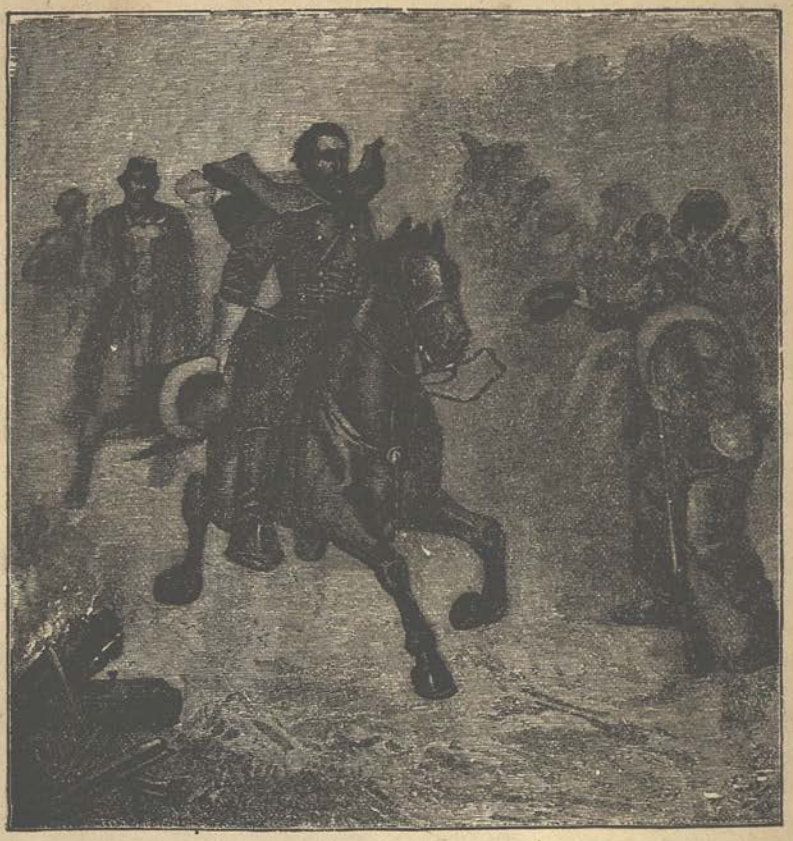
Obviously these remarks apply only to comparatively short journeys. On such a trip as that from New York to San Francisco, occupying as it does an entire week, the Pullman Sleeping Car may be an unmitigated blessing to travellers. When the run is one only of three or four hundred miles you need not, I take it, be so very particular about going to bed, and the pleasantest features in a Pullman car under these circumstances are the gentle motion and the abundant accessories of elegant comfort and convenience. But the case, I have very little doubt, assumes a widely different aspect when the journey is one, not of so many hundreds, but of thousands of miles. Then it becomes a matter of importance to health that you should assume, once at least in every twenty-four hours, that which Mr. Carlyle expressively terms "the horizontal position," and then you will indubitably appreciate with all due gratitude the facilities of a Pullman Sleeping Car.

So at about six in the morning we came to Washington, where there was a halt of some five-and-twenty minutes for refreshment. I was puzzled to know how the ladies and gentlemen who had gone to bed in right earnest would contrive to get any breakfast. Manifestly they would have no time wherein to rise, perform their toilette, descend from the car, enter the restaurant, and partake of a collation; and as manifestly a picnic of ladies and gentlemen, more or less in the costume of Amina in the "Sonnambula," Zerlina in "Fra Diavolo," and the late Mr. William Farren in the farce of the "Double Bedded Room," regaling themselves with hot rolls and coffee in the gangway of the car, was not a thing to be thought of. Much exercised in my mind in this respect, and being, moreover, fully dressed, I thought that I might as well pay a

visit to the restaurant and see how things were looking in the direction of breakfast. I had scarcely entered the spacious marble hall serving as a refreshment room, before all my doubts were resolved by an obliging waiter in a white jacket, but facially and manually as black as the Ace of Spades. Breakfast? He would "fix" it for me "right away." Lady in the car! What would "the Madam"—the lady who is with you is always "the Madam," and is treated with as much deference as though she were the Queen of Sheba—like? Ham and eggs? Beefsteak? Porksteak? Hot cakes? French coffee? English breakfast tea? Hominy? Everything was "on hand," and was procurable "right away."

This pearl—there are black pearls, and precious ones—of a waiter proceeded to perch me on a high stool, where I felt for a moment as though I were a junior clerk in an attorney's office, at a salary of eighteen shillings a week. The waiter's brother proceeded to supply me with hot coffee, hot bread and butter, hot muffins, hot eggs, and iced water. The waiter himself took my order for the lady in the car; loaded a tray with the required refreshments, and stepped away with the alacrity of an ebony Ariel. Then his uncle (presumably) presented me with a piece of crimson pasteboard inscribed with the number of cents which I was to pay—it was under a couple of shillings—and this card, with the necessary cash, I handed to the waiter's grandfather—his supposititious grandsire, at least—who sate at the receipt of custom in a little white marble niche, looking like some ancient idol of Mumbo-Jumbo; and then I hied me back to the sleeping-car, where I found that one lady, at least, had had her breakfast in bed very comfortably. How she received it I have not the remotest idea. I retired to the smoking compartment, and stayed there, talking to a cheery old farmer from Rhode Island and an affable gentleman from Philadelphia, who mentioned in the course of conversation that he was a lineal descendant of John of Gaunt, and that his uncle was in possession of "time-honoured Lancaster's" own walking-stick. When broad daylight set in, I returned to the sleeping-car to find that another transformation had taken place. The beds and bedding and the tapestried curtains—with but one exception, the "installation" of the obstinate gentleman who was averse from retiring to rest, and reluctant to rise—had all disappeared, and the dormitory on wheels had resumed its drawing-room aspect.

We sped, all too rapidly for me, through a deeply interesting



A GLIMPSE OF STONEWALL JACKSON.

country. We were traversing a hundred miles of most momentous History. From Washington we crossed the Long Bridge into the State of Virginia, and ran down seven miles in a parallel course with the Potomac to the city of Alexandria. Thence to Quantico, whence the train took the track of the Richmond, Fredericksburg, and Potomac Railroad, and entered a broken and desolate-looking region, famous to all time as "The Wilderness," which was the scene of some of the most terrible battles fought in 1863 and 1864. Twenty-one miles beyond Quantico, we halted at the quaint-looking old town of Fredericksburg, on the south bank of the Rappahannock, and near which was fought a bloody engagement, in which the Federal General Burnside was routed by the heroic Confederate Commander Robert Lee. The graveyard of the gallant dead who fell in that strife is fully

RECUMBENT STATUE OF GENERAL LEE, DESIGNED FOR THE MAUSOLEUM AT LEXINGTON.

(Edward V. Valentine, Sculptor.)

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visible from the cars. Eleven miles west of Fredericksburg the battle of Chancellorsville was fought. There "Stonewall" Jackson was mortally wounded. He died at the little hamlet called Guinneys, which I have more than once spoken of, and his last words were, "Let us cross over the river, and rest under the shade of the trees."

"Stonewall" Jackson! I mind how, in the summer of '64, being at Niagara Falls, on the British side, one of the Confederate Commissioners, who had come to the frontier to try to treat for peace, showed me a pencil drawing of the face of "Stonewall" Jackson as he lay in death. The Confederate Commissioner kindly lent me this relic for an hour, that I might make a tracing of it, and that tracing I have now in an album at home. Leaving Fredericksburg, we came to Hanover Junction, where, in May, '64, another doughty battle was fought between General Grant and General Lee. A very cock-pit, this country! A tilt yard of heroes. The trees are very young and slim, and grass grows very richly hereabouts; but the land, they tell me, the desolate "Wilderness" always excepted, is beginning to smile again, and, this last harvest time, was teeming with grain and tobacco. May it so teem through unnumbered harvests! The old State of Virginia has surely seen enough of the dreadful realities of war, and to spare.

STONEWALL JACKSON AS HE LAY IN DEATH.
(After a tracing by the Author from an original sketch.)

COFFEE AND FRIED CHICKEN AT A VIRGINIA RAILWAY STATION.

XVI.

In Richmond.

Richmond, *January* 8.

"Agricultural labour in the State of Virginia is supplied chiefly by the negro; and he has no superior as a farm labourer. 'Is not the negro idle, thriftless, and thievish?' 'Do not judge a whole class of people by a few street-corner or cross-road loungers. The negro is to some extent superstitious; but we will do him the justice to say that, in Virginia at least, he is improving in morality and industry, and that the charge of larceny against him is a very rare thing in our criminal records. The price of farm labour varies according to the work required. It ranges between eight to ten dollars a month, with rations." It must be considered as fortunate for the cause of impartiality

A VIRGINIA COUNTRY STORE.

that, before addressing myself to the task of writing anything concerning the social position of the manumitted African in the Southern States, there should have been put into my hands the lucid and exhaustive "Handbook of Virginia," recently compiled and presented to his Excellency Governor Holliday by the State Commissioner of Agriculture, Mr. Thos. H. Pollard. The Handbook contains a mass of varied and valuable information respecting the agrarian, mineralogical, and metallurgic resources of the "Old Dominion;" but, for the present, that little admonition to foreigners touching the negro has been of the greatest service to me. At a dozen places lately, travelling to this fair city, did I come across the "cross-road lounger." He has been standing at all the street-corners ever since I have been in Richmond itself, and a most appalling spectacle he is. But for the kindly caution in Mr. Pollard's work, I should have mistaken this gruesome loafer—this amazing tatterdemalion—for the average type of the enfranchised negro.

Let us take the Lounger in the country first. Take him at a wayside railway station—I beg pardon, I should say "dépôt." The rural dépôt is certainly not a very imposing edifice. An American writer of note, Mr. Richard Grant White, says of it: "It is surely the height of absurdity to give the name to a little lonely shanty which looks like a lodge outside a garden of cucumbers, and a staging of a few planks on which two or three people stand like condemned criminals on a scaffold." But then, it has been pointed out, the American loves big names, and ere long he is quite sure the dépôt will become what the name indicates, so rapid is the growth of the country, and so marvellous the power of railroads in developing its resources. Just now the Virginian roadside railway halting-place is in the very earliest stage of development. It is, in truth, a wretched little hole, presenting a dismal contrast to the trim English station, with its nicely kept platform, its tiny refreshment room and well-stocked bookstall, and its snug residence for the station master, with perchance a pretty little garden laid out by the side of the line. You must expect nothing of this kind in Virginia, nor, indeed, in any part of rural America. The age of trimness and neatness is not come, yet. Everything for the present is in the rough.

The ordinary accessories to the roadside shanties are dwarf vegetation, broken fences stencilled over with advertisements of nostrums for coughs and indigestion, and the "cross-road lounger," who, in Virginia, is black. What is he like? Well, take Don

A CROSS-ROAD LOUNGER.

Cæsar de Bazan in the guise in which he makes his first appearance in "Ruy Blas." Then, out of Callot's "Habits and Beggars" select the most hopelessly tattered and villanous looking mendicant to be found in that astonishing gallery of ragamuffins. Add the wardrobe of a London rough as he infests Fleet Street on a Lord Mayor's Show Day, or Hyde Park on some Sunday when there is a political meeting at the Reformers' Tree. Sprinkle in an admixture of a Parisian *rôdeur des barrières*, and complete your amalgam of raggedness and wretchedness with the costume of an Irish bogtrotter newly landed in England, and just setting out on his first hop-picking expedition in the county of Kent. Having by dint of great perseverance gotten together such a miscellany of rags and tatters, it might be as well to shred them all somewhat fine in a sausage machine, and then to fasten them together again with pins, or skewers, or crooked nails, or fragments of tape or string, or, indeed, anything that came handy; and then, having rolled the mass in the mud and roughly dried it, the whole might be shaped into the rude semblance of a coat, vest, and pantaloons. About the shirt there is no need to be very particular—almost anything will do: a scrap of canvas sacking or a couple of discarded dishclouts. Well, it is possible to be good and kind without a shirt. The Happy Man had no shirt. The Emperor Marcus Antoninus had none. The boots should be of the "canoe" pattern, several sizes too large for

any pair of human feet smaller than those of the Colossus of Rhodes. They should be quite innocent of blacking and destitute of string; and there should be a decided solution of continuity between the soles and the upper leather. The hat—the "cross-road lounger" always wears a hat, and disdains a cap quite as much as an Eton boy could do—utterly baffles my feeble powers of description. It is something like an inverted coalscuttle without handles, and pierced by many holes. It is something like the bonnet of a Brobdingnagian quakeress, supposing that there were any female members of the Society of Friends in Brobdingnag. It is huge and flapped and battered, and fearful to look upon: that is the most that I can say about it.

Hang all this equipment on the limbs of a tall negro, of any age between sixteen and sixty, and then let him stand close to the scaffold-like platform of the dépôt shanty, and let him "loafe." His attitude is one of complete and apathetic immobility. He does not grin. He may be chewing; but he does not smoke. He does not beg; at least, in so far as I observed him, he stood in no posture and assumed no gestures belonging to the mendicant. He looks at you with a dull, stony, preoccupied gaze, as though his thoughts were thousands of miles away in the Unknown Land; while, once in every quarter of an hour or so, he woke up to the momentary consciousness that he was a thing neither rich nor rare, and so wondered how the Devil he got there. He is a derelict—a fragment of flotsam and jetsam cast upon the not too hospitable shore of civilisation after the great storm had lashed the Southern Sea to frenzy and the ship of Slavery had gone to pieces for ever. Possibly he is a great deal more human than he looks; and, if he chose to bestir himself and to address himself to articulate discourse, could tell you a great many things about his wants and his wishes, his views and feelings on things in general, which to you might prove little less than amazing.

As things go, he prefers to do Nothing, and to proffer no kind of explanation as to why he is standing there in a metaphorical millpond very much "longer than he oughter." And so I shall find him standing, I am told, all the way down South. Sir John Falstaff would have clapped him on the shoulder and enlisted him at once as a full private in the Ragged Regiment. A London police-constable would have bidden him to "move on," and, in default of his so moving, would have "run him in." He runs himself in voluntarily, they tell me, sometimes. When

he begins to feel the wintry weather somewhat too keen to suit his looped and windowed raggedness, or when he grows tired of standing at the cross road or at the street corner, and wondering how the dickens he got there, he pays a nocturnal visit to some neighbouring farm-yard, or he drifts into a grocery store and pilfers something. Then they lock him up in the Penitentiary for a while; but he lies warm and snug in gaol; he is well fed and not too hardly worked, and he does not mind it, much. I am happy to be told that the "cross-road lounger" is in a decided minority among the freedmen of the South.

A grave problem—somewhat of a distressing problem—this ragged black enfranchised bondman, living, but making no sign—excrescent to, rather than part of, the body politic—having nothing to do with the public grounds save in so far as the public mud and the public dust-heaps are concerned. What is to be done with him? Perchance no more than he does with himself: that is to say, Nothing. Yet who shall say that long, long ago there may not have been all the making of an excellent fellow in this most deplorable and unsightly castaway? More than once have I drawn attention to a wayside station called Guinneys. The name of the place dwells in my mind chiefly, perhaps, because there I made a tolerably careful study of the raggedest and most dejected of the black Virginians that it has been as yet my lot to behold. The poor creature looked like some Coffee Calcalli in irremediable difficulties, grey, discrowned, "gone up," "busted," and "played out," mourning in sackcloth and ashes the loss of his umbrella. Yet was there

INJURED INNOCENCE.

"Do you took me for a Thief? Do you see any Chickens 'bout me? Go 'way dar, white man! Treat a boy 'spectable, if he am brack!"

about him a touch of Human Nature, to me very sorrowful and pathetic. Snuggling by his tattered side—"freezing" to him, as the Americans phrase it—was a tiny yellow boy of some eight years. The urchin was a bright mulatto. His eyes were very full and sparkling, his hair was straight and silky, his mien full of infantile grace and sprightliness. He was as ragged as a robin; indeed, when I say that he wore a badly-patched trouser—one leg of the pair was almost entirely gone—suspended by some subtle contrivance over the shoulder of the dolefullest apology for a checked shirt that I have ever beheld, and that his head-gear consisted of the fragment of an old cast-off military shako (a relic, may be, of Spotsylvania or Chancellorsville), with the peak gone, I think that I have enumerated all that there was of his apparel. The elder negro, the umbrella-bereft Coffee Calcalli, was holding one of the little fellow's pale yellow hands in his own osseous and corrugated black paw; fitfully he would press the small hand and fondle it, as though he cherished the

child, very dearly. But he did not turn his gaze upon him. His dusky eyes were looking far away, "away down South," in the direction of the Gulf of Mexico and the islands of the Caribbean Sea. A strange couple. What was the bond of union between them? The features of the child were regular and delicate; while those of his companion were of almost brutish Ashantian or Dahomian ruggedness.

For some time past an exodus of coloured people from the State of North Carolina to Kansas and Indiana has been going on to a very considerable extent; and the magnitude and continuity of this "stampede" have so perplexed and perturbed politicians all over the Union that the "North Carolina Emigration"—an emigration seemingly quite shiftless and objectless—formed the subject lately of a debate, at which I was present, in the Senate of the United States. I was curiously interested to find the exodus mentioned and warmly deprecated in a letter written to the *New York Evangelist* by a Presbyterian minister in the South, himself a person of colour. Remarks this respectable gentleman: "The North Carolina exodus is a most miserable mystery. It is nothing but tramping instead of toiling by people who are the drones of the coloured race, who find more pleasure in wandering from place to place than in working from day to day, and who are ignorant of the fact that God has said, by the pen of Moses and Paul, 'In the sweat of thy face thou shalt eat bread,' and 'If any will not work neither shall he eat.' Here (in North Carolina) the coloured people have a good chance and a good climate; yet some want

WESTWARD HO!

THE NEGRO EXODUS: OLD AND NEW STYLES.

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to go to Indiana to freeze to death for want of clothing, food, and work. Christian friends, pray against this exodus." It would appear then, from the above authority, that this tattered Coffee

NEGRO EMIGRANTS ON THEIR WAY TO KANSAS.

Calcalli, shorn of his umbrella and other regalities, is not a person deserving of much compassion.*

* According to a writer in *Scribner's Magazine*, the first band of negro emigrants to the West made its unexpected appearance at Wyandotte in Kansas on board one of the Missouri steamers one April morning in 1879. It comprised several score of coloured men, women, and children, bringing with them divers barrels, boxes, and bundles of household effects. The garments of the new-comers were terribly tattered and patched, and there was in all likelihood not a dollar in money in the pockets of the entire party. They were speedily followed by new arrivals, and before a fortnight had elapsed, their number had increased to upwards of a thousand, all of them pitifully poor and hungry, many of them sick, and not one with any future plan of action before him. On being questioned as to the reason of their coming to Kansas, they were reticent and evasive in their replies, although they resolutely declared with convincing emphasis that nothing would induce them to return to the South, and as for what lay before them—"Well, de good Lord could be trusted."

Later on they explained their grievances to consist in there being no security for their lives and property in their old homes, that the laws and courts were alike inimical to them and their interests, that their exercise of the electoral franchise was

Speaking only of the State of Virginia, there is not the slightest necessity for the negro to stand "longer than he

obstructed and made a personal danger to them, that no facilities were afforded or permitted them for the education of their children, and above all that they were so unjustly dealt with by white landowners, employers, and traders, it was impossible for them to make a living. On the other hand numbers of them gave as their sole reason for leaving the South, that the times were dull, and that they hoped to better themselves elsewhere; and they freely admitted that most of the misfortunes of their fellows were mainly due to their own folly, imprudence, and cowardice.

Temporary shelter was speedily provided for these unexpected and helpless visitors, food and the facilities for cooking it were furnished them, and local philanthropists hastened to devise measures to secure them homes and employment. As this

influx of coloured immigrants continued without cessation, a more organized system of dealing with it soon became a positive necessity. Few of the new-comers had so much as a single article of furniture, or any kind of bedding, their wearing apparel was scant and threadbare, the men were mainly without coats or a change of underlinen, and most of the women owned merely a single gown. Half of the children were barefooted, and clad simply in a single cotton garment. Under such conditions much sickness was necessarily prevalent.

A State Freedman's Relief Association having been formed, the contributions forwarded to it sufficed for the purchase of food and clothing, and the securing of

oughter" either in a millpond or at the intersection of cross roads, or at the corners of the streets. There is plenty of work

homes for the immigrants. Barracks were constructed for them and farming implements supplied to them, and the experiment of founding a colony was commenced under rather hopeful conditions. By the end of the autumn their number had swollen to upwards of 15,000, and winter with its ice and snow and piercing winds was looked forward to with dread. Fortunately, however, the season proved an

for him to do in the country and in the city of Richmond itself. The great iron works, the flour mills, the tobacco and cigar manufactories of the Virginian capital are all willing to employ negro hands at good wages; and from ocular experience I can vouch for the fact that coloured mechanics and labourers are largely employed in all the great industries which are rapidly making Richmond a city as great and prosperous as she is beautiful. The blacks and mulattos ply their calling by the side of white workmen, and seem to live in perfect harmony with them. They labour under no kind of political disability; and there is a select band of coloured delegates in the Lower House of the Virginian Legislature, in which honourable assembly the advantage of their presence is, perhaps, problematical, seeing that they are the mere tools and stalking-horses of the Extreme Radicals or "Readjustors," who are "readjusting" State matters by turning old and valuable public servants out of office to make way for their own friends, and by coolly proposing to repudiate the State Debt—a debt of which the obligations are largely held by foreigners. There, however, the black legislators are, and there, in the presence of Equal Rights and Universal Suffrage, they must remain. Naturally the white owners of property—manufacturers, storekeepers, and the like—people in short, who have what we term "a stake in the country"—complain, not without bitterness, that these sable delegates are sent to the Legislature by the votes of negro electors, too often influenced by the so-called "Readjustors," and who are generally steeped to the lips in ignorance, and pay few taxes, if they pay any at all. But *le vin est tiré, et il faut le boire.* Manumission cannot "go bail" upon itself.

The Virginian gentlemen with whom, during more than a week's sojourn in Richmond, I have conversed—and during that

unexpectedly mild one—"God seed dat de darkies had thin clothes," remarked one of their preachers, "and he sone kep the cole off."

At the present time it is estimated that the number of negro emigrants to the West is not far short of 50,000, a considerable proportion of whom have found employment in the towns, whilst a much larger number are engaged in farming operations on their own account; others being employed in a desultory way, working for white farmers and herders, and getting on as best they can. Some thousands have been drafted into the neighbouring States, in many instances, on solicitation from the authorities, shewing that there are openings for these immigrants and a disposition to give them a chance, if they will really work. It is commonly believed that the prosperous agricultural States east of the Mississippi, where productive land is largely rented and farm hands are never too numerous, could absorb them in thousands and convert them into a positive benefit.

A "READJUSTOR" CAJOLING A NEGRO VOTER.

time I have had the honour to meet nearly every gentleman of political or social note in the city—are perfectly candid and tolerant in the expression of their opinion on the negro question. Of their Lost Cause they speak with becoming sadness and dignity —a dignity all the more noble when you remember that almost every gentleman of middle age with whom you meet—be he governor, lawyer, merchant, journalist, or trader—has fought in the Confederate armies; but they have acquiesced in the Inevitable; and their children, while they are proud of the heroic record of their sires, are being educated in principles of loyal adherence to the integrity of the Federal Union. The elder generation hold liberally practical views on the subject of the freedman and his descendants. Not once have I spoken with a Southerner who has defended slavery in the abstract. *All but* unanimous has been the verdict which I have listened to, that slavery was a social curse and leprosy, and that it is a good thing

that America should be rid of it. From the charge of general inhumanity to their slaves, the Virginians are too proud to defend themselves. They treat such accusations with contempt.

THE REVEREND JOSIAH HENSON
(THE ORIGINAL OF UNCLE TOM).

There is no use in continuing a controversy as to what might or might not have been done in the past; or whether "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was a plain and unvarnished narrative of facts or a tissue of isolated cases of cruelty and oppression, skilfully selected, dexterously exaggerated, and woven together with consummate art. The business of the white Southerner is not with the past but with the present, and with the negro whom he is anxious to employ, and to whom he is willing to pay good wages. Mr. Pollard, in his official Hand-book, puts the negro question almost within the capacity of a nut-shell. "The labour system of Virginia," he points out, "as well as that of the whole South, has been unsettled by the war and its results, and along with this unsettled condition of labour has come the loss of capital—the lever with which to utilise it properly, not to control it improperly, but to pay it fairly and make it efficient.

THE NATION'S WARD.

On our farms there should be no conflict between labour and capital, and there is none. The great difficulty with which the farmer has to contend is to obtain money wherewith to pay his labourer promptly and sufficiently for the support of himself and his family. We have the negro as a portion of our permanent population, as far as we can see at present, and he has to be supported from the soil; and our policy, as far as possible, is to make him a profitable producer, and not to permit him to become a drone and mere consumer. It has become too much the custom to denounce him as thriftless and lazy. Among this population there are some who will not work, and this is the case with most races; but if the negro is promptly and fairly paid enough, good labourers can be obtained from among them to till our farms properly. *Our policy is to elevate and encourage this race in every proper manner; not to debase and abuse it.* We are forced to employ the negro, for the present at least, and have no choice." I thoroughly believe that the common-sense view of the case here enunciated by the Commissioner of Agriculture is one that is shared by almost every educated Virginian. The negro is, from many different aspects, a bad job; but the Southerners are trying hard to make the best of him; and it is gratifying to know that the ragged and umbrellaless Coffee Calcallis constitute only a sprinkling among the coloured race in Virginia.

MONUMENT TO WASHINGTON AT RICHMOND.

XVII.

Genial Richmond.

Richmond, *January* 10.

The meteorological amenity of the capital of the Old Dominion has failed, during the greater portion of my sojourn, to correspond with the acknowledged and traditional social geniality of the inhabitants of the City. In fact, I have been more than once mildly reproached by a host of newly-found friends*

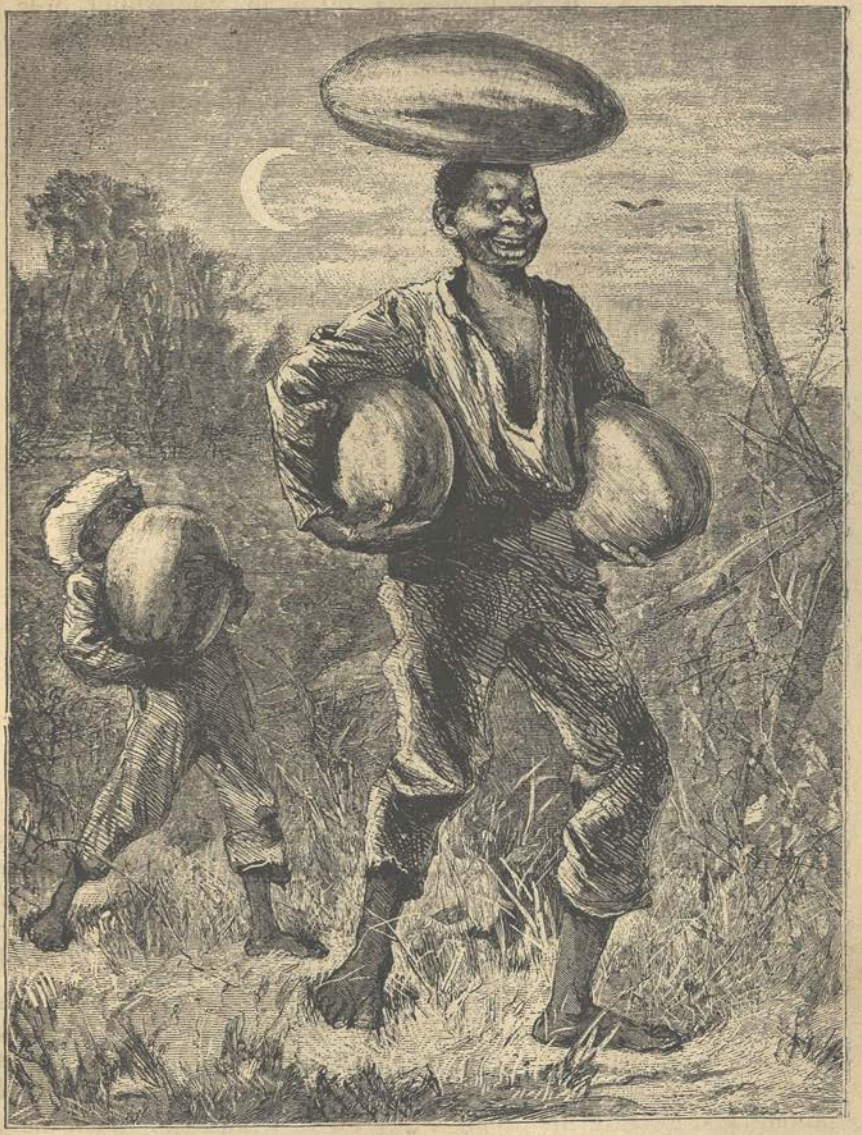
* I had not been two hours in the city before I received cards of admission to the privilege of membership of three principal clubs. The ladies most distinguished in Richmond society hastened to call on my wife; and His Excellency Colonel Holliday, Governor of the State of Virginia, was so kind as to call on us and ask us to breakfast. I had brought but a single letter of introduction with me, and the gentleman to whom it was addressed had come to see me before I had time to present it. I cannot help fancying that one little circumstance contributed very strongly to the exceptionally kind reception with which we met in the whilom Confederate Capital. It was noised about that I was a friend of William Howard Russell and Francis Lawley, and those names are towers of strength throughout the South, even from the James River to the Gulf of Mexico.

with having brought "real English weather" with me. The Virginians have a strong and really affectionate liking for most things English, and rival the people of Baltimore—which is saying a great deal—in expressions of kindly sympathy for the "Old Home;" but I can scarcely quarrel with them when they object to the importation on the banks of the James River of a sorry imitation of the weather to which at this season of the year the dwellers on the shores of the Thames are, for their sins, liable. I have done my best to assure my good friends in Richmond that their simulation of an English January is, at its very strongest, only a very feeble one. It has not snowed once these ten days past; and the early mornings' frosts have been intermittent and slight. On the other hand, the chief characteristics of the temperature have been rawness and dampness, unpleasantly provocative of bronchial disturbances, and thereby conducive of great glee to the vendors of pectoral nostrums.

I have been in and out of the druggists' stores almost ever since my arrival; and I have quite a collection of lozenges, wafers, powders, and syrups, which make you sick, and do not make you well. "Gen'lm don't take to his board kyndly," I heard one coloured waiter observe to a colleague yesterday in the dining hall of the Ballard House and Exchange Hotel. I should take very kindly indeed, very kindly, to the ample and wholesome meals provided by Colonel Carrington, the esteemed proprietor of the hotel, for his guests; but how are you to enjoy your dinner—to say nothing of your breakfast, luncheon, tea, and supper (for five meals a day are the rule in Richmond)—when you have been swallowing lozenges and wafers, syrup of squills, extract of poppies, and syrup of toulu all day and nearly all night long? Then we have had a succession of Scotch mists—not downright straightforward rainfalls, but insidious environments of moisture which enwrap a man all round like a damp plaid, and chill him to the bones. Finally, we have been favoured, late in the evening, with a couple of fogs—white, not orange coloured, in hue. But, all our discomfort notwithstanding, the asperity of the weather in Richmond certainly does not exceed that common in London at the beginning of October. Moreover, we had a gloriously warm and sunny day at the beginning of last week; and now, when I am writing, the sky is deep blue, without a fleck of cloud; the sun shines with dazzling brightness, and the temperature is suggestive of the "merry month of May"—when May was a merry month, if it ever were so in England.

The sunlit aspect of Richmond, even in mid-winter, was charming, and quite unlike that of any other American city that I had seen. You felt at once that the South had begun. Its aspect was palpable, even at the railway depôt, in the shape of a general and picturesque untidiness and "go as you please" appearance of things. The *dolce far niente* was beginning to

assert itself. Wherever a broad ray of sunshine illumined the road the black man was basking in it. But he was not the "Quashie rejoicing in abundant pumpkin," so imaginatively portrayed by Mr. Carlyle. Quashie was either the wretched losel in frowsy tatters, and with no pumpkin at all to rejoice in, whom I have already dwelt upon; or he was Quashie at work, taking things easily it is true, and not toiling and moiling to an extraordinary degree of exertion, but still doing his spell of labour, and getting his dollar a day for it. Yes, the black man, for labour which can scarcely be called skilled, earns his five-and-twenty shillings a week in the towns of Virginia. As a mechanic he receives much higher wages. His remuneration as an agricultural "hand" without wages I have already touched upon. Such food as he requires, and which is most appetising to him—Indian corn, molasses, and a little pork—is abundant



and cheap; but even the industrious and law-abiding negro in the South has to the foreign eye a poverty-stricken look, because he is so wretchedly clad. This is no fault of his. It is the fault, free traders say, of an aggressive and vindictive Protective Tariff, which grinds out the commercial body and soul of the

South, cripples the West, exasperates the foreigner, and only enriches a fraction of Northern and Eastern speculators and monopolists.* It is somewhat consolatory, nevertheless, to reflect that, in a region where the climate is usually temperate in winter and tropically hot in summer, much wearing apparel is not needed.

The negroes are probably much better off than they look, from a sumptuary point of view; and in fact I fail to see that they have very much to complain of, except that when they die their remains are apt to be stolen by the professional body-snatchers. From the negro portion of the cemetery in this fair city of Richmond scores and scores of coloured corpses have lately been filched. The Resurrection Men are no mere "black-mailers." They are not moved by that splendid cupidity which led to the grave of the late A. T. Stewart being rifled. They are simply unlicensed servants of the healing art, who, for the consideration of so many dollars per "shot," or human body, undertake to supply subjects for dissection to the anatomical schools throughout the States. They prefer, it is said, coloured to white corpses, for a very ghastly but practical reason. Dying in the case of a white man, in this country, is a very expensive affair. The first thing the undertaker does with our dear brother departed is to pack his frame into a receptacle full of ice and salt. When the body is frozen stiff it is placed in a more or less sumptuously-adorned "casket"—such is the euphemistic name given to a coffin—and this coffin is hermetically sealed. Of course, when the casket is consigned to the earth, the body thaws, and rapid and dreadful corruption sets in beneath the gorgeous envelope of hermetically sealed ebony and electro-

* There is no country in the world in which "gentlemen" dress more handsomely, and "ladies" (I am using the terms in the European sense and assuming the existence of castes which the Americans fully know to exist in their society, but the existence of which they vehemently deny) dress more richly and more handsomely than in the United States; but the attire of the section of the community answering to our middle class is, as a rule, extremely shabby. Female attire, in particular, is "dowdy" in the extreme. The reason is that clothes of all kinds are, owing to the tariff, inordinately dear; and such home-made fabrics as my wife pointed out to me in the windows of the dry goods stores seemed to be either coarse or "sleezy." There are many excellent dressmakers (mainly French), and tailors (mainly German), in the American cities; but I suppose that I shall not be contradicted (save, perhaps, by some archaic journalist say at Hoshkosh, Michigan) when I remark that an American gentleman of fashionable standing generally obtains his clothes from London, while a lady in a corresponding grade of society buys her dresses in Paris.

A NEGRO FUNERAL IN VIRGINIA.

silver. The poor negro is not interred in so luxurious a fashion. His body is easily removable from its plain pine-wood shell; and the remains are naturally in a better state of preservation, and fitter for the dissecting table, than the mortal coil of the white Dives. The "shots" of the Richmond resurrectionists are headed up in casks as petroleum, and are so transported by railway to their different destinations.

The whole business seems a very shocking one; yet it is obvious that the requirements of the medical schools must be supplied in some manner or another. There can be evidently no Anatomy Act applicable to the whole Union. There is not, and there cannot be (from the Federal nature of the Constitution), any general Poor Law; and medical science is thus unable to depend upon what in England are her chief sources for supplying bodies for dissection—the Hospitals and the Workhouses. In American infirmaries and asylums for the destitute the number of unclaimed bodies is comparatively small; and although the corpses of murderers are still liable in some States to be "anatomised," it is, throughout the Union, far more feasible, as a general rule, to commit a murder than to hang the murderer. What with points of law reserved, motions to stay proceedings, motions for a new trial, and alternate appeals and re-appeals, the most flagrant of assassins may usually reckon upon from six to fifteen months' surcease of execution—if he ever gets executed at all; and he very frequently escapes with a few years' incarceration in the States prison for a crime for which in England he would most inevitably swing.

The number of assassins who annually cheat the gallows in this country is to an Englishman who is not an advocate of the total abolition of capital punishment simply amazing and disheartening; and the uncertainty of the criminal law actually gives not only an aspect of "wild justice" but of practical common sense to the occasional interference of the public at large and the invocation of the ministrations of Judge Lynch. Lynching assassins does not, however, serve the interests of the medical schools, which require a constant and regular supply of bodies. They must be obtained, of course, somehow, else science would languish; but the danger of winking at a surreptitious traffic in human remains will be plain when we refer to our own experience in this regard. Body-snatching leads in the end to burking. When Messrs. Burke and Hare and their London compeers, Messrs. Bishop and Williams, were no longer able to

procure "shots" by the comparatively fair means of rifling the grave-yards, they took to obtaining subjects by means that were foul; that is to say, by clapping pitch-plasters over the mouths of helpless old women and by suffocating friendless Italian boys.

This is, I must admit, somewhat of a grisly prelude to the geniality of Richmond; but the dark deeds of the Ghouls in the cemetery have been town-talk for an entire week, and I was bound to say something about them. Let us turn to Richmond in its genial aspect. The city is built on several eminences—seven hills they tell me—on the north bank of the James River, about one hundred miles from Chesapeake Bay. It is, like all American cities, regularly laid out, the streets intersecting each other at right angles; but this topographical uniformity is, to the eye of the stranger, pleasantly relieved by the constant succession of hill and dale. Of course the main thoroughfares are cut up by tramways and traversed by horse cars, but these necessary nuisances and beneficent plagues—pardon the paradox—are not so obtrusive in Richmond as in the Northern cities. In New York and Philadelphia, for example, the frequency of street cars is as maddening to the pedestrian and the lover of riding and driving as it is delicious to the passenger who is anxious to save time and to be transported for a few cents over a vast area of ground—and in Richmond plenty of hack carriages may be found roaming about the city and plying for hire. The driver is a civil and willing negro—ordinarily in rags—and the fares are stiff: a dollar and a half for the first hour, and a dollar for every succeeding one. But the carriage is a roomy barouche; and the daintily caparisoned pair of steeds by which the vehicle is drawn are generally capital specimens of horse-flesh.

Virginia is, indeed, altogether a "horsy" Dominion. She has her stud-book; and the stallions and brood mares of that renowned politician and country squire, John Randolph, of Roanoke, are yet spoken of with proper pride. This fine old Virginian gentleman, one of the Olden Time, set all his slaves free when he died, providing them by will with adequate means for their subsistence. His memory is still beloved by his fellow-citizens; and old folks love to tell how on election days no citizen would venture to approach the ballot boxes before John Randolph, of Roanoke, had come up and cast his vote; and how, when he had become old and infirm, and racked by painful

disease, the country people used to come out for miles on the way towards his domain and remove the rough stones from the road which his gig had to traverse, so that his good old bones should suffer as little discomfort as possible from jolting.

This John Randolph had Indian blood in his veins. He was, indeed, like the members of other distinguished Virginian families, of the kindred of the good and beautiful Pocahontas, whose ashes, as you know, moulder on the banks of our English river Thames, but whose sweet memory lives here, in her own Virginia, green and blossoming from the dust of ages. Is there not in St. Sepulchre's Church by Newgate the grave of that Captain John Smith whose name is so indissolubly connected with that of the poor little Indian squaw who prevailed on her stern

CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH.

POCAHONTAS.

father, the Sachem Powhatan, to spare the Captain's life, just as an appointed band of redskins were about to dash out his brains with clubs. I hope that the story of Pocahontas and Captain John Smith is true, every line and word of it, just as I hope that the detestably cynical story of Inkle and Yarico, as related by Steele, is false. The one makes us think excellently better, the other miserably worse, of humanity. Of late times attempts have been made by American antiquaries to disparage the reputation of John Smith, and to prove, indeed, that the Captain was rather a humbug than otherwise; but I love

How they tooke him prisoner
in the Oaze 1607.
C. Smith bindeth a salvage to his arme
fighteth with the King of Pamaunkee and
all his company, and slew 3 of them.

CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH'S ENCOUNTERS WITH THE INDIANS.
From Smith's "General History." [*Fac-simile.*]

to believe in all the stories told about his prowess and his ingenuity —was he not the inventor of flashing telegraphy, among other things? And I am told that there is at least one Virginian family that quarters in its coat-of-arms the three Turks' heads—Turks decapitated at a single blow by the scimitar of Captain John Smith, who was forthwith rewarded with many purses of broad gold pieces by an admiring Kaiser. And there is his tomb in St. Sepulchre's, as trustworthy a piece of evidence as the brick out of Jack Cade's house, to show that he did the doughty deed.

You see more ladies and gentlemen on horseback on a single fine afternoon in and about Richmond than you do in the course of a whole week in a city of the North. Then the farmers come riding into Richmond town on plump, well-fed nags, full of good equine points. Nor are the grooms and farm servants at all ill-mounted: although I confess that the first sight of a very tall, very old, and white-bearded negro man, in a long and ragged black gaberdine, bestriding a very long-legged white horse with a "fiddle-case" head and a switch tail, was to me equally a solemn and a risible spectacle. He put me in mind irresistibly of that weird etching of Thomas Landseer, in the illustrations to Southey's "Devil's Walk," of the "Apothecary on a White Horse," profanely likened by the poet to "Death in the Revelations." Very picturesque, too, are the "lorries" driven by negroes, and the great wains, somewhat resembling the "ladder waggons" of Hungary, laden with tobacco and meal barrels.

A NEGRO FARMER RETURNING FROM MARKET.

These continually passing vehicles, alternating with a few private coupés and buggies, give an air of great cheerfulness and animation to Richmond, which is otherwise a typical country town. Broad-street reminds you at times so strongly of High-street, Southampton, that you begin to look around you instinctively for the Bar, and to conjure up the legends of Sir Bevis of Hampton; but Main-street may be considered the leading commercial thoroughfare of the city.

VIEW ON THE JAMES RIVER.

Extending from this thoroughfare to the James River, are the principal flouring mills and factories, which are making Richmond quite prosperous, if not quite happy, again. The ironworks, the machine shops, foundries, and sugar refineries, the tobacco and cigar and cigarette manufactories—the noted "Richmond Gem" cigarette is really made here—the coach and waggon factories, the works for sheetings and shirtings, and in particular the colossal flouring and grist mills, are among the largest in the world. There is one flouring mill—the Haxall—which exports fine wheat flour only to the Brazils. There is one stupendous manufactory of chewing tobacco, the product of which is exported exclusively to our Australian colonies. I am glad, however, to hear that the Australians do not chew the whole of the mighty masses of compressed nicotine which Richmond sends them. Large quantities of the "honeydew" and "cavendish," and other varieties of "quid" tobacco, are cut up for smoking. There are other manufactories of "quid" tobacco for home consumption, of course; but I am not prepared to say that in Richmond is made the celebrated "Little Joker" tobacco which, on five hundred

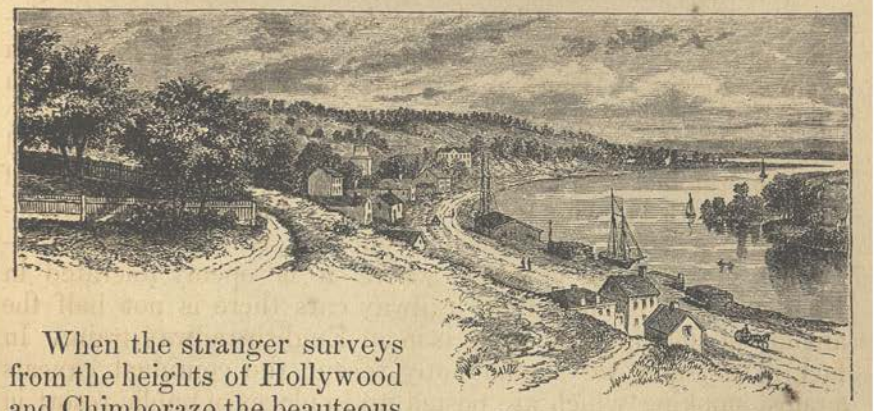
fences and in big white stencilled letters, I have been adjured, in the States of Maryland and Virginia and in the District of Columbia, to chew.*

Whether, since I was last here, there has taken place throughout the Union any sensible diminution in the nastiest conceivable method of consuming tobacco, I am not at present in a position to say. There is certainly no apparent decrease in what Mr. Thackeray, so long since as the time when he wrote the "Paris Sketch Book," a good forty years ago, used to call "expectoratoons." But these are things which I shall know—if they are worth knowing at all—later on. For one verity, however, I can confidently vouch. Smoking is very rigidly prohibited in numbers of places where it is openly tolerated in England; and on board the railway cars there is not half the amount of smoking that there is in an English railway train. In fact, in England we should hotly resent the continual caveats against smoking which are posted up in places of public resort in the States.

Main-street, Richmond, although spacious and regular, well lighted by night, and tolerably well paved, is rather a disappointing thoroughfare. Many of the stores are large and handsome buildings; but they do not seem to me to be so amply supplied with goods, especially those of the better class, as they should be. Articles of wearing apparel for both sexes are, I am told, excessively dear; and it is a common thing to send to New York for items of ladies' dress and millinery which should surely be procurable on the spot, as they would be procurable in any populous country town in England or France in close and constant connection with London or Paris. But I am bound at once to remember that, although the population of the city has vastly increased within the last ten years—in 1870 it was 51,038, and in 1878 it was estimated at 77,500—although the commerce of the city is very large, and, in addition to its superb waterway, is

* After the iron industries, the tobacco factories and flouring mills constitute the two great material interests of Richmond. Its tobacco manufactures have materially increased since the war, and now represent a much larger outlay in active capital than any other single industry of the city. They, moreover, employ a force of 11,049 workpeople—equal to about one-fifth of the entire population. The number of pounds of manufactured tobacco is roundly stated at 20,000,000, netting an annual revenue to the Federal Government, at the present rate of taxation, of $4,800,000. It is chiefly plug and twist tobacco that are produced, although smoking tobacco, fine cut, cigars and snuff are manufactured on an extensive scale. The heaviest foreign shipments are to Europe, South America, and Australia.

connected by five intersecting lines of railway with Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New York, Richmond must still be looked upon as a town gradually rising from her ashes.



VIEW OF THE JAMES RIVER.

When the stranger surveys from the heights of Hollywood and Chimborazo the beauteous city, with the winding river dotted with islands rich in trees, and curiously reminiscent of our own Richmond in Surrey; when he descends and ascends the gentle slopes crossed by handsome streets, and crowned by cheerful villas; and when he demands from this seemingly thriving but really struggling place, all the appliances and accessories of luxury which he finds in those cities of the North which, during a whole hundred years, have never felt for one moment one stripe of the dreadful scourge of war, he should remember that, less than twenty years ago, Richmond was the capital of the Confederate States of America, and that the collapse of that Confederacy left her not unscathed—left her not unwrung. When General Robert E. Lee evacuated Petersburg, on the 2nd of

ANGLING IN THE JAMES RIVER.

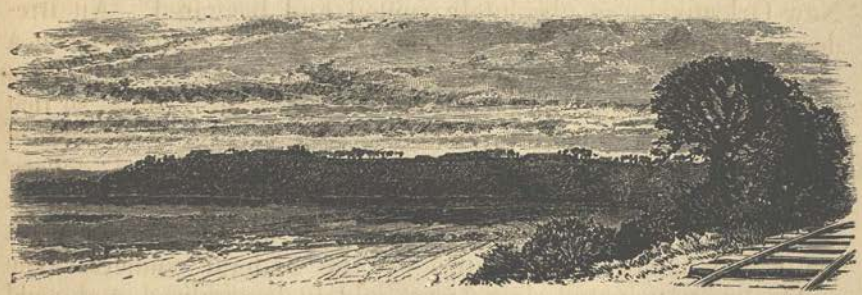
April, 1865, the Confederate troops defending Richmond on the East were withdrawn, and to prevent the tobacco warehouses and the public stores falling into the hands of the Federal forces all these buildings with their contents, together with the bridges crossing the James River, were fired. The conflagration resulted in the entire destruction of a large part of the business portion of the city. Nearly one thousand buildings were wholly burned or gutted by the flames, and the entire damage done was estimated at eight millions of dollars.

WAITING FOR A BITE.

Since then Richmond has had enough to do in re-building her blackened quarters; and that so few traces remain of the devastation of 1865 must be considered wonderful. The city—as indeed was the case with the entire South, with the exception of New Orleans—was absolutely ruined and beggared. An irredeemable currency, which for four years had perforce been a legal tender, but which had become depreciated in value to a level similar to that of the French *assignats* in 1793-4, so that ten dollars in Confederate money was the price of a dram of liquor and a pair of boots were worth two hundred dollars, became all at once worth no more than the paper on which it was printed, and promises to pay for large amounts were bought for a few cents as curiosities by the Federal soldiers. The suddenly emancipated slaves were widely demoralised, and could only be deterred from acts of outrage and murder by the most sternly repressive measures on the part of the victors. They, it must be owned, in the outset at least, used their triumph with moderation and humanity. Politically, they were to be for a

long period the hardest of masters; but they did not, they could not, allow the vanquished to starve. An entire non-combatant population—mainly women, children, and infirm old men—utterly destitute, in almost every city in the South, had to be fed. Those who have seen Mr. Rogers's picturesque group in *terra-cotta*, "The Oath—with Rations," will know how relief was administered in kind by the Federal officers. It was a bitter pill, but it had to be swallowed. With starving children crying for bread, a mother does not much mind to what power she swears allegiance.

Richmond was the first city to recover from the staggering blow inflicted by the disruption of the Confederacy, and she is progressively gaining in substance and affluence; but many more years must pass away before the stage of struggling is passed, and that of permanent prosperity sets in. How many years did it take La Vendée to recover from the effects of the civil war between the Chouans and the Republicans? Old Bretons will tell you that La Vendée yet bears the furrows made by that long agony. And La Vendée is but a paddock, or a village green, as compared with the Great South. Pondering on these things, I cease to murmur because the stores of Main-street, Richmond, seem but poorly provided with the gewgaws of wealth and luxury. It is a Genial City; that is enough for me; and in the whole course of my travels I have not met with a more courteous, a kindlier, or a more simple-hearted people than I have met with here.



EARTHWORKS ON THE CHICKAHOMINY, NEAR RICHMOND.

AMERICAN CONVICTS AT WORK.

XVIII.

In the Tombs—and out of them.

Richmond, *January* 12.

"Dear me—what a pity! You're just ten minutes too late to see our Penitentiary." Such was the kindly expression of regret on the part of a charming lady in Richmond to my travelling companion, whom she had been taking for a carriage drive. As a compensation, it was not too late for the charming lady to take her visitor to the cemetery. In fact, I think that the pair visited two graveyards—an American would shudder to use the cacophonous word—the cemeteries both of Oakwood and Hollywood. Elsewhere Necropolis is frequently called Greenwood; but you must see it; that is a *sine quâ non;* and if your hospitable cicerone can only persuade you to inspect the local gaol into

the bargain, he or she is satisfied. The Americans are justly proud of their cemeteries and their prisons; but I have a rooted aversion from sight-seeing, so far as gaols and Golgothas are concerned. In this fair city of Richmond there are, or rather were, two world-famed places of confinement, which even the most apathetic foreigner might desire to see. I mean the Libby Prison and Castle Thunder. You remember the warning apostrophe of the elder to the younger Breitmann, when he "schlogged him on the kop" in deadly fray:

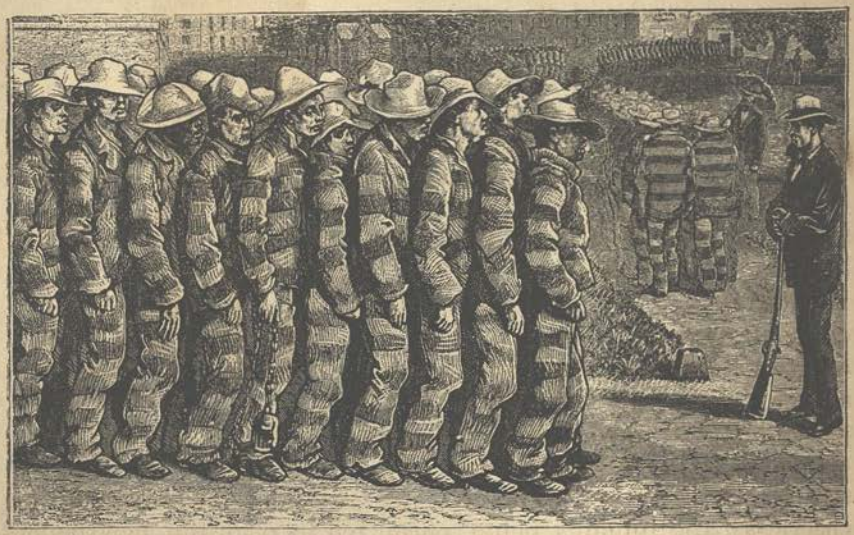
> "Your vatch an' chain an' creenpacks you over now must shell;
> An' den you goes to Libby shtrait, and after that to ——."

The verse closes with a word unmentionable to ears polite. The Libby, as everybody knows, was used as a place of detention for Federal officers during the Civil War, and Castle Thunder and Belleisle were devoted to similar purposes; but all that has long since been at an end. The renowned Libby has been converted into a tobacco warehouse. Only a few iron bars before some of its tall narrow windows remain to remind the passer-by of its bygone use; and as for Castle Thunder, it has been pulled, or as they say in this rapidest of countries "torn" down altogether; and its site, now desolate as that of our own "Bench," will soon be covered by some new mill or factory.

THE LIBBY PRISON, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

There is a gigantic red brick penitentiary in the western suburb of Richmond, and there is a handsome gaol to boot; but I have resolutely declined to enter these correctional institutions. A man's main business in life, I take it, is to keep out of prison as long as he possibly can; but so mutable are the affairs of this world that you can never be quite certain when you are visiting the place of durance, as an amateur, that the authorities will let you out again. It is true that I made an ocular acquaintance lately with some of the gentlemen who are involuntary guests at that very extensive hotel, the Richmond Penitentiary. Driving

to a rocky eminence called Chimborazo—the site for a nascent public park, and from which a magnificent view of the city and the James River can be obtained—I noticed, digging and delving among the white and coloured labourers, a proportion of cleanly-shaven men attired in loose jackets and trousers of some light woollen stuff, covered with horizontal bars of a dingy blue. They were noticeable not only on account of this strange garb, but



CONVICTS RETURNING FROM WORK, RICHMOND PENITENTIARY.

also from the circumstance that they seemed to be taking things very easily, and to be doing much less work than the ordinarily dressed labourers. "Those," observed the friend who had brought me to Chimborazo, in answer to my inquiry, "are some of our Zebras." For awhile I was puzzled; but he went on to explain that a "Zebra" was a humorous nickname for a convict; and then I remembered that when Charles Dickens saw the convicts at Blackwell's Island, New York, who are *bariolés* in a fashion closely resembling the costume of the Richmond gaol birds, he christened them "faded tigers."

I tried hard when in New York to avoid both the gaols and the graveyards. To the latter I was fortunately able to give the widest of berths; but a darker fate befell me in the matter of the prisons. The obliging gentleman who introduced me some weeks since to the police magistrate at Jefferson-market

Court insisted that, after having passed a morning with Justice, I should make a regular criminal day of it, and see the celebrated Prison of the Tombs. Not to be behindhand in hospitality, his worship the police justice himself pressingly urged me, before I went down town, to have a peep at his own particular gaol in the Jefferson-market house. For a while I feebly resisted these invitations; but when an American has made up his mind to "put" a stranger "through," he means business, and is not to be deterred from carrying out his programme to the very letter. So, as an antechamber to the Tombs, I took a cursory view of the Jefferson-market Gaol, which occupies a very tall tower of brick and stone in the Italian Gothic style of architecture. The cells are airy, and not by any means cheerless: the inmates being permitted to read the newspapers and to smoke. But I should be discounting that which I have to say concerning American prison discipline were I to say more on the reading and smoking heads in connection with the Jefferson-market Gaol. The *détenus* were chiefly the "drunk and incapables" and the "drunk and disorderlies," who had been committed for short terms in default of payment of their five and ten dollar fines. Some of them were not placed in the cells at all; but were locked up in association in a large room, down each side of which ran a single tier of open wooden cribs or bunks furnished with a blanket and a coverlet, and where, chatting together quite gaily, they did not seem one whit more uncomfortable than the steerage passengers whom I had seen on board of the good ship *Scythia*.*

AN OFFICIAL OF JEFFERSON-MARKET GAOL.

* I am glad, by the way, to note, in a recent number of "Macmillan," that, in his "First Impressions of the New World," the Duke of Argyll has done graceful justice to the excellent qualities of the *Scythia* as a seaboat, and to the good seamanship and kindly courtesy of her worthy commander, Captain Hains.

Revenons à nos moutons, of which "Let us return to our black sheep" may be accepted as a tolerably close translation. There was a room in the gaol where peccant ladies were held in durance; and there, sitting up in a bunk which they occupied in common, I recognised the two poor Irish girls, Kathleen Mavourneen and the Colleen Bawn gone wrong—"twin cherries on one stalk." A very sorry stalk. The Colleen, her feet stretched out, was admiring a pair of new bronze boots, which contrasted rather conspicuously with the otherwise imperfect state of her attire. As for Kathleen, she "made believe," when I passed her cot, to cover her face, for shame, with a corner of a gaudy plaid shawl. But the pretence was a transparent one. She was obviously making fun of us from behind that shawl; and I am even afraid that she put her tongue out. Some of the female prisoners were doing "chores," or light house-work, about the gaol, which was altogether very clean and comfortable-looking, and the strangest feature about which to me was that it was provided with a lift or elevator passing from tier to tier of cells. I mention this structural improvement for the benefit of the architects and surveyors of her Majesty's gaols in Great Britain.

I was sincerely glad to emerge out of Jefferson-market Gaol, and as sincerely grateful that during my brief sojourn within its walls nothing had turned up of a nature to warrant Mr. Justice Flammer in detaining me. There has been dwelling on my mind a paragraph which I read lately in a New York paper concerning a gentleman who was suspected of dealing in counterfeit trade dollars. The paragraph recited that the gentleman "skipped the town to avoid further judicial complications." Right merrily did I "skip" Jefferson-market Gaol; and then I skipped—literally so—up an iron staircase some thirty feet high, and into Sixth-avenue, and so into one of the Elevated Railroad cars, which, in a few minutes, deposited me at a point close to Broadway, crossing which I found myself at the distance of a few "blocks" from my destination. The Tombs—rarely has so appropriate a name been bestowed on a prison—is a really remarkable and grandiose specimen of Egyptian architecture; and but for the unfortunate position of the site it would be the imposing public building in New York. The structure occupies an entire block or *insula*, as an ancient Roman district surveyor would phrase it, bounded by Centre-street on the east, Elm-street on the west, Leonard-street on the south, and

Franklin-street on the north; and it is thus in the very heart of the lower or business quarter of the Island of Manhattan, and within a few minutes' walk of that astonishing Wall-street, in the purlieus of which so many speculative individuals are so persistently and so continuously qualifying themselves for an ultimate residence in this grim palace of the felonious Pharaohs and Ptolemies.

The really striking proportions of the building are dwarfed into comparative insignificance by its unfortunate structural disposition, which is in a hollow so deep that the coping of the massive wards of the prison are scarcely above the level of the adjacent Broadway. The site of the Tombs was formerly occupied by a piece of water known as the Collect pond, which was connected with the North or Hudson River by a swampy strip, through which ran a rivulet parallel with the existing Canal-street. The Collect pond was filled up in the year 1836; and within the two years following, the Tombs Prison was built on the reclaimed land. The marshy soil was ill-calculated to support the weight of an edifice so colossal; and although the foundations were laid much deeper than is customary, some parts of the walls settled to such an extent that the gravest apprehensions were for a time felt for the safety of the entire building. Possibly, if the clerks and warders could have been extricated in time, no great harm would have been done had the ponderous walls settled altogether, until the Tombs and all the rogues within it had been comfortably embogued in the swampy bosom of the bygone Collect pond. As it is, the dismal fortress has stood for a third of a century without any material change, and is considered perfectly safe. Who gave it the name of "Tombs" I am unable to say, since it is legally the City Prison—the Gaol of Newgate, substantially—of New York; but the criminal stronghold earned its appellation, I should say, from its general funereal appearance and its early reputation as a damp and unhealthy place. Its lugubrious aspect, it should seem, ought to have made the Tombs a terror to evil-doers; but such, I fear, has not been the case. The prison is generally full; and the crop of murderers is, in particular, steady and abundant.

Externally the building is entirely of granite, and appears to be of only one storey, the windows being carried from a point about two yards above the ground up to beneath the cornice. The main entrance is in, or, in Transatlantic parlance, "on," Centre-street, and is reached by a flight of wide, dark stone

steps, through a spacious portico supported by four ponderous columns. The external walls of the remaining three sides are more or less broken up by columns and secondary doors of entrance, thus infusing some degree of variety into the oppressive monotony of the pile, the remembrance of which hangs heavily

THE TOMBS PRISON, NEW YORK.

upon you afterwards, like a nightmare on your soul. I was accompanied on my visit to this abode of misery by a gentleman who had been formerly Mayor of New York; and a word from him acted as an "open sesame" to the most recondite penetralia of the prison. The chief warder, who took us in charge, was a "character." He had been a custodian of the Tombs for more than a quarter of a century—a wonderfully long spell for an office-holder in America—and he was, if I mistake not, an Irishman. At least he was endowed with a brogue as rich and melodious as though he had only left the county Cork the day before yesterday. He was a wag, too; but in every line of his honest countenance there beamed one unmistakable and prevailing expression—that of benevolent pity.

He was very careful to show us first of all the gate by which the prisoners' van—called here, as on the other side of the Atlantic, the "Black Maria"—entered the prison-yard, and then he conducted us to the quadrangle where executions take place.

We saw the places for the posts of the gallows, and the hooks and staples in the wall for fixing the grisly apparatus of death. The culprit, the halter being placed about his neck, is at a given signal run up to the cross-beams of the gallows by means of the liberation of a counterweight, which is put in action by a simple piece of mechanism touched by the foot of the sheriff or his assistant. No hangman, strictly speaking, is thus employed; but the services of several persons are nevertheless required to get the condemned wretch ready for being put out of the world. On the day when I visited the Tombs there were no less than twelve men under sentence of death in the cells. Not one of them (at this time of writing) has yet been executed; and it is highly probable that at least two-thirds of the number may eventually cheat the gallows.

As I have hinted on a previous occasion, it is an extremely tedious and difficult process in this country to give a murderer his due. If the wretch have a clever lawyer he may fence with justice not only for weeks but for months and months together; nor is it always imperatively necessary that he should be well supplied with funds in order to carry his case from tribunal to tribunal. Legal costs in the States are not nearly so afflictive as they are with us; and even if the murderer be absolutely penniless, he will be out of luck indeed if he fail to find some sharp and promising young lawyer who will take up his case for the mere honour and glory of the thing. As for the criminal law itself, it seems to be endowed with a whole host of contrivances either indigenous to the soil or borrowed and modified from our old legal procedure, by means of which the action of justice can be stultified; but the result of all these multiplied facilities for staying proceedings, suing out writs of error, and obtaining new trials, seems to me to be rather of a double-edged nature, and not wholly conducive to the well-being of the commonwealth. So many are the checks and the counterchecks, the easements and escapements, available to the condemned person, that it appears close to a moral impossibility that any innocent person in the State of New York should suffer the punishment of death. On the other hand, the multiplication of facilities for delay by appeals and rehearings, renders it equally possible for a vast number of manifestly guilty people to obtain a commutation of their sentence, or to escape punishment altogether.

Internally, the Tombs is rather a series of prisons than a single structure. The cells rise in tiers one above the

other, with a separate corridor for each tier. There is a grating before each cell, between the bars of which the visitor can converse with the prisoner within. Throughout the day the inner, or wooden door, of the cell is left more than half open. Beyond the circumstance that the window—which admits plenty of light—is barred, and is high up in an embrasure of the wall, there need be nothing whatever dungeon-like about a cell in the Tombs. The prison furniture is necessarily scanty in quantity and simple in quality; but the prisoner more or less blessed by affluence is at liberty to supplement the equipment of his apartment by any such fittings and decorations as the length of his purse and the refinement of his æsthetic taste may lead him to adopt. Mr. Edward Stokes, it will be remembered—he is now, I believe, in California, enjoying himself*—when "in trouble" for shooting Mr. James Fiske to death, furnished his cell in the Tombs in the most luxurious manner. He had his books and pictures, his Persian rugs, and, while prosperous, his wine and cigars, and lived altogether like a gentleman.

One cell did I see in the course of my visit which had been converted by the culture and liberal expenditure of its occupant into quite a Bower of Bliss. The floor was richly carpeted; and the trim little camp bed was covered with a dainty counterpane of quilted crimson silk with an overall of lace: frilled pillows of course. The walls were entirely covered with chromo-lithographs, Mora's photographic album portraits, and the tasteful Christmas cards of our Delarues and Marcus Wards, for which there is a prodigious demand in the United States. The Epicurean occupant of the Bower of Bliss was smoking a remarkably fragrant Havana cigar when I was introduced to him. He shook hands with me warmly, and remarked that he hoped I should enjoy my visit to America. He knew England, he said, very well, and liked it very much. So much, indeed, had he liked it, my conductor whispered, that it was only through the agency of an extradition warrant that he had been induced to quit the hospitable shores of Albion, whither he had repaired in consequence of being "wanted" in New York, either for forgery or for taking something out of a bank safe. I forget the precise nature of the charge; but it

* I afterwards sate at the same breakfast table with him at the Palace Hotel, San Francisco, where, I believe, he is engaged in some financial business and is doing very well.

was a matter of some score of thousands of dollars. A lady in a sealskin mantle, very deeply veiled, and bearing a pretty little basket, probably containing something nice to eat, advancing to the grating at this conjuncture, I was glad to bid the inhabitant of the Bower of Bliss good-bye, and to wish him well out of his little difficulties. Shall I ever meet him again, I wonder? Possibly; but where? In the Gold Room at Monte Carlo, or at the Central Criminal Court? At Delmonico's, or at Sing Sing?

Somewhat reluctantly I proceeded to follow my obliging conductor to a range of cells, familiarly dubbed by the authorities "Murderers' Row." These cells were tenanted by the men condemned to death. I only took a fleeting view of one—an Italian by the name of Balbo—who was in his shirtsleeves, and was gesticulating violently after the "altro" fashion made familiar to all English people by the description of Cavaletto in "Our Mutual Friend." Balbo had been cast for death for the murder of his wife. To most English minds his guilt would seem to be palpable, and his crime an exceptionally ferocious and dastardly one; but, since leaving New York, I have read in the papers that Balbo's able and energetic counsel had succeeded in obtaining, on some purely technical point, a new trial for him. I read, furthermore, that he was "overjoyed at the news," and forthwith asked the condemned murderer in the next cell, a negro named Chastine Cox, for a light for his cigarette. When I saw Balbo he did not by any means look overjoyed. He looked the rather like a hyena, who, for once in a while, did not feel inclined to laugh, but was contenting himself by gnashing his teeth, and throwing his limbs about. The kind Italian priest, who had undertaken the task of administering ghostly comfort to Balbo, had fitted up for him in his cell a little altar, gay with scraps of lace and coloured ribbons, tapers, and artificial flowers. The doomed wretch, the gaolers told me, apparently took great pleasure in "fixing" and unfixing this altar, and in lighting and extinguishing the candles—operations which he would repeat half-a-dozen times in the course of the day.

It may be that he will have leisure to amuse himself with his toys, and to smoke, and to gesticulate in the "altro" fashion for several months to come. It is not until the last motion to stay execution has failed, and the last appeal has been rejected that the doomed murderer is watched night and day, as is the case in England. Then the sheriff places two of his deputies, who are relieved at stated intervals, at the cell-door; and the

convict is never out of official eyesight until he is led out into the quadrangle, to be hanged. Chastine Cox, the black assassin, would surely swing, they told me. I hurried away from "Murderers' Row," feeling very sick; nor shall I readily forget one miserable man who, when his cell-door was opened, flung himself face forward on his bed and lay there groaning in a muffled manner, horrible to hear. Is it merciful to allow these doomed creatures to smoke and to read illustrated newspapers and magazines and the like? That is a subject to be debated, but this is not the place wherein to debate it. I only take note of what the practice is in American gaols; yet I do not remember that any special mention was made of these indulgences at the last International Prison Congresses. The promoter of these congresses, a philanthropic American, called Dr. Wines, died only the other day.

I hope that I shall never see "Murderers' Row" again, but I may make passing mention of the fact that a few days after I visited the Tombs the twelve men sentenced to death were "interviewed" seriatim by a zealous reporter of the *New York Herald*, who endeavoured to elicit from them their respective views as to the expediency of capital punishment, and the particular form of death which they would prefer, supposing that they admitted the punishment to be expedient. To speak by the card, there were only ten catechumens actually awaiting strangulation, as the sentence on two of their number had been commuted to imprisonment for life just before the reporter arrived. Two more of the miserables refused point-blank to answer the questions put to them; but the eight remaining were explicit enough. They were all dead against hanging. One man said that if he must needs be put to death he should like to be drowned, and another avowed a partiality for being shot; a third wanted to be poisoned; another suggested electricity, "or something scientific of that kind;" while yet another modestly hinted that he thought all the requirements of his case might be met if he were "sent to the mines." Their opinions as to the justifiability of their having shed the blood of their fellow-creatures was not taken. Curious to relate, the two murderers whose sentence had been commuted to life-long imprisonment were strongly in favour of the death punishment, and unanimous as to the appropriateness of the gallows as an engine of execution. Murderers, they held, should be hanged "right away," and very high indeed.

The corridors of the Tombs are, to my thinking, somewhat overheated by stoves piled high with anthracite coal, a substance which gives out a dry heat, highly efficient in roasting malt in a kiln, but rather too powerful, I should say, when used for the slow baking of prisoners. It was a great relief to emerge into the fresh air again, and walk by the side of the benevolent Irish chief warder, who had plenty of stories to tell, and told them with much quiet humour. I declined to see the female side of the prison—surely there is no wretcheder sight in the world than a woman in a prison cell, and the women in the Tombs must be infinitely more appalling sights than the poor Colleen Bawn and Kathleen Mavourneen gone wrong—but I was introduced to the prison matron, who had been in the service of the Tombs almost, if not quite, as long as the chief warder. She was a cheery old lady, and her attire was certainly more in harmony with the fashions of the year 1836 than with those of the year 1879. I should have liked to bring away a photograph of her truly remarkable bonnet. She was a very good old soul, I was told, indefatigably kind and humane to her dreadful charges, and was universally beloved and esteemed.

There was a bland old gentleman, too, with a white beard, philanthropically trotting about in connection with the Prisons Mission or the Prisoners' Aid Society. Finally the chief warder took us to his garden, where there was a vine trained against the wall, with a pigeon-cote amply stocked, and a pretty little pond bordered by turf and flowers. The chief spoke in terms of humorous regret about the disappearance of "a grand old frog," erst the delight and ornament of the Tombs garden, but who, in the course of the last fall, had eloped to realms unknown. Where is that frog now? Croaks he in the Great Dismal Swamp in Virginia—which, by the way, is not by any means a dismal region—or is he going about the States, emulating the Frog Opera, and singing counter-tenor in the Pollywog Chorus? I shook hands with the benevolent chief warder and bade him farewell. To my great joy I found that nothing had turned up against me while I had been in the Tombs. The authorities had no warrant for my detention; and by two o'clock in the afternoon I was standing in Centre-street as free as that "grand old frog" who, for reasons unknown, had shown the Tombs a clean pair of heels. I do not mean to go there again if I can help it.

BUYERS EXAMINING SAMPLES OF COTTON.

XIX.

Prosperous Augusta.

Augusta, Georgia, *January* 17.

There is a river in Macedon and a river in Monmouth—we have Captain Fluellen's authority for that geographical fact—and, according to Messrs. Appleton's very lucid and comprehensive "General Guide to the United States and Canada," there is a city of Augusta in the State of Maine, another city by the same name in the State of Wisconsin, and yet a third bearing a similar designation in the State of Georgia. The Wisconsin Augusta, I am given to understand, is as yet only in the big-village stage of development. It is within a few miles of a spot called by some old *voyageur* settlers Eau Claire—a pretty appellation corrupted by subsequent settlers (presumably of Hibernian sympathies) into "O'Cleary." An analogous philological liberty has

been taken elsewhere with Bois Brulé, which has been anglicised as "Bob Ruly." As for Augusta, the capital of the celebrated Liquor Law State, you in England must have heard a great deal about it during the last few weeks in connection with the Maine Election Troubles, ex-Governor Garcelon, Governor Lamson, General Chamberlain—and, for aught I can tell, the Capulets, the Montagues, the Guelphs, and the Ghibellines; since, as a stranger and a pilgrim, the local politics of the State of Maine concern me no more than the parish affairs of St. Paul, Covent Garden, concern the Supreme Court of the United States.

It is with Augusta, in the State of Georgia, that I have at present to deal. Let it be premised that Augusta is the third city in the State, and that its population exceeds thirty thousand; that it is at the head of the navigation of the beautiful Savannah river; that it is a very busy and prosperous place, enriched by divers important manufactories using the fine water-power afforded by the Augusta Canal, nine miles long, which brings the upper waters of the Savannah to the city at an elevation of 60ft. It is almost unnecessary to state that Augusta likewise possesses a handsome Masonic Temple, a building devoted to the Young Men's Christian Association, a commodious "Grand Opera House," two spacious and well-provided markets, and a beautifully picturesque cemetery. All, or nearly all, institutions are to be found in every town in the United States, even to the youngest. Stay; I should add a number of admirably-conducted free schools, an orphan asylum, half a dozen banks, and as many fairly comfortable hotels. They are just a little "countrified," to me a very delightful change. The guests at the *table d'hôte* made no scruple of talking to you without being introduced; whereas, in the gigantic caravanserais in the large cities rigid taciturnity among strangers is the rule. Ere I had been twenty-four hours in Augusta I was on speaking terms with two Judges, a Notary Public, a fire-proof safe "drummer," several Colonels, and a "Fire Adjuster."*

* A "Fire Adjuster" is a gentleman employed by an Insurance Company, who is continually going to and from one end of the United States to the other "adjusting" claims for losses by fire. The "adjustment" may possibly, in some few cases, take such a form as the following: "You claim fifty thousand dollars: supposing we say ten—which would you like best? Ten thousand dollars, or ten years in the Penitentiary?" The "adjuster" whose acquaintance I had the pleasure to make at Augusta was one of the pleasantest, most intelligent, and most com-

I am at the Planters', the general aspect of which bears out its name, for gentlemen in broad-brimmed, low-crowned hats almost rivalling the Mexican sombrero in amplitude of circumference, abound in the hotel; and their conversation is mainly connected with cotton. Of course I have visited the principal cotton mills; and have been, physically, in a state of fluff and flue ever since my arrival. At least half a dozen times a day, returning from expeditions in quest of cotton, I have been fain to deliver myself up to the tender mercies of the attendant who throughout the Union goes by the name of the "Brush Fiend." He is the American cousin of the ragged "red jacket" who on English racecourses hastens, when you alight from your carriages, to brush you down, which feat he accomplishes with an ordinary implement made of bristles, indulging himself meanwhile with a cheerful hissing noise as though he were rubbing down a horse. The Transatlantic Brush Fiend does not brush you "down." He brushes you "off;" and while he urticates

panionable gentlemen that I met with during my tour. He hailed from Petersburg in Virginia, and was good enough to tell me that the citizens of that historic town of the Old Dominion thought it "right mean" that I had not come to see them. But I remembered that the citizens of Vicksburg, in the state of Mississippi, had expressed an opinion that I had been "rough on them" by not putting in an appearance among them; and that it was impossible to accept invitations from everybody. A "drummer" is a commercial traveller; and of the quality of the fire-proof safe drummer the following stanzas will afford a graphic illustration:—

THE RIVAL DRUMMERS.

A Legend of the Road.

It was two rival drummers
The merits that did blow
Of safes were in St. Louis made
And safes from Chicago.

They chanced upon a merchant
Who fain a safe would buy,
And in praise of their houses' wares
The drummers twain did vie,
Each striving to see which could construct
The most colossal lie.

Up spake the St. Louis drummer,
"Once a man a cat did take
And locked the animal in a safe
Of our superior make.

"They made a bonfire round the safe
With tar and kerosene,
And for four-and-twenty hours it blazed
With raging heat, I ween.

"The fire went out, the safe was cooled,
And I will forfeit five
Hundred good dollars if that cat
Did not come out alive."

Then mild upspake and answered him
The Chicago safe agent:
"With our safe one day we did essay
The same experiment.

"We placed the safe selected on
Of coals a fiery bed,
And pitch-pine we heaped in coal-oil steeped
Till the iron glowed bright red;
And in forty-eight hours we ope'd the safe,
And, alas! the cat was dead!"

"Was dead? Aha!" his rival cried,
With a triumphant breath;
But the Chicago man replied:
"*Yes, the cat was froze to death!*"

No word the St. Louis drummer spoke,
But silent he stood and wan,
While the Kansas merchant an order gave
To the Chicago man.

GATHERING COTTON IN GEORGIA.

you he utters a low crooning murmur very much akin to that of the mosquito singing his song of triumph as he drinks your blood. The fiend uses, not a brush proper, but a kind of whisk or short broom made of some dried grass or another. He not only urticates, he hurts. He touches up the nape of your neck and the backs of your hands. The more you tell him to leave off

COTTON GIN.

the more furiously does he continue his virgal assaults; and it is only when you assume a decided attitude and, looking the Brush Fiend fixedly between the eyes, tell him that you will "go for," strangle him if he does not hold his hand, that the unsworn tormentor desists.

This demon haunts the entrance halls of hotels and restaurants, and especially barbers' shops. In the North, he is generally young, gaunt, and hungry-looking; and it is rumoured that he and his brethren are secretly retained by the woollen manufacturers of Massachusetts and New Jersey to do their best to destroy the nap on gentlemen's coats, and otherwise disintegrate the substance of their vests and pantaloons, so as to force them to purchase fresh supplies of store clothes, thus stimulating the sartorial craft, and encouraging native industry in the production of textile fabrics. In the Cotton States the Brush Fiend is generally black. He is a very lictor, and belabours you unmercifully. When he is middle-aged I imagine him to have been a slave, and to be avenging himself on your body for the potential

cowhidings of his youth. You are for the nonce Legree; and he is Uncle Tom, manumitted and possessing equal rights. And then I fancy a "carpet-bagger" in a corner, slily whispering to the sable imp that you owe him arrears of wages dating from President Lincoln's Abolition Proclamation, and counselling him to lay the brush well on, and to get meal if he cannot get malt. In reality the black Brush Fiend in the South is, apart from his somewhat too vigorous "brushing off" exercitations, a civil and willing fellow enough, and is effusively grateful for a gift of five cents.

Augusta is some four hundred and seventy miles further south than Richmond, but I made the journey from the old Confederate capital to the Cotton City purposely without "laying over" or stopping on the way. Under certain circumstances of travel it is more desirable that your career should resemble that of the plummet than the pendulum. I remained nearly a fortnight in Richmond, and there I was treated with so much kindness, and I made so many friends, that I feel confident that I could have passed at least six of the very pleasantest of months in the State of Virginia alone. Please to remember that the Old Dominion is no "one-horse" State. Its divisions of Tidewater, Middle, Piedmont, Blue Ridge valley, and Appalachia comprise an area of 40,000 square miles. Its acreage is about twenty-seven millions, and the population so far back as 1870 was nearly a million and a quarter. It possesses all the requisites of a healthy region—an equable temperature, a rolling, well-drained, splendidly rivered country, abounding in natural products. Even the stories of the unhealthiness of the Great Dismal Swamp must be taken as mythic, since sea-going ships prefer to take in their water from Lake Drummond, which is in the very middle of the swamp libellously hight "Dismal."

The Virginians are hardy, robust, ruddy, and long-lived. They are mighty sportsmen and fox-hunters. The soil yields gold, silver, copper, lead, zinc, granite, limestone, marl, plumbago, manganese, brick, and fire clays, wheat, oats, buckwheat, Indian corn in profusion, fruits and vegetables in plenty; and the Dominion is the native home of tobacco. Live stock of every kind is reared. The taxes on real and personal property are not one-eighth of the amount levied in and about New York City, and not above half the amount levied in newly-settled Nebraska; and farmers desirous of purchasing homesteads in Virginia can buy land there at a cheaper rate than they can purchase it out West; and instead of bare prairie, can procure improved farms,

FOX HUNTING IN VIRGINIA.

with all the necessaries and comforts of life close at hand. This ancient State, to sum up, offers the fairest possible inducements to emigration to the people of the Old World seeking new homes, and to the people of Northern and Middle States seeking a milder climate and a richer soil, than they can find in their own parts. Writing more than two hundred and fifty years ago Captain John Smith said of Virginia that "Heaven and earth never agreed better to frame a place for man's habitation." Why not abide six months in a country so enthusiastically lauded by the *protégé* of Pocahontas? I had a score of invitations to visit different districts in the State. I was promised fishing, duck shooting, fox and deer hunting—all kinds of rural delights. I was "wanted" at Staunton, at Norfolk, and at Farmville. The Richmond clubs vied with each other in showing me graceful and cordial hospitality. So I thought that under these circumstances the best thing that I could do was to quit the State of Virginia

A HUNTING PARTY IN VIRGINIA.

altogether, and to drop, plummet-wise, right through North and South Carolina into Georgia. Thus behold me in Augusta.

Not lightly do I call her prosperous. The city is bustling, well-built, and well-organised. Its stores are amply stocked with the material comforts and luxuries of existence. It escaped direct occupation and devastation during the Civil War, and was neither raided, requisitioned, nor "burnt up." It is a great cotton mart. The railroads place it in direct communication with the adjoining South Carolina, and with the whole of Middle Georgia; and the cotton collected from these districts is transported by rail to Savannah for shipment. It is, moreover, an agricultural centre, like our own good and handsome old town of Maidstone in Kent; and the farmers from all the country round ride or drive into Augusta to dispose of their produce, and to take back groceries and clothing from the well-stocked stores of the thriving place.

The most noticeable feature in the railroad journey from Richmond was the gradual disappearance of winter, and the gentle induction of the traveller into a green and sunny land. It had been snowing pretty freely during one of the nights of my stay in Richmond; and, although the snow swiftly disappeared from the side walks, there was plenty of it on the roofs

and in the back-yards of the city when I left. So in the country. The soil round about Richmond is a rich loam, and the James River runs nearly as ruddily as the Stour does in autumn in our city of York. Thus the snow lingering in the ridges and declivities of the country side as surely suggested to the eye the icing of a plum cake as did the powdered head of Tim Linkinwater as portrayed by his affectionate spouse, *née* La Creevy. But by the time we reached Danville, a town on the borders of North Carolina, the last vestiges of the mantle of winter had entirely disappeared.

I can scarcely say that I woke up the next morning, because, being in a sleeping car, I failed to go to sleep; but when the darkness of the night gave way to a most glorious sunrise, I found, looking from the outside platform of the car, on which nobody is allowed to stand, and where everybody persists from time to time in standing, that the whole aspect of the landscape had been transformed, and that I was indeed in the South. Wherever the eye turned the horizon was closed by mantling forests of pine. The balsamic odour of the palm tree was

A PALM TREE AVENUE, SOUTH CAROLINA.

wafted to you as the train glided along; some arboretic kindred beautiful feathery tree which has given to South Carolina her proud sobriquet of the "Palmetto State" began to assert itself;

IN THE SOUTH.

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and water-oak and aspen, gum and cedar, black walnut and persimmon, hickory and maple, with a host more trees than my scant sylvan vocabulary can enumerate, made the land glorious. How you lament that your early rural education has been neglected when you are journeying in a strange land! An English country boy, trained as William Cobbett was, in the fields and among the hedgerows, could have given a name to scores of trees and shrubs that were to me only vividly green, or delicately pink, or brightly yellow in their foliage. The little bumpkin would have been wrong now and again in his guess-work—the kinsfolk of the palmettos, I apprehend, would have puzzled him—but in the main he would have construed correctly enough this glorious page from Nature's album; for here, in almost every tree and shrub, wholly strange to him, he might have found some British analogue. There are the cries of strange birds, too. The English farmer's boy would have likened them to the songs of his own home-birds—birds the melody of not one in a dozen of which is familiar to one whose business it has been to journey from city to city and to mark the ways of men.

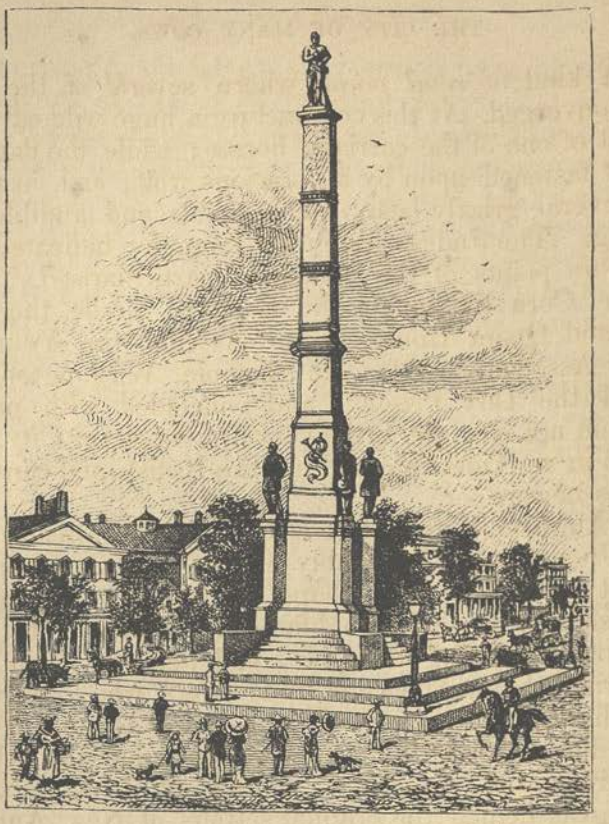
There was not much to mark in that direction, scudding on a railroad track, through the Carolinas, North and South. Little villages with pretentiously wide streets bordered by little wooden shanties, little pepperbox cupolaed churches, oxen not much bigger than the Alderney breed, and here and there a contemplative pig desperately searching for something edible from a heap of fallen leaves, and slowly grunting, so it seemed, "root hog, or die" as he searched. So we came in the early morning to a station hard by Aiken, a sandy and normally barren place on a plateau some 700 feet above the sea level, but which American ingenuity and enterprise have converted into a charming health resort, which of late years has become very fashionable. Careful culture and the liberal use of fertilisers have studded the town with gardens well-nigh as delicious as those which surround the houses of the foreign merchants at Tangiers. Thickets of yellow jasmine, rose bushes, olive, fig, bamboo, and Spanish bayonet are everywhere visible at Aiken; and low bush and surface flowers make her pathways gay. The plateau on which the pretty place stands is encircled by a thick belt of dark pines—pines such as Turner loved to paint in his Italian pictures; but between the trees and the garden-studded town there is a waste of sand as white as the sand of the seashore.

I confess that by this time I was possessed by a very unromantic feeling: that, indeed, of a most ferocious hunger. Leaving Richmond shortly before noon on the previous day we had had no dinner. At about nine at night, and at a place called Greensborough, there had been provided, at a charge of fifty cents. per head, a supper, which I have not the slightest doubt was very much relished by those who like South Carolinian suppers. To me it was, from the toughness of the meat and the badness of the cooking, simply uneatable; but I managed to sup on some buckwheat cakes and maple syrup. There was nothing to drink but tea and coffee. At least I saw nothing stronger than those beverages, and some very bad water; and I was ashamed to ask for a glass of beer or half a bottle of claret, lest I should be told that the supper room was not a "bar." Perhaps the "Local Option Law"—a law after Sir Wilfrid Lawson's own heart—prevails in this section of the Carolinas. In any case, I am rapidly arriving at the conclusion that the Americans have become a nation of total abstainers, or that they are the profoundest hypocrites that the sun ever shone upon. I hope that the former assumption is really the correct one; and yet scarcely a day passes without my being desperately perplexed to decide whether Americans of the better classes really abstain, or only pretend to abstain from strong drink. When you go out to dinner you see hock, sherry, champagne, madeira, claret, and burgundy on the table; and after dinner the servant brings round the liqueurs. Hosts pride themselves, with justice, on the choice vintages in their cellars; and even "Thirty-four" and "Fifty-seven" ports are occasionally produced. But in the hotels, from the grandest to the humblest, iced water, and nothing but iced water, is the almost invariable rule at meal times. Now and again a guest may ask for a glass of milk; but that is all. After a while the foreigner accustomed to drink a little wine, for the reasons mentioned by St. Paul, with his lunch or dinner, ceases for very shame to ask for anything to drink of a fermented nature.

Is the end of all this temperance or hypocrisy? The excessive costliness of European wines may of course have something to do with this widely-spread abstemiousness; but it has not everything to do with it. The beer of the country is good, and it should be cheap. Yet not one guest in twenty drinks so much as half a pint of lager beer with his dinner. I have sometimes thought that this excessive temperance at meal times is

due to the wonderful courtesy shown by the Americans towards the fair sex. They very rarely even smoke in the presence of ladies; and, as the ladies are really and unmistakably, as a rule, total abstainers, and look on our drinking customs with sheer horror, it may be that an American gentleman thinks it ungallant to drink anything stronger than water in a lady's company. Of course I am not speaking of New York in this regard. New York is Cosmopolis; and a genuine New Yorker with plenty of money would drink pearls dissolved in nectar or rubies boiled in ambrosia if Mr. Delmonico kept those articles on hand.

We did manage to obtain some breakfast at Graniteville, about eleven miles from Augusta, and one of the prettiest little village towns that, in the course of many thousands of miles of varied travel, I have gazed upon. Graniteville is said to be a busy and prosperous place, containing a number of granite works and cotton mills, giving employment to several hundred workpeople, who constitute the bulk of the population; but I prized it mainly for the exquisite prettiness of the surrounding scenery, and most of all for the circumstance that at a quiet little hotel, closely resembling an English wayside inn, we breakfasted simply but copiously on excellently grilled chicken, ham and eggs, mutton chops, and a pleasing variety of hot cakes and what we term "fancy" bread. There were unstinted supplies of new milk, and the butter was capital. There was plenty of hominy for those who liked that farinaceous food, and the charge—the usual one of fifty cents—was certainly not too much for an ample, well-cooked, and wholesome meal. Another half hour's ride brought us to Prosperous Augusta.



MONUMENT TO THE CONFEDERATE DEAD, BROAD-STREET, AUGUSTA.

XX.

The City of many Cows.

Augusta, Georgia, *January* 19.

I was reading, the other day, of a traveller very far indeed out West, who arrived at a nascent city—say Ursaminorville—and who was received in the most hospitable manner by the leading authority of the place: its Judge, liquor dealer, or grocery-store keeper, possibly. This gentleman undertook to drive the traveller around to see the principal sites of Ursaminorville. During a progress of many miles, as it seemed, the tourist beheld nothing but spacious avenues, plenteously "snagged," pierced through the heart of the primeval forest. At length they

reached a kind of *rond point*, where several of the spacious avenues converged. At this conjuncture a huge wild cat sprung at the throat of one of the carriage horses; while the flank of the other was fastened upon by a voracious wolf; and, in the dusky covert, several grizzly bears were visible and audible, huskily clamouring. The Judge rose in his waggon; indicated with his whip, divers points of the compass; particularised, "the Post Office, the Corn Exchange, the Board of Trade, the National Bank, Grand Opera House, Insane Asylum, the Young Men's Christian Association, Masonic Temple, Washington's monument, and the City Prison;" and concluded, with pardonable pride, "You are now, sir, in the very Centre of our City." Mind I read this in an American, and not in a British, and consequently calumnious newspaper.

Now, Augusta, in the State of Georgia, has already obtained all that Ursaminorville probably will have in the course of the next twenty years or so—perhaps much sooner; yet gazing on the astonishingly broad thoroughfares of this prosperous, cheerful, comely, cotton-growing town, I could not help wondering at and admiring the prescience of its founders, who foresaw that in America the most straggling of hamlets were bound to become, not in the due course of time, but in a phenomenally brief efflux thereof, great and important centres of population. Such prescience was denied the original settlers of New Amsterdam, of Boston and Philadelphia, who, timidly following European models, built their streets narrow and close together.

The modern American does not precisely build for posterity, since he is quite content, in the first instance, to run up a humble wooden shanty for his habitation: leaving it to his descendants to erect six-storeyed mansions of marble, brick, or iron, with mansard roofs; but he has thus much regard for the interests of posterity in ordaining that it shall not be crowded into those dark and tortuous courts and alleys which are the opprobrium of the Old World; so he lays out the streets and avenues of the village which is to become a city on a scale of vastness which Sesostris, could he "unmummify" himself, might admire, and which Semiramis might envy. The hanging gardens of Babylon were, no doubt, very fine things in their way; but the apparently immeasurably broad, incalculably prolonged, and faultlessly straight, well graded, well lit, and horse-car traversed thoroughfares of a youthful American city, which thoroughfares need only a decent pavement and a continuity of habitable residences to make them mag-

nificent, present to my mind a far more interesting feature of civilization than do any descriptions of the monuments of antiquity that I have read. The structures of old Egypt and Nineveh, and Persepolis, seem to have been the work of a race of giants who came down from some unknown planet, their drawings and elevations and scantlings all prepared, their tools all ready: whereas an infant American city reminds me of some Kindergarten for juvenile Colossi. They are but babies just at present. So far as architecture goes they can only make mud-pies; but in a very short space of time, growing gigantic themselves, they will proceed to erect cities the like of which would rather have astonished the Titans. Augusta can scarcely be called a baby city: it is athletically adolescent; but it is a very long way off from being middle-aged; and, looking at its capacity for development, what it will be like in another fifty years simply baffles calculation, and puts conjecture to the rout.

Destitute of a single structure which could by any elasticity of terminology be termed venerable or romantic, the chief thoroughfare of Augusta—Broad-street—is nevertheless one of the most picturesque streets that I have ever come across. To begin with, it is one hundred and sixty feet wide and two miles long. Think of that, you who are disposed to think the Avenue de l'Opéra in Paris grandly imposing or our own Regent-street a somewhat handsome thing in thoroughfares. The side-walks of Broad-street, Augusta, are flanked with splendid old trees; and, moreover, nearly all the façades of the stores have projections of timber or canvas, supported on posts, and serving as arcades. These are certainly not so architecturally pleasing as the Procuratie in St. Mark's Place, Venice; but they supply plenty of shade, and that is the grand desideratum in the Sunny South, both in summer and in winter. Here, in mid-January, the weather is as warm and bright as it would be in a well-behaved English June, and as it should be, at this season, at Nice. But between the climate of this favoured region and that of the Riviera there is the important difference, that in Nice, in winter, however warm and even sultry it may be in the sun, it is generally bitterly cold in the shade; and, again, you are continually in peril of the lung-piercing and throat-cutting *mistral*. At Augusta it is genially but not oppressively warm in the January sunshine; but the shade is cool rather than bitter; and there is no *mistral*. In the mid-watch of the night and at early

morn it is decidedly chilly. It is prudent at all times to wear woollen clothing. The same rule obtains in that abode of flowers and perpetual spring, the Valley of Mexico, where there are nine months of early June to one of April and two of September; but at noon-tide in Augusta the sun is so powerful that you will find most of the *jalousies* of the windows closed, while in the more shaded stories the windows are all open, and the clerks are at work in their shirt-sleeves.

The foot-pavement—in American, "side-walk"—of Broad-street is as wide as that of the Boulevard des Italiens, and of the old Brighton material and pattern—that is to say, red tiles set herring-bone-wise: an excellent pavement in a place where streets seem to be seldom if ever cleaned. I have not yet visited Boston this journey, and consequently am unable to pronounce how the "Hub of the Universe" fares in the matter of street-cleansing; but in all the other American cities that I have yet explored, such cleansing appears to me to be rather of a potential than of a palpably existent nature. In the very fairest weather an American street rarely fails to wear an aspect of untidiness, extremely distressing to the rate-and-tax-paying eye. The mud may have dried up, and the merciless wind may have relented at last, and finally scattered the nauseous contents of the ash-barrels into the Infinities; but the pavement is never what we call "tidy." The side-walk is always littered with shavings, wisps of straw, bits of orange-peel, and especially with scraps of paper. What are those scraps? Protested cheques, torn-up notes on "wild-cat" banks, circulars announcing the proximate arrival of the "Original Midgets, General Mite and Major Atom;" or advertisements of Professor Dulcamara's Lever Regulator, or Mrs. Dr. Quackenbosh's Non-Alcoholic Stomach Bitters? Did you ever ramble (shuddering and pressing a handkerchief to your face) over a recently-fought field of battle? The dead have been buried; the underwood, set on fire, has been charred to ashes; the neighbouring peasantry have pilfered all the broken arms and accoutrements lying about; but there always remains an inconceivably voluminous litter of scraps of paper. Upland and lowland, hedge and ditch, ridge and furrow are full of these scraps. What are they? Regimental "states" non-commissioned officers' memoranda; letters to the dead from sweethearts and wives, mothers and sisters—letters full of infinite love and tenderness, but disdainfully flung away by those whose business it was to rifle the bodies of the slain, and to get over that little

business with promptitude and despatch. Less moving, perchance, are the paper fragments so lavishly strewn over an American side-walk; but still I cannot help thinking that it might be made part of the shopboy's duty to sweep up the pavement a little, after he has sanded the sugar and watered the rum, and before he joins the family at prayers.

"Have some wine?—there ain't any," such averment, if I remember aright, is the hospitable invite of the Dormouse to the Hatter, in "Alice in Wonderland." Of the pavement roadway in Broad-street, Augusta, it may be simply said that there "ain't any." The hundred and forty feet more or less of thoroughfare—allowing the balance for the side-walk—are merely a hundred feet of fine dust several inches deep, which, from the fact of the road being traversed here and there by narrow causeways of timber, I conjecture, must be converted during the rainy season into a hundred and forty feet in width, and two miles in length, of very rich mud. The depth of the mud I do not venture to calculate; but I surmise that it would be Malebolgian.

The dust does not trouble us much now, as the morning and afternoon breezes are of the very gentlest character; and the horses and mules seem on the whole to prefer a soft track to a hard one. So is it with the pigs, which roam about in the freest and most independent manner imaginable. They are either the most idiotic or the hopefullest pigs ever farrowed; for they are continually rioting in the dusty depths of Broad-street, as though they expected to find provand there. "The actions of the just," the poet tells us, "smell sweet and blossom in the dust;" but hopefulness is enlarged to the verge of fatuity when a pig expects to find nourishment in the powdery waste of the Augustan thoroughfares.

The cows have a much better time of it. Scattered about this village-city are plenteous plots of greensward, real green turf, as verdant as that of Mecklenburgh-square, London, W.C. —I live there *—which is saying a great deal; and wherever you find a piece of greenery in Augusta, there also do you find

* Why should a man be ashamed to say where he lives? There is a story told of old Mr. Arnold, the original proprietor of the English Opera House or Lyceum Theatre, that once upon a time he received notice that a newly married Royal Duke and Duchess purposed to visit his house. Mr. Arnold determined, in the first place, that the National Anthem should be sung by the entire company; and next that a new verse should be added especially in the Duke and Duchess's honour. But who was to write the stanza required? The "stock author" was not to be found;

a cow. I never saw so many cows in my life—at least in the streets of an inhabited town. The clean village of Brock, in Holland, is great in cows, but the patient animals are in the byre, they do not "loaf around promiscuously." There were formerly so many cows in the ruined Roman Forum, that it was known as the Campo Vacano. There are cows enough in the market towns of Russian Poland. I remember being "sair owerhanded wi' coos," as a Scot might say, four years ago, at a place called Brets-Litovsk, but every street in Augusta is a cow-pasture; and you are driven at last to look at the names over the shop-fronts, expecting that business must be wholly carried on by Messrs. Cuyp, Paul Potter, Vorbeckhoeven, T. S. Cooper, R.A., and other eminent artists in cows. A gentleman was kind enough to take me over the great cotton-weaving mills here. Upon my word, there were a couple of cows tranquilly feeding in the compound or yard before the factory. They stand about the pavement, and look with mild eyes into the shop-windows. They are in the old graveyard; and how authority keeps the cows out of the cemetery I have not the faintest idea. Fortunately, the arrivals and departures of railroad

ON THE COW-CATCHER.

the leader of the orchestra did not see his way to composing rhymes; and poetry was not in the master carpenter's line. Eventually old Mr. Arnold determined to write the required lines himself. They ran thus—

"Heav'n bless the Happy Pair,
May they all blessings share,
Twenty-Four Golden Square,
God save the King!"

Mr. Arnold lived there.

trains during the day are few and far between. Otherwise, considering that the railway track, quite unfenced and unguarded, crosses Broad-street at its busiest part, the collision of a steam engine with Augusta's Horned Pride would be certainly "bad for the coo," the locomotive cow-catcher notwithstanding.

When the shades of evening are gathering around Augusta, and the sunset of crimson and gold is slowly yielding to the dun purple mantle of the night, discreet females, usually of mature age, and armed with switches of hickory, pervade the city in search, each dame, of her particular cow or cows. The animals have had leg bail during the sunny day; and they with quiet docility obey the behests of the old ladies with the hickory switches, and meekly trot rather than they are sternly driven home, there to yield their lacteal tribute and so to supper. An innocent life. Plenty of fodder. The consciousness that you have done your duty to society by giving it an ample supply of nice new milk, and there an end. No log to roll, no axe to grind, no pipe to lay, no wire to pull, no party to "bulldose," no editorials to write, no editors to shoot, no place to hunt, no vote to cast. If there be a metempsychosis, I think that I should like to be a Cow, at Augusta, in the State of Georgia.

Goats, also, are plentiful in the streets of this Arcadian city, and of cocks and hens and turkeys—the latter confined, with plenty of elbow room, in coops—the name is legion. The

bullocks in the drays are as a rule diminutive; but the mules abound and are surprisingly strong and fine. It is a curious fact that wherever mules are very plenteous and handsome the

donkey rarely appears in public. The donkeys here keep themselves very much to themselves. They are jealous, perhaps, of the mules. The horseflesh is abundant, and of an excellent type. All the Southerners are "horsey" in their tendencies; and I am right sorry to have missed the Augusta races, which took place a day or two before I came hither, and which were attended, I hear, by all the rank, fashion, and sportsmanship of the country-side. As a compensation, driving to the Sandhills and the beautiful suburb of Summerville—of course the demon driver brought us home by the inevitable cemetery—I saw some very remarkable trotting horses, one a lovely bright bay, which went, it may almost without exaggeration be said, like the wind. There is apparently no local law against furious driving; and, besides, an American trotter does not require to be driven furiously. He is the most willing of four-footed creatures, and steps out gaily, of his own accord. The gentlemen of Augusta are also very fond of riding; but at the saddlers' shops I noticed scarcely any saddles of English make. Those most in use are first the "M'Clellan" saddle, which is a modification of the Mexican, and next the downright old-fashioned Mexican saddle itself, with its slipper stirrups, high crupper, and projection from the pommel, round which to wind the lasso. The flaps of this saddle are curiously embroidered and the seat is of wood, covered with raw hide, and cleft in the middle, so as not to gall the backbone of the horse. This Mexican apparatus is only the old Andalusian saddle, *plus* the projection for the lasso, and the Spanish is only a survival of the old Moorish saddle.

ROLLING THE RACE-TRACK.

One more sight to be seen in Augusta the Prosperous, ere, plummet-like, I drop down another six or seven hundred miles South. In the very centre of Broad-street stands the recently-erected Monument to the Confederate Dead. It is an obelisk supported on columns, of pure white marble, eighty feet in

height, surmounted by the statue of a Confederate Soldier, and with four portrait effigies, including those of Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson, at the angles of the pedestal. The simple and touching inscription recites that this monument was erected by the Ladies of the Memorial Association, to those who fell for the Honour of Georgia, for the Rights of the States, for the Liberty of the People, and for the Principles of the Union, as handed down to his Children by the Father of a Common Country. Is there not a monument on our Drummossie Moor to the gallant Jacobites who fell at Culloden?

A NEGRO FLIRTATION.

XXI.

Pork and Pantomime in the South.

Augusta, *January* 20.

Life in Augusta can scarcely be called deliriously gay. It is not altogether dull; for the humours of the negroes, their street-corner songs and dances, their whimsical squabbles—in which they freely interchange "dam black nigga" and "woolly headed cuss" as terms of disparagement—and their occasional up-and-down fights, in which heads and feet play a much more conspicuous part than do clenched fists, give a recurring fillip to the monotony of existence; still, it must be frankly owned, the Augustan *curriculum* lacks variety. You grow tired at last of the contemplation of the innumerable cows. There was a grand stampede of mules this morning, in Broad-street, which for about half an hour caused some pleasurable excitement; but, when the fugitive animals, after a vast expenditure of shrieking, arms-waving, and whip-cracking, had been captured by the mounted negro stockdrivers—whose dexterity in the saddle might be envied alike by Mexican *arrieros* and Newmarket

stable boys—Broad-street subsided into its usual condition. The tramway car pursued its placidly jingling course; the country wains continued to discharge their loads of produce at the doors of the wholesale stores; the sounds of clucking, hissing, and gobbling were audible from the coops full of fowls and geese and turkeys; and things, on the whole, went on as usual.

Some mild amusement might, perhaps, be derived from watching the (so it seems) incessant delivery of pork at the provision stores. Whether the pigs have been killed and packed in the neighbourhood, or whether the meat has come by rail from Chicago or Cincinnati, I know not; but Augusta is none the less a huge emporium for swine's flesh in a semi-cured state. I say semi-cured, for the meat appears neither in the guise of our pickled or "tubbed" pork, nor in that of well-cured ham or bacon. It looks as though it had been only roughly salted; and, from the "thud" it makes when it is flung from the wain on to the pavement, it should be "as hard as nails." Pelions upon Ossas of sides and legs of swine rise on the pavement; and, when you consider this prodigious mass of hog's flesh in conjunction with the granaries overflowing with corn, buckwheat, and a dozen varieties of cereals and pulse, the use of which is to us almost unknown, you begin to understand what important factors "hog and hominy" are in the economy of Southern life.

Rice also plays an important part in the dietary of the labouring classes. The green vegetables—the cabbages excepted—are very poor; and I regret that I have not been able

A STAMPEDE OF MULES.

to ask any medical man in Augusta what effect, deleterious or otherwise, a diet which seems to be composed mainly of salted meat and farinaceous food may have on the health of the people. Oysters are not nearly so plentiful as in the North—to be sure, we are a hundred and forty miles from the sea; and the bill of fare at the Planters' Hotel does not always comprise fish. Very large and new oranges are five cents or twopence halfpenny apiece. There is a great wealth of less choice oranges, hard, heavy, brown of skin as ribstone pippins, full of juice, but not sweet, and without perfume. They tell me that even down in Florida—the State *par excellence* for oranges—I shall find the golden fruit comparatively scarce and costly—the Floridan Hesperides being systematically despoiled for exportation of the fruit to the North; and in view of this I cannot help repeating that which I have said over and over again in print, but which my countrymen are apt to forget, that there is no country in the

world, out of Spain and Cuba, where the wholesome and delicious fruit is so abundant and so cheap as in that England which, neither for love nor money, can grow an orange for herself in the open. We are not half grateful enough for our imported plenitude of oranges at home; and that is the long and the short of the matter.

I have been riding round about Augusta in the most ramshackle of imaginable barouches, drawn by a pair of splendidly-matched horses, and driven by a negro coachman, amiable, talkative, well-informed, and in rags. His hat, previous to its having formed the headgear of a scarecrow, seems to have been built on the precise model of the memorable "tile" in which, more than forty years ago, at the Surrey Theatre, I beheld Mr. T. D. Rice wheel about and turn about and jump Jim Crow. Pardon my iteration if I dwell, once and once again, on the tattered condition of the negro in the South. I remember, many years ago, freshly arriving at Naples, being asked by an English lady of great practical common sense what was the population of the Magna-Græcian city. So many hundred thousand, I replied. "And not one perfect pair of pantaloons," thoughtfully observed the practical lady. The Via di Toledo and the Chiaja assuredly do not shine in the integrity of the nether garments of the Southern Italian people at large. But a Neapolitan *lazzarone* is a Poole-clad "swell," a "Crutch and Toothpick" exquisite, in comparison with a Southern negro. Not only his pantaloons but his coat and his vest—if he have any vest—are phenomena of tatters. And let me in pure candour here remark that the negro's shreds and patches must not be taken as unerring proof of his poverty. Large numbers of black and coloured people hereabout, I am told, are doing extremely well: not only as porters, warehousemen, grooms, and stock-drivers, dealers in tin ware, and so forth, in the city, but as small farmers in the outlying country districts. They are gradually enriching themselves by spade husbandry, or by raising small crops of cotton.

It is true that in the great cotton mills in Augusta, where excellent sheetings and shirtings are woven for exportation to Africa and even to England, the sixteen hundred and fifty hands, male and female, employed, are all white. I was told that the negro, while excellent as a field hand, a market gardener, a horsetender, and even as a workman where nothing but "pulley-hauling," fetching or carrying, or striking was required, as in

forges, smelting works, cooperages, tobacco factories, and the like, was next door to useless as a machinist. His intellect as yet does not seem to have risen to the capacity of taking care or "minding" the different portions of complex machinery; whereas "minding" is the first thing requisite in a factory operative, and a white girl-child of thirteen is, as a rule, found more competent in "taking care" of the section of machinery at which she is posted than a negro man of forty. But, on the other hand, the coloured people, who devote themselves to such modes of industry as suit their existent intellectual calibre, thrive, and thrive wondrously, all things considered.

Has the tariff anything to do with the wretchedness of their raiment? I cannot help thinking so; for it is by no means uncommon to find a negro, whose rags would be disdainfully rejected by the most destitute applicant at the door of an English casual ward, in possession of a substantial silver watch and chain. The coloured women and girls, too, rejoice in gold rings—two or three on each hand sometimes—and in gold, or ostensibly gold, earrings and brooches. In general they are far better dressed than the men; as the North-Eastern factories turn out large quantities of gaudily-patterned and comparatively cheap articles of feminine wear. It is in good cheap woollen stuffs, moleskins, corduroys, velveteens, and other articles of apparel fit for mechanics and working men that the deficiency is most

lamentably apparent; and shabbiness in apparel is visible on this continent to a greater extent, and in a more highly ascending scale, than in any other country in which I have travelled. Solomon in all his glory could scarcely be arrayed more gorgeously than is a wealthy young American in one of the great cities. The ladies of fashion are so many Queens of Sheba in their raiment; but the great mass of the American people, male and female, are very poorly clad.

LOST IN ADMIRATION.

After this assertion you are quite at liberty to throw Seven Dials in my teeth, and to reproach me with the rags and dirt of Drury-lane. I grant the impeachment, "I acknowledge the coin;" but I unhesitatingly maintain that an English clerk, or shop assistant, or respectable mechanic with thirty shillings a week, dresses thrice as well as does an American with double that amount of wages; and that an English servant girl on her "day out" can afford to wear a dress, a bonnet, a jacket, boots, "fallals," and kid gloves, which an American young lady three grades above our housemaids in social status cannot afford to wear. I repeat that which I may have said over and over again, that the home manufactured textile fabrics when made up into garments look "sleezy." If the tariff have anything to do with this, I say that a tariff which, under the pretext of encouraging native manufactures, keeps an intelligent and industrious people meanly and shabbily clad, deliberately retards the progress of civilization; and that, besides, such a tariff strikes directly at the root of those democratic institutions which are so highly and so deservedly prized by the Americans; for how can there be thorough equality in a country where only the very rich are able to wear those handsome and comely garments which in a country of Free Trade can be worn by all but the idle, the improvident, and the profligate?

Having exhausted the drives about Augusta, the pleasant

excursions to Summerville and the Sandhills, and having paid a visit to some very handsome nursery gardens rich in avenues of the beauteous magnolia, and in the greenhouses of which flourish the richest varieties of tropicial vegetation—bananas, palmettos, bamboo, Jerusalem cherries as large as tomatoes, and cacti innumerable—I thought that I might appropriately bring my visit to Augusta to a close by going to the play. The City of Many Cows boasts a Grand Opera House. So, it may be hinted, do most American "cities" or towns, where the population exceeds six or seven thousand. Whether the Americans have any decided taste for the legitimate drama, properly so called, is a question which, I heartily rejoice to say, I am not called upon to discuss in this place; but a liking for theatrical amusements they indubitably have, and against indulgence in such amusements there does not appear to be any widely-spread prejudice, religious or otherwise.

The Augusta Grand Opera House is a pretty little *salle*, about as large as our Olympic, but not seating, I should say, as many spectators as does the time-honoured house in Wych-street. The pit or "parquet," of which the incline is very steep, is roomy, and filled with comfortable fauteuils with reversible seats. There is a dress circle with plenty of elbow room, and where full dress is not required—a very sensible rule, and one that obtains in the majority of American theatres. The price of admission to the parquet and to the dress circle was the same, and, considering that the theatre was a country one, it was high—a dollar. Above was a spacious gallery, admission to which was fifty cents, or two shillings. This part of the auditorium was largely filled by ragged negroes, and the coloured folk are, I am given to understand, great playgoers. I am not aware whether the institution which by some people in England is denounced as a curse, and by others hailed as a boon to the poor—the Tally Trade—exists in the United States; but, granting the existence of an honest tallyman in the State of Georgia, a negro might very easily purchase the fee simple of a decent coat and appendages to match by paying two shillings a week to the man with the tally. To be sure, he would have to forego his favourite amusement of going to the play.

The decorations of the Grand Opera House of Augusta do not call for any detailed criticism on my part; since scarcely any attempt had been made to decorate the interior at all. The act drop was a ludicrously vile daub, and the scenery, generally,

was as bad. The performance was that of "Tony Denier's Pantomime Troupe," and the pantomime itself was the "famous trick entertainment," known as "Humpty Dumpty." The story of the "opening," so far as I could make it out, had nothing whatever to do with the corpulent but infirm hero of nursery legend, who sat on a wall, and had so great a fall therefrom, that all the King's horses and all the King's men were inadequate to set Humpty Dumpty up again. The hero of the Augusta pantomime seemed to be a kind of village pickle or scapegrace, perpetually indulging in mischievous horseplay with an ancient farmer, the father of a lovely daughter, in a yellow pinafore and cream-coloured silk tights, and whose hand was sought by a sprightly youth in a broad-brimmed hat, and a tail coat so much too long and too large for his slim little figure that the garment seemed to have been borrowed from Mr. Jack Dawkins, the Artful Dodger, and then to have been dyed a pale pink.

The "lines" of the old Italian pantomime, with its Arlecchino, Colombina, Gracioso, and Gerontio, appeared to have been closely followed, or in greater probability the entire *scenario* had been copied from some old piece of buffoonery erst the Parisian Funambules. There was a fairy—a pretty little maiden of some ten summers—who effected the transformation, when, of course, the village pickle became Clown, the old farmer Pantaloon, the slim little fellow in the Artful Dodger's coat dyed pink Harlequin, and the young lady in the yellow pinafore and the cream-coloured tights Columbine. The clown, Mr. G. H. Adams, otherwise "Grimaldi," was an exceedingly funny one. He was a wondrous dancer on stilts; and from certain peculiarities in his gait—you know the "outside edge" walk, and the habit of looking far up and wide around while walking—I am perhaps not altogether wrong in conjecturing that "Grimaldi" had smelt sawdust in early youth, that he had been acquainted with the Ring, and that the sounds of "Houp! la!" and the aspect of fair *équestriennes* careering on barebacked steeds, or bounding through hoops covered with tissue paper, were not wholly unfamiliar to him. However, he made us all laugh, which was something; and he made the tiny Augusta children, who formed fully two-thirds of the audience, positively shriek with delight: which was a great deal more. He had merely smeared his entire head, face, and neck with white paint, wearing neither crimson half-moons on his cheek nor a cock's comb on his pate; in fact, he was made up much more like a French Pierrot than

an English clown, and this gave him somewhat of a ghastly appearance.

There was scarcely anything about the performance to remind one of an English pantomime, save in the intermittent appearance of the inevitable policeman, who never strode about the stage without smiting somebody with his truncheon : a joke which seemed to be highly relished by the audience. And stay, there was a British Grenadier in an amazingly dirty tunic, which

had once been crimson, garnished with faded gold lace, and wearing a prodigious bearskin, whose principal business it was to run away in dire perturbation whenever he was pelted with pea nuts by a small Yankee boy. And, stay yet again. In the middle of the performance the Columbine, temporarily dispensing with her skirts, came on in trunk hose—a somewhat scanty allowance of trunks to a lavish quantity of hose—made up after the manner of the "Gold Girl," and danced the Skipping Rope dance. Horror! Ah! Mr. James M'Neil Whistler, the mills of the gods grind slowly, but they grind exceeding small. There is a Nemesis in Art, even if you have to come so far as Augusta in Georgia to find her.

VIEW OF ATLANTA.

XXII.

Arrogant Atlanta.

Atlanta, Georgia, *Jan.* 21.

Just prior to quitting the City of Many Cows, intent study of my "Appleton" convinced me that it was not precisely practicable to drop "like a plummet" from Augusta, southward. Such a course would have brought me out at Key West, among the Florida Reefs :—a place which I should very much like to visit for the sake of its manufactories of cigars, which in fineness of flavour are beginning to rival the famous *puros* of Havanna.* But there is no railroad to Key West, nor, indeed, to any locality in Florida further south than Cedar Keys; so, abandoning the plummet course of progression, I was fain to swerve a night's journey westward and even slightly northward from Augusta the Prosperous to Atlanta the Arrogant. The distance is about one hundred and eighty miles; and we were a trifle under twelve hours in accomplishing it. A gentleman, name unknown, who was one of our companions in the sleeping car, declared it to be

* As respectable rivals to the Cuban cigars are the Mexican ones, of which some excellent samples ("Flor de Mejico") have recently been imported into this country by the well-known Mr. Carreras of Princes Street, Soho.

"the meanest railroad ride" he had ever taken; and at six p.m. —we left Augusta at 5.30—retired to bed in dudgeon, and with his boots on. He was, nevertheless, not indisposed to be communicative; and at intervals broke the stillness of the night by inquiries addressed to the passengers in general as to whether, in the whole course of their experience, they had ever had a "meaner" journey.

So far as I was concerned I found little to complain of. The sleeping car was not a Pullman, and was therefore not "palatial," but it was comfortable enough; and the "Cap'n" or conductor, was very chatty and companionable. I happened to tell him of the exceptionally good breakfast we had been favoured with at Graniteville before coming to Augusta; whereupon he informed me that the wayside inn in question was celebrated for its excellent cookery, and that Mrs. Senn, the landlady of the establishment, was quite a noted character in that section of the State. He showed me a paragraph from an Augusta paper in which it was stated that Mrs. Senn had been in town on the previous day, to obtain fresh supplies of Worcestershire sauce, sardines, and Crosse and Blackwell's pickles, but had returned to Graniteville in the evening, "at the call of duty," Mr. Joe Jefferson and his entire Rip Van Winkle Company having telegraphed from Columbia that they would all breakfast at Graniteville on the following morning. "That woman's shirred eggs and sugar-cured ham should immortalise her," the sleeping-car "Cap'n" gravely remarked, as he folded up the local journal.

We obtained some supper at eight in the evening, at a place the name of which was not revealed to me, but which to my imperfect vision and in the bright moonlight looked as though it were situated in the midst of a snow-clad plain. But the seeming snow was only lily white sand—as fine and as shining as that at Aiken. The little shanty which served as a summer-house was embosomed in a thicket of graceful trees; and altogether it looked just such a place as Mr. Longfellow's Diana might have chosen in her dreams to drop her silver bow upon, and to wake Endymion with a kiss, "when, Sleeping in the Grove," he was quite unaware that the chaste goddess had fallen in love with him. The supper was not equal to the Graniteville breakfast; but it was a pleasant repast to me, for at its conclusion the money—fifty cents a head—was taken by the prettiest little sixteen-year-old maiden that I have yet seen in the South. She had hair of pale gold, and eyes of such a lustrous ultramarine

blue that they might have been stolen from that great sphere of lapis-lazuli above the high altar in the Church of the Gesù, at Rome. She had the slimmest little figure that ever drove a scientific corset-maker to despair as to fitting it properly; and it would have been an outrage to have placed any but five thousand dollar diamond rings on the rosy tipped fingers with which she took our fifty cents for supper. She was as timid as she was pretty and graceful; and holding out her tiny hand and murmuring "thanks," kept with the other the door ajar of the private parlour of her family, which comprised, I think, an aunt with a shrill voice, and, I am sure, a baby that squealed. Good-bye, little sixteen-year-old maiden. I shall not see you any more in this world; but one does not meet a Sylphide every day; and, when found, she should be taken note of. The ladies in the sleeping car all agreed that the maiden was "passable,"

which confirms me in my opinion that she was enchantingly beautiful.

I passed a sleepless night, roaming about the cars, listening to the snorers, conversing softly with the conductor, the baggage-master, and the negro boot-black, and ever and anon find-

THE BAGGAGE MASTER'S ARMOURY.

ing solace in the Indian weed. It seemed to me that we stopped at least half a dozen times during the night between station and station, and that the duration of our stoppages varied between twenty minutes and three-quarters of an hour. They were strangely oppressive to the sense,—these long intervals of utter immobility and silence without; but after a while would come a solemn clanking, as of the chains of doomed souls in torment, and then the hoarse thick pants of the locomotive.

Passing from the door of the car you beheld a weird and, as it seemed, interminable train of open waggons and trucks and huge "box cars" passing you, dragged sometimes by two engines. These were freight trains; the trucks heaped high with cotton bales; the "box cars" laden with grain, on their way from the middle-south to Savannah and Charleston, for shipment to Europe. How many hundred tons of the raw material for English bread and English body-linen passed our sleeping car that night I cannot estimate; but it strikes me that the freight traffic, either in the South or in the North, would not be quite so lively if a facetious British Chancellor of the Exchequer clapped a merry duty of a penny a pound on cotton, and a proportionately jocose import tax on every bushel of American wheat. How the advocates of the Morrill tariff would howl to be sure. But the thing is, of course, impossible. Mr. Mongredin and all the sages of the Cobden Club tell us so. We may not retract—we *must* not retract one iota of the dogma of Free Trade. We cannot obtain Reciprocity; but we must not think of Retaliation. We must turn the other cheek to the fiscal smiter, and allow the British farmer, the British dairyman and cheesemonger, and the British manufacturer of preserved provisions to be half-ruined by duty-free imports from the States.

As for the railway stoppages, they are due, I suppose, to the circumstance that the lines, save in the immediate neighbour-

A HOT AXLE-BOX.

hood of the Atlantic cities, are single ones; and it is consequently necessary to shunt the passenger trains on to sidings to allow the freight trains to pass. Sometimes the shunting is not properly performed, and the "freighter" runs into the passenger and "telescopes" it into horrible havoc and collapse.

They bundled us out of the train at Arrogant Atlanta at five o'clock in the morning, and in the middle of a white fog that would have done honour to Sheerness in October. No actual physical coercion, it must be admitted, was used in extruding us from the train, and the gentleman who had so frequently denounced the meanness of the journey publicly proclaimed from behind his curtains his resolution to have his dollar and a half's worth out of the "Sleeper," and to remain in bed until breakfast time; but the negro shoeblack told us that it was "quite most de fashionable ting" to go to the hotel until we could "make connections" with the train for New Orleans, and, as a stranger in Atlanta, I did not like to be unfashionable. The railway depôt is in the very centre of the Arrogant City, and right opposite a tall hotel called the Markham House; so thither we repaired, shivering. We were affably received, and the black waiter, who conducted us to a very elegantly furnished bed-room, forthwith brought us a jug of iced water to regale ourselves withal. Ice is the Alpha and Omega of social life in the United States of America. You begin and you end every repast with a glass of iced water; and whenever you feel lonely in your bed-room you have only to touch the electric bell, and the waiter makes his appearance with an iced-water pitcher. I do not know whether they ice the babies to soothe them during the anguish of teething; but I have already hinted that the first thing that an American undertaker does with the mortal coil of our dear brother departed is to ice it. We concluded not to drink the glacial beverage, but to shiver until breakfast time. But why was it so cold? I asked myself. Were we not yet in the State of Georgia? Were we not still in the Sunny South? We had left June weather at Augusta. Why this chilliness of temperature at Atlanta? I soon found out the reason why. The Arrogant City is at the foot of a mountainous region, and is itself a thousand feet above the sea level. It was not a real fog which had half suffocated us; it was a mountain mist. I half expected, when I received this information, to find all Clan Alpine's warriors true in the breakfast hall, and to be told by the negro waiter—confound his iced water!—that he was Roderick Dhu.

Between Augusta and Atlanta there is as much structural and social difference as there is between Birmingham and Stratford-on-Avon: that is to say, the difference which exists between swart and grimy and anxious industry and simple, peaceful, beautiful rurality. Augusta in its every blade of green prettiness is redolent of the South. Atlanta at once and emphatically reminds you of the stern strong North. The Atlanta papers rally their sister city for being such a Campo Vaccino. "The Augusta cow," I read in one of the local journals, "is still at large." Why not? A city cannot be very wicked when the cows roam undisturbedly about the streets. I would sooner meet a cow than a steam-engine; and the locomotives are puffing and panting about the streets of Atlanta all day long. There is a very excellent reason for the go-ahead and substantially Northern aspect of the capital of Georgia. The city is a creation, so to speak, of the day before yesterday. Next to Savannah, it is the largest city in the State, and the population they told me exceeds 50,000, although "Appleton" puts it down at only 38,000 in 1878; and its remarkable outgrowth has been ascribed to the fact that it is the centre of an extensive network of railways. But there is another reason. During the Civil War, Atlanta was the Richmond of the Central South; and its position made it a place of vital importance to the Southern cause. The siege of Atlanta by General Sherman will be ever memorable in the history of the tremendous struggle; and with its capture the doom of the Confederacy was virtually sealed. Before evacuating Atlanta to fall back on Macon, the Confederate commander, General Hood, set fire to all the machinery, stores, and munitions of war which he was unable to remove; and in the terrible conflagration which ensued, on September 3, 1864, the greater part of the city was reduced to ashes.

Its resuscitation was swift and marvellous. Immense hotels arose. The Kemball and the Markham houses rival the caravanserais of Philadelphia in vastness and handsomeness; there is a grand State House, and, of course, a grand Opera House; there is a State Library, containing sixteen thousand volumes, and the Young Men of Atlanta have a library with five thousand volumes, while there are as many tomes in the library of the Oglethorpe College. Gigantic warehouses and dry goods stores rise on every side; and the city is growing rapidly rich, owing to its being a vast emporium for the produce of the South, and

a distributing centre for such Northern commodities as the South has need of. I should scarcely call it an agreeable city; but it is in all respects a very remarkable one. The negro population seemed to be numerous, and to be very hard at work as porters and packers; and I saw very few street-corner loafers. Why I have called Atlanta Arrogant is not with the slightest intent of disparaging her, but because she seems to have altogether a certain swaggering mien and a high-handed manner of comporting herself, as though she was saying, "See what a burnt-up city can do; look at my hotels and my banks, my colleges and libraries, my dry goods stores and my First Methodist churches, and then talk of the crippled and impoverished South, if you dare."

The great marble entrance hall and clerks' office of the Markham House, where they treated us very politely, and charged us only three dollars for excellent accommodation and a capital breakfast, is slightly suggestive of a Moorish-built house in Andalusia, inasmuch as it has a *patio*, or inner court-yard, of marble, round which run galleries, supported by marble columns, and leading to the various corridors. But the *patio* of a Morocco-Andalusian house is open to the sky, whereas that of the Markham House is roofed in; and the space beneath, whether the roof be of cupola shape or not, is always known as the "Rotunda." There, at the clerks' counter you register your name, and enquire for your letters. There, at a stand at one side of the hall, you buy your newspapers and your postage stamps. Elsewhere you find facilities for purchasing railway tickets to every part of the Union, or for sending telegraphic messages; and at a stall at the opposite extremity you find a place for the sale of cigars, which, as a rule, are expensive and not good.

While travelling in America never cease to bear this cardinal fact in mind, that this is a wholesale and not a retail country. Everything is on an extensive scale. Nothing is petty. And if you want a good cigar at a reasonable rate you must get some friend to introduce you to a direct importer of the article and buy a couple of boxes. You may even procure good and comparatively cheap claret if you buy it by the cask and bottle it yourself; only the "trouble" is that the transient and elderly traveller who has been accustomed from his youth upwards to drink a modest pint of St. Julien at his dinner does not see his way towards travelling up and down the enormous continent with a hogshead of Bordeaux in his baggage. Frenchmen, as a

nation, are not travellers. Were they such wanderers to and fro on the earth's surface as we are, I imagine that nine lively Gauls out of ten, journeying through the interior States of the American Union, would go mad or commit suicide for want of their accustomed *vin ordinaire* at breakfast and dinner. Yes; I know very well that *vin ordinaire* at thirty cents a pint can be obtained at many of the New York restaurants; but the great Republic is not all New York. From the point of view of cheap and good wine I have hitherto found it a great desert in which New York is the solitary oasis. But *halte là!* It is too early to generalise. I have not yet seen New Orleans. There should be some thousand lusty Creoles in the Crescent City, of Gallic descent, to whom cheap claret must be a necessary of life. And —much more—I have not yet seen Chicago the Marvellous. I have not yet seen San Francisco the Auriferous. There will be claret enough there, I have no doubt.

I saw two strange specimens of American humanity at the Markham House, Atlanta—the very strangest, assuredly, that I have yet beheld in the course of my travels. I met them loafing in the hall. They occupied two rocking chairs. They were smoking very big cigars, and they were the observed of all observers. Strange man number one was over six feet high, and correspondingly athletic. He was very handsome and exceedingly dirty. He wore his brown hair flowing in long ringlets over his shoulders and a good way down his back. He was full-bearded and moustached; but a very long period seemed to have elapsed since any barber had "fixed" him up with the emollient pomatum or the invigorating bay rum. His attire consisted of an old drab coat, vest, and continuations, high boots, as innocent of "the soot pots of Day and Martin" as were the boots of Frederick the Great, as pictured by Mr. Carlyle; and a battered, greasy, old, low-crowned felt hat, with a monstrous broad brim, which, with a tarnished gold cord and tassel encircling it, looked like the ghost of a Mexican *sombrero galonado*. His revolvers and his bowie-knife—if his equipment comprised such trinkets—did not in sight appear; his age might have been about thirty-five. His companion was, perhaps, bordering on sixty; but his grizzled hair fell over his shoulders, just as did the lovelocks of his companion. He was quite as unwashed and unbrushed; his apparel was similar in cut to that of his fellow; only there was no *galon* or tarnished gold cord round his *sombrero*.

Who were these hirsute men? At first I took them for "Moonshiners," or illicit whiskey distillers, who just now are abounding in the State of Georgia, and against whom the Federal Government has sent out a whole army of revenue officers, well mounted, and armed to the teeth with rifles and six-shooters. The "Moonshiners'" haunts are up in the mountains, and the revenue people find the task of raiding the stills to be both difficult and dangerous: since the smugglers are very apt to show fight, and derive much gratification from hiding behind projecting ledges of rock, and "potting" the Excise officers as the latter ride by. The state of things fiscal in Georgia is, in fine, closely similar to that which existed in Scotland in the days of a certain "riding officer" of the Excise

named Robert Burns. But the hairy men whom I saw in the hall of the Markham House could scarcely have been "Moonshiners." They were not under guard, nor were they handcuffed. "Bushwhackers" they might have been, but could be so no longer, since the guerilla or "bushwhacking" profession faded out with the Civil War. Were they members of that darkly-famed and direly-dreaded *Vehmgericht* the "Ku-Klux-Klan"?

No! the mysterious brethren of the Ku-Klux only sallied forth by night, and when engaged in their nocturnal raids they wore masks and black calico shrouds over their ordinary garments. Finally, I asked, were these ringleted strangers twin brothers of Mr. Joaquin Miller, Poet of the Sierras, in difficulties? People laughed when I interrogated them on these gravely moot points. I was told, jocularly, that one of the hairy strangers claimed to be "Buffalo Bill," and that the other was "Kit Carson."

Who are Kit Carson and Buffalo Bill? I could obtain no further explanation concerning them beyond a hint that I should see "plenty more of the same stripe" when I got out West. Be it as it may, the men with the ringlets and the *sombreros* afforded me food for cogitation until it was time to take the train for New Orleans; and gradually I began to associate the hairy men in my mind with the heroes of a very droll story which was lately related to me by a distinguished Senator of the United States, whose fund of humorous anecdote is as inexhaustible as that of Mr. Secretary Evarts. Perhaps I shall mar the tale in the telling of it; but so far as I can recollect, it ran thus: Say that the two heroes were named Damon and Pythias, or Orestes and Pylades, or, better still, Jim and Mose. At all events they were the fastest of friends. They were together one evening in some out-of-the-way rural town, no matter in what State; when finding, "between drinks," the time hang somewhat heavy on their hands, they concluded to attend a lecture given at the local institute by, say, Professor M'Hoshkosh. The lecture was on the identity of the author of the Letters of Junius, and the peroration seemed to have been a sublimely eloquent one. "Time," quoth Professor M'Hoshkosh, "has left but a very mean balance of mysteries to be toted up and unravelled. Time has rent the veil of the Semitic Isis, and turned Edison's electric light full blast on the Man with the Iron Mask. Time has deciphered the Rosetta inscription; and there ain't much in it. Time has revealed the cause of the banishment of Ovid; and in process of time we shall find out who stole the body of A. T. Stewart, and which of the Masonic lodges it was that didn't murder Morgan. Time has replaced the lost nose of the Sphinx, and all her conundrums have been answered in the columns of the Philadelphia press. But, ladies and gentlemen, the Author of the Letters of Junius doesn't care five cents for Time, and defies the most persistent researches of

the New York detectives. Who wrote those letters? Was it Sir Philip Francis? Was it Edmund Burke? Was it Lord George Sackville? Was it Lord Temple? Was it John Wilkes Booth—I mean John Wilkes? Was it Benjamin Franklin? 'Echo answers P'raps.' Was it Dr. Johnson? Was it Tom Paine, when he was a young man? Who wrote those immortal editorials? Who wrote them? We ask again and again; and Echo replies, in a derisively equivocating manner, that she possesses no reliable information on the subject."

Thus Professor M'Hoshkosh. The two friends adjourned to the nearest bar, much edified by what they had heard. They partook of many drinks, still discoursing more or less coherently about the lecture; and by the time they reached their hotel Jim and Mose were quite "tight." The attached friends "roomed" together; and in the middle of the night, Jim, waking up thirsty, and stretching forth his hand for the iced water pitcher, became aware of Mose bewailing himself dolefully in his bed. "Wot's the matter?" asked Jim. "O, my wife and babes," sobbed the afflicted Mose. "Who writ them letters to Julius? Why didn't he own up? Why didn't he acknowledge the coin, and send in his checks? Why didn't he send it to the papers that he writ 'em?" And Mose continued to moan and sob, at intervals, for at least two hours. Unable to endure any longer the affliction of his friend, the sympathetic Jim sprang from his couch, and sitting by the side of Mose's bed, took his comrade's hand, and wrung it affectionately. "Don't cry, hoss," he said, the tears running down his own brown cheeks. "Don't cry. I can't abear it. You shall know all about it. *I writ them Letters to Julius; and he answered every darned one of 'em; and I've left 'em downstairs in the office, locked up in The Silas Herring fireproof safe.*" There is a touch of tenderness in the absurdity. The poor ignorant fellow's falsehood was atoned for by noble friendship, sympathy, and compassion.

THE MORNING TOILET IN A PULLMAN SLEEPING CAR.

XXIII.

The Crescent City.

New Orleans, Louisiana, *Jan.* 26.

I HAVE, since my arrival on this continent, made several discoveries, certainly infinitely of less moment to humanity at large than the discoveries of that wonderful Mr. Edison, christened by the *New York Herald* "The Wizard of Menlo Park," who is said to invent something new every three-quarters of an hour throughout the week, save on Sunday, which the Wizard devotes (in the intervals between church hours) to the study of the writings of the Preacher who has warned us that all is Vanity under the Sun. Unimportant, however, as are my discoveries, they are none the less personally interesting to myself; and among them is the consciousness of the peculiar condition of body and mind to which one is brought after spending, say, four nights out of the seven in a railway sleeping car. In the first place, you are apt to fall, mentally, into a fretful, fractious, nervous, and irritable state, and you begin to question the wisdom and justice of the laws which decline to recognise as

justifiable homicide the assassination of the Sleeping Car Baby, whose mission in life seems to be carried up and down the land as a howling warning to parents that if they do not have immediate recourse to Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup they and the strangers within the gates of the sleeping car will go raving mad.

In the next place you get so accustomed to making your toilette piecemeal, and to performing your ablutions in a marble pie-dish with the aid of a towel no bigger than a pocket-handkerchief, that you begin to wonder what manner of people those can be who indulge in baths and tubs and such things, and by whom a clean paper collar every other day is not always deemed a fully adequate sacrifice to the Graces. You also cease to think it startling if you find hairpins in your waistcoat pocket; and the presence of a "frisette"—I think that the reticulated black sausage in question is called a "frisette"—in one of your boots does not produce any marked effect on your jaded mind. There are no stay busks in these days, I am told; but were a "Duchesse" corset to turn up among my railway rugs in a Pullman I should not be very much astonished. Again, you are continually having your boots cleaned; and the Cerberus of the "sleeper" is always bringing you the wrong boots. You drift by degrees into a dubious and hazy state of incertitude as to whose boots are yours, or whether the little slippers with the high heels and the delicate black satin rosettes with the cut-steel buckles may not have belonged to you in a previous state of existence.

Finally, after three or four days' Pullmanising, two absorbing impressions take possession of you. The first is that this excessive sleeping accommodation may provoke an attack of insomnia which will have to be combated by musk pills, hydrate of chloral, Battley's solution, the perusal of "Alison's History of Europe," *cannabis indica*, or the hypodermic injection of morphia; and next that the Pullman car is either a gipsy's or a showman's caravan. At one moment your distraught imagination leads you to believe that you must belong to the Rommany Rye, that your business in life is to sell brooms and baskets, to tinker pots and kettles, and to clip horses; that you have one mortal and inveterate enemy, whose name is Mr. George Smith of Coalville; and that the lady who is travelling with you is an adept at telling fortunes. The next moment your fleeting fancies induce the assumption that you have passed into the service of Mrs. Jarley, and that the people around you are waxworks—including an

ingenious clock-work baby; and then you diverge at a mental tangent, now opining that you are Doctor Marigold, and that the little fair-haired girl in the corner is Uncle Dick's Darling; now feeling that the spirit of Artemus Ward is coming over you, and that yours is the most Moral Wild Beast Show on the American Continent; and now that the Armadillo is your brother, the Pelican your uncle, the Spotted Girl your sister, and the Pig-faced Lady your mother-in-law.

On the whole, I was very glad last Thursday, at about half-past seven in the morning, after journeying from Atlanta through West Point, Montgomery, and Mobile, to find myself in New Orleans, a city which the Abbé Prévost, Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, the late Mrs. Trollope, and the yet extant General Benjamin Butler have done their best, from their several points of view, to immortalise; but which, all things considered, may be, with tolerable safety, left to immortalise itself. To me it is the most interesting city that I have yet set eyes upon in this vast continent—more interesting than Philadelphia, more interesting than Quebec. American readers of these letters will smile when I state a few elementary facts in connection with the topography of New Orleans; but, looking at the fact that it is not a place of habitual resort for English people whose avocations are neither commercial nor seafaring, I need not hesitate to remark that the capital of Louisiana is situated on both banks, but chiefly on the left, of the river Mississippi, the "Father of Waters," and about a hundred miles from its mouth. The older portion of the city is built along a great riparian bend, from which circumstance it derives its familiar name of the "Crescent City." Almost every American town, by the way, has its distinctive *sobriquet*. That Arrogant Atlanta, for example, of which I lately spoke, is called the "Gate City." In the progress of its growth up stream New Orleans has now so extended itself as to follow long curves in opposite directions, so that the river front on the left bank presents an outline somewhat resembling that of the letter S. The statutory limits of New Orleans cover an area of nearly 150 square miles; but the actual town, structurally considered, is comprised within a space of about forty-one square miles. Astonishingly progressive in its population and prosperity as it is, New Orleans offers topographically the unusual spectacle of a city sinking downwards and backwards: since it is built on land gently sloping from the Mississippi to a great

marshy tract in the rear, called the Cypress Swamp, at the extremity of which is Lake Pontchartrain.

The city is 162 years old. In 1718 Bienville, Governor of the Colony of Louisiana for the Mississippi Company, on whose managing director, John Law, extraordinary powers over the new settlement had been conferred by the Crown of France, became dissatisfied with Biloxi, the early capital of the dependency, and began to "prospect" for a more suitable locality for the seat of government. Sailing along Lake Pontchartrain, just as night was overtaking his company Governor Bienville discovered a small stream leading inwards, and he proceeded up this stream until he reached a ridge suitable for a camp. Here he landed and bivouacked for the night. The boating-houses of a New Orleans rowing club are now at this ridge; and the stream which Governor Bienville ascended received the name of the Bayou St. John. You have heard of the "dark bayou" ere now, have you not? It is as frequent a term in the topography of the South as "cañon" is in that of the Rocky Mountains, and "prairie" in the West; and "bayou" may recur more than once ere I have done with Louisiana and Florida. Bienville left a detachment of fifty Frenchmen to clear the ground for the infant city which he intended to found on the banks of the Mississippi, and which he named New Orleans as a compliment to the exemplary Regent of France, and bosom friend of the equally exemplary Cardinal Dubois.

It was not quite a waste place which Bienville had chosen, part of the site of the present New Orleans having been the site

of a large Indian village called Tchoutchouma. Governor Bienville was no doubt a most estimable man, and his memory is still revered as the Father of Louisiana; but it is a pity that his education as an *ingénieur des ponts et chaussées* should have been, to all seeming, neglected. He built his new city at from two to four feet below the level of the River Mississippi at high-water mark. In 1719, only one year after the settlement had been planned, the river rose to an extraordinary height; and, as the settlers were too poor to protect themselves by means of dykes, the nascent New Orleans was for a while abandoned. The principal offices and warehouses of the Mississippi Company were not removed from Biloxi until November, 1722, and in the following year the French traveller Charlevoix, who came from Canada by the way of the Mississippi, described New Orleans as consisting of about one hundred cabins irregularly placed, a few dwelling houses of the better class, and a wooden storehouse, which on Sundays was converted into a chapel.

The present population of New Orleans is estimated at about 220,000; and the people tell you that but for the Great Civil War, from the effects of which they are only just recovering, the Crescent City would by this time have 350,000 inhabitants. As it is, the wharves are crowded with shipping from every part of the globe; and not unfrequently from 1,000 to 1,500 steamers and flat boats may be seen lying at the Levée. This Levée is a prodigious embankment fifteen feet wide and fourteen feet high, constructed for a long distance along the river bank, and forming a delightful promenade. In a certain sense, then, we must consider New Orleans as the American Amsterdam. Pardon the audacity of the comparison between the Father of Waters and the modern Zuyder Zee; but if you will look at the map of the Dutch capital you will find that Amsterdam is, after a manner, also somewhat a crescent city. To my mind Fate seems to have quite as much to do with the selection of a capital as questions of convenience have. A site on the sea coast, and provided with a natural harbour, of course, suggests itself at once and unanswerably as the place for a city. When Hendrik Hudson first set eyes on the bay of that which is now New York he turned to his chief mate and briefly remarked, "See here;" and when the famous skipper ascended the beauteous river which now bears his name, he observed, with equal brevity, to his second in command, "Stay here." The future of New York, the Empire City, was then and there settled.

Liverpool, Dublin, Plymouth, Halifax, Nova Scotia, Marseilles, Naples, Leghorn, Constantinople, all seem to have been equally designated by Nature as the places where great cities should be founded; but where, may I respectfully ask, is the topographical *raison d'être* of Rome? Anything else beyond the Seven Hills. One can understand the natural fitness of Barcelona and Cadiz; but why Madrid. St. Petersburg, again, has not one natural feature that renders it appropriate as the site for a capital; and looking at the periodical overflowing of South Lambeth by the Thames, and the Embankment which even the ancient Romans were constrained to construct along the riparian border of St. George's-fields, I am not at all certain that a modern surveyor, were London destroyed by an earthquake, and it were not deemed advisable to build it up again in its present position, might not fix upon Gravesend or Ramsgate as the most eligible site for the new capital of the British Empire. Or suppose we say Sheerness?

Meanwhile New Orleans, although sorely tried during some seven or eight generations by inundations and hurricanes, has not the slightest intention of disestablishing herself. *Elle y est, et elle y restera.* She is the chief cotton mart of the world. In 1874, one of the darkest years of her political and social depression—for she, like all the cities of the South, has suffered fearfully from the depredations of the "carpet-baggers," who have now, happily, become all but an extinct race—New Orleans sent abroad sugar, flour, rice, tobacco, pork, and other products to the value of $93,715,710. The imports in the same year, 1874, amounted in value to $14,533,864.

The approach to New Orleans at early morn is eminently striking and romantic. You remember the strange feeling which came over you on the first occasion of entering Venice by railway; how, when the train had left the station at Mestre, it put out to sea, literally, so it seemed to you, but in reality traversing the broad lagoon on a solid causeway of stone, guarded in the midst by a fortress, which in my time was named after that famous lady-killer, Field-Marshal Haynau, but which has since, I should say, been rechristened by a more Italian and less ferocious name. So when you enter Cadiz by way of San Fernando, does the train pass through miles of desolate-looking salt-marshes, until at last the white walls of the "Ship of Stone"—the city where the deeds of Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, are yet held in remembrance—appear in sight.

But the causeways across the lagunes and the salt-marshes are handsome and imposing viaducts, standing high and dry above the backwaters of the Adriatic and the Atlantic. Between Mobile and New Orleans, on the contrary, the train seemed to be travelling not *over* but *in* the water. I began to feel amphibious, and tried to recall the lines in Hudibras Butler's Miscellanies, in which he remarks that in Holland a herring appears at table—"not as a fish, but as a guest;" and that you do not land in a Dutch town, but "go on board." Certainly I would not have been much astonished had our Pullman been invaded by numerous contingents of widgeon, ptarmigan, teal, bitterns, herons, and kingfishers; for when we had left the open sheets of watery waste, we plunged into the swamps. Such swamps! Long ago I ventured to warn you that most of the stories told about the Great Dismal Swamp in Virginia were the merest of myths, and that the region of which the unfortunately sensational name furnished Mrs. Stowe with a title for a story which did not quite equal "Uncle Tom's Cabin" in popularity, was in reality a well-wooded and well-watered region, giving employment to hundreds of tree-fellers as vigorous and as healthy as Mr. Gladstone; but the swamps through which you splash as you enter New Orleans are dismal in reality as well as in name.

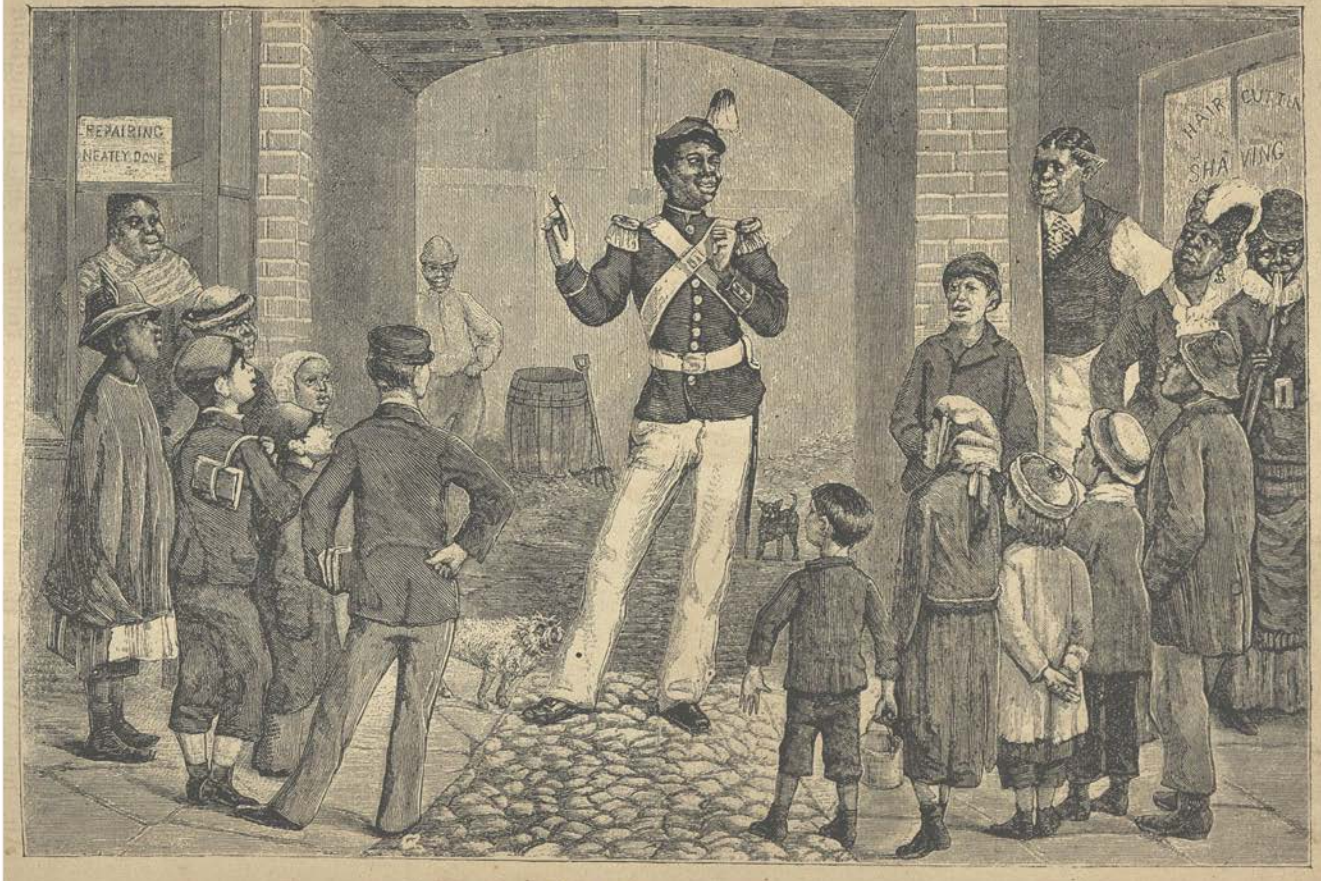
For miles and miles your progress is by the side of stagnant-

looking creeks and great pools of purple-brown water, fringed by fantastic jungle which might be pollard and alder grown into strange shapes, but which may be vegetation peculiar to the district. The frogs, I should say, must have a "high old time" of it in these very moist morasses. Anon the train is engulfed by the forests of the swamp. The clumps of pine and cypress cluster round you, threatening baleful embraces. Most uncanny are they to look upon. It is one of the caprices of landscape gardening in the South to cut trees and shrubs into quaint and grotesque shapes, just as we in England during the Georgian era used to snip and shave and pare the yews and box trees in our gardens into whimsical forms outrageous of all the canons of good taste. Between London and Epsom, passing through Sutton, you will notice many amusing though irritating examples of this perversion in arboriculture. But they are the forces of Nature, and not the disciples of Le Nôtre and "Capability" Brown, that have bestowed the strangest of embellishments on the trees in the swamps about New Orleans. I was told by an American gentleman at Atlanta to "look out for the morse"—so he pronounced it—as I neared the Crescent City. I was not quite certain as to what the "morse" might be—a bird or a beast, a variety of the mosquito, a political shibboleth, or something to drink; but at daybreak I discovered that the so-pronounced "morse" was, in reality, the moss. Some kind of lichen clothes the swamp-forests in mantles of unwholesome

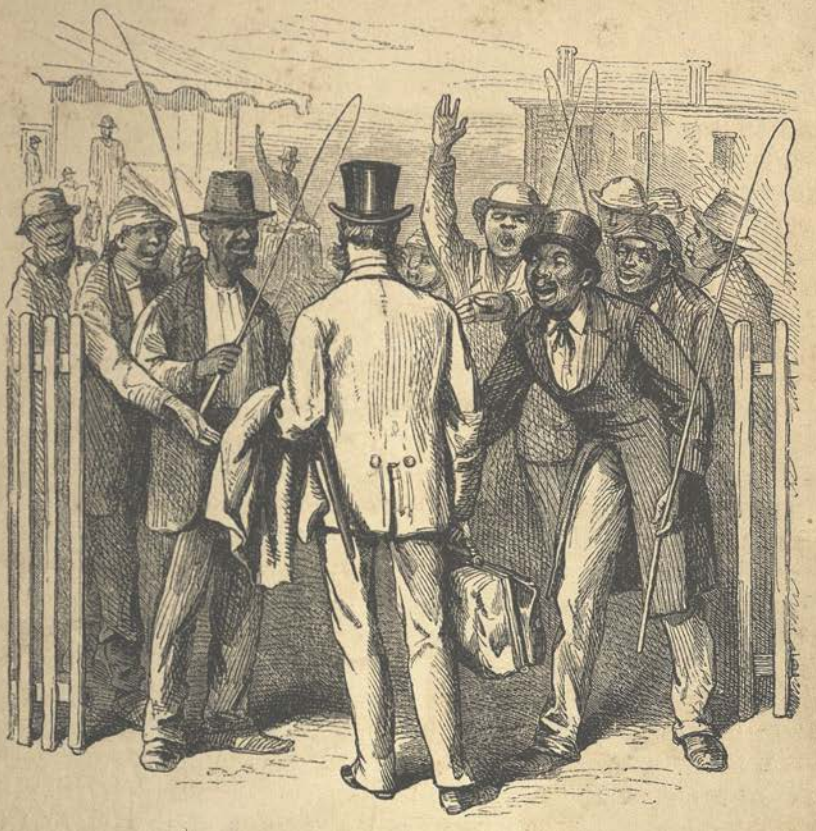
richness. It hangs in festoons and pendents; it droops, or forms itself into jagged projections; it enlaces the tree-branches and hangs to them, and winds round the trunk, and at last, so they tell me, kills the tree.

No painter, I take it, could imagine the effect produced against the pale silvery sun-rising sky by these dark trees tortured into a thousand phantasmagoric forms by this libertine lichen. Trees that are dragonish; trees that are like bears and lions; trees like great vultures with outspread wings; trees like the Three Witches in "Macbeth" grown to colossal stature, and commanded to stand there, in the midst of the Louisianian wilderness, with their skinny arms outspread, and their mossy rags fluttering in the chill morning air, to breathe strange curses and prophesy horrible things, for ever. I confess that I did not feel comfortable as the train rattled through these funereal

groves, the moss clinging to trunk and branch or flaunting in a listless drooping way, like the ostrich plumes on a hearse which has been caught in a storm of rain. The cypress, the pine, and the moss combined induced a wretched depression of spirits, which the prevailing and clammy moisture did not tend to alleviate. Although the breeze was chilly, it seemed to be passing through the temperature of a tepid bath. You felt alternately unpleasantly cold and unpleasantly warm. "Beshrew thee, swamp!" you felt at last inclined to cry. Frogs! toads! newts! for aught you knew, alligators might be lurking in some of these dark pools of purple madder-coloured water! But your journey through Swampland came to an end at half-past seven, when you found yourself at the railroad depôt on the Levée in the Crescent City of New Orleans.



PARADE DAY, NEW ORLEANS.



XXIV.

On Canal-Street.

New Orleans, *Jan.* 28.

You enter New Orleans just as you begin the "Iliad," plunging at once *in medias res;* only instead of

> Achilles' wrath, to Greeks the direful spring
> Of woes unnumbered—

your ears are simply half-deafened by the shrieks of hackmen contending for your patronage and the shrill *cantabile* of small black boys chanting the popular ditty:

> When the butcher went around to collect his bill,
> He took a brace of dogs and a double-barrelled gun.

Ah, me! When the butcher comes round to us in England

with his bill, it is not he, but we who should be provided with the brace of dogs and the double-barrelled gun. To the noise made by the hackmen and the negro boys should be added the jingling of the mule-bells, the rattling of the horse cars, the warning grunt of the locomotive's steam horn, and the rumbling of innumerable drays bearing the rich products of Louisiana to the Levée for shipment to Europe and "the Golden South Americas." It is not such a very wide world after all. Take the first turning to your left to the mouths of the Mississippi, and you will find yourself in the Gulf of Mexico; whence, by Cuba, Florida, and the Bahamas, it is plain sailing or steaming to New York, to Queenstown, to Liverpool, to Wapping—to wheresoever you may choose to go or to send your merchandise, and you have money enough to pay the necessary freight or passage-money. It cannot be more than four thousand miles from Euston-square terminus. What are four thousand miles in these days of ocean steamers and express trains? There are no pirates; there is no "constraint of Princes" nowadays to delay or imperil your journeyings. Truly, there are the dangers of the sea; but has the land no dangers? To be drowned afloat, or to be run over by a railway-van in Cheapside, or flung out of a hansom cab, on your head, in Wellington-street North? There is not much difference, perhaps.

At all events, when you are turned out of the train on the Levée at New Orleans, in the midst of a labyrinth of sugar hogsheads, cotton-bales, coffee-bags, and barrels of pork and flour, it occurs to you very strongly indeed that the London Docks, or the East River, New York, or the Port of Commerce, Constantinople, are only "just over the way." Sailors of every nationality, sailors' boarding-houses and groggeries—here the dram shops are called "exchanges"—slop-shops, or "one-piece stores," overflowing with guernseys, pea jackets, sou'-wester hats, and overalls of oilskin; warehouses full of junk and jute, and sea-going tackle generally, and a pervading odour of pitch and tar, tobacco and garments saturated with salt—all bring to your mind the fact that Jack Alive in the Gulf of Mexico does not materially differ from Jack Alive at Galata, or at Cronstadt, or on the Quai de la Joliette at Marseilles, or the Common Hard at Portsmouth. In two circumstances only does the great seaport of Louisiana differ from the maritime cities of the Old World: first, in the abundance of black faces; next, in the almost utter absence of any official uniforms, naval or military. Not an epaulette, not a

sword, not a shako is ordinarily to be seen. In process of time and by dint of persistent observation you may descry a policeman; but the New Orleans municipal has little in common either in stature or costume with his colossal brother in New York or Philadelphia. Still less does he resemble the stalwart "peeler" of London streets, or the well-brushed, well-girthed, trim-moustached *sergent-de-ville* of Paris. The New Orleans policeman is apt to be young and slim, and to be attired on the "go-

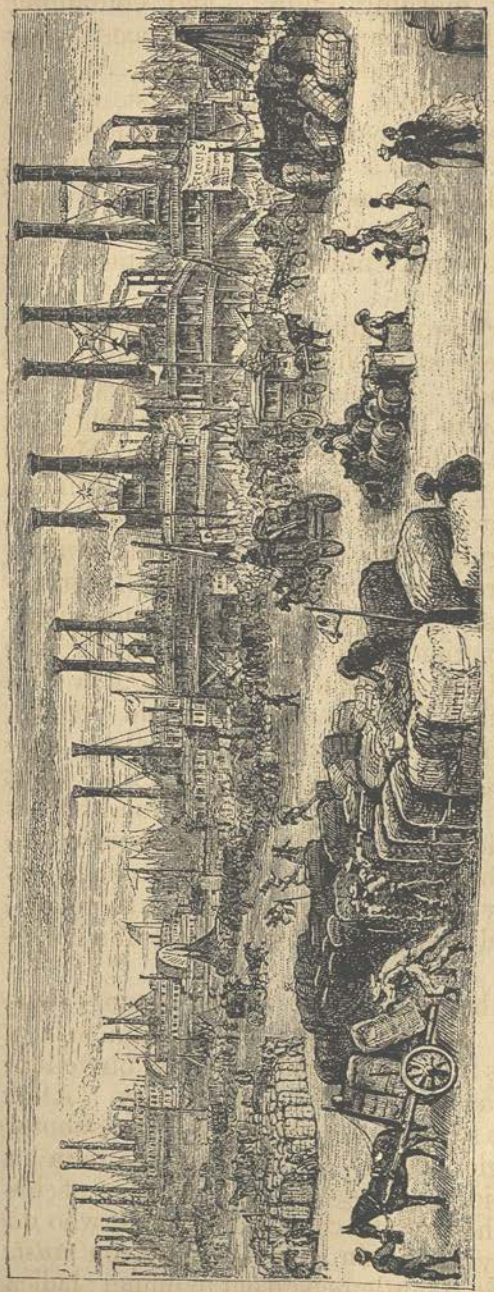
as-you-please" principle. It is true that his clothes are blue and his buttons metallic, and that he wears a black "pot" hat with a slouched brim, somewhat similar to the head-gear affected by brigadier-generals during the Civil War. Still it is the business of a policeman to inspire awe; and how can you expect to be awe-stricken by a personage who wears a turn-down collar and a Byron tie, who carries a gold watch and chain at his fob, and who smokes a cigar while on duty?

The New Orleans hack-drivers are a race who will listen to reason. For two-horsed barouches the fares are high—two dollars an hour—but there are one-horse shandrydans, a kind of

compromise between the Parisian victoria and the Cuban *volante;* and I made a bargain with one of the "shay" drivers to conduct us to the St. Charles Hotel for the sum of one dollar. Four shillings and twopence for a five minutes' ride is perhaps a rather enormous tariff; but I did not grumble, seeing that only the other day I paid five dollars, or a guinea, for a drive through the streets of Augusta the Prosperous. The St. Charles Hotel, at New Orleans, is in structure and decoration one of the handsomest on the American continent; indeed, no Transatlantic hotel that I have yet seen can equal the architectural magnificence of the exterior of the St. Charles, with its clustered Corinthian columns and great open *loggia* where you can sit and smoke and gaze upon the scene of almost incessant bustle and activity in St. Charles-street below you. The house is in the American quarter of the city, "up town," to the left of Canal-street, as you follow the course of that spacious thoroughfare from the Levée in the direction of the Cypress Swamp and Lake Pontchartrain; and it occupies about three-quarters of the immense square formed by St. Charles, Carondeletet, Common, and Gravier-streets.

Touching these thoroughfares, let me digress for a moment to remark that the street nomenclature of New Orleans is the most miscellaneous and the most picturesque to be found in any American city. How weary you grow, in the practical and business-like North, of "West Ninety-fourth" and "East One Hundred and seventh" streets. How you long for a little variety, a little imagination, a little eccentricity or absurdity, even, in the designation of the thoroughfares! In New Orleans you have almost an *embarras de richesses* in the way of variety and imaginativeness. Here are a score of street names culled at random from a map of the Crescent City. What do you think of Mandana, Annunciation, Bacchus, Bagatelle, Bolivar, Dauphine, Morales, Lafayette, Izardi, Dryades, Duels—sanguinarily suggestive this—Napoleon, Morse, Mystery, Peace, Rampart, St. Ferdinand, Tchoupitoulas, and Virtue streets? I confess that I like them better than West Ninety-fourth and East One Hundred and seventh.

Returning to St. Charles, or "our well-beloved San Carlos," as it is grandiloquently called in the proclamations of Rex, King of the Carnival, I shall have occasion anon to refer to the arrangements of the establishment as typical of a first-class hotel in the South.



THE LEVÉE, NEW ORLEANS.

So, after breakfast—a meal enlivened by the juiciest oranges and the most aromatic coffee that I have yet enjoyed in America, and the finest fish that I have tasted out of the Bay of New York—I travelled into Canal-street, which was, for the nonce, my chief objective point. "See Naples and then Die," says the proverb. My view of things is that you should see Canal-street, New Orleans, and then try to Live as much longer as ever you can, striving, meanwhile, to discover how many points of resemblance there exist between the chief thoroughfare of the Louisianian city and that of the capital of Magna Græcia. So far as I am concerned, I aver that Canal-street reminded me very strongly and very pleasantly indeed of that wondrous Neapolitan street called the Toledo. Why? you may ask. Have but a modicum of patience, and you shall know why. As a matter of plain, prosaic fact, Canal-street is the main business thoroughfare of

the bustling city, the most fashionable of its promenades, especially on Sunday after morning church, and containing many extensive stores and handsome private residences. The street is nearly two hundred feet wide—think of this, Augusta the Prosperous; your Broad-street can only boast of one hundred and sixty-five feet of span — and is bordered by two rows of fine trees. It boasts a grass plot, too, running through its entire length. If the grass were green and it were mowed it would be very pretty; but the herbage is rather grey than green, and appears to be wholly unused to the contact of the lawn-mower.

The foot-pavement is very broad and very commodious; but the kerbs are fringed by deep gutters full of water, and bridged at intervals by large flagstones. I should say that New Orleans must be a very perilous city to be perambulated at night by a person who has partaken too freely of the particular kind of whiskey known as "tangle-leg." I should say that, if a drunken man missed one of the flagstone bridges and fell head foremost into one of the deep stone gutters he would fracture his skull to a certainty. But there is a Providence, we are told, which watches over benighted bacchanalians. The gondoliers and "long-shore" men of Venice get tipsy sometimes; but they don't tumble into the canals, often. The roadway of Canal-street is flagged with huge boulders, somewhat after the manner of the old Spanish *chaussée* which stretches from Vera Cruz to Mexico city. I am reminded of it, for I am but a day and a night's journey from what was once part of Mexico. The pavement of the roadway is simply abominable; and, indeed, some of the finest streets in the city are not paved at all; but that trifling fact does not affect the New Orleans people over much: almost every thoroughfare in the city being sected and intersected by lines for horse-cars.

I should like to know the man—if he be yet extant—who invented tramway cars. I should like to present him with a mural crown and an address illuminated and engrossed on vellum in recognition of his merits as a Benefactor of Humanity. After that I should very much like to lodge the contents of a six-shooter in his stomach, or to strangle him, or to administer to him an imperial pint of prussic acid, in vengeful remembrance of his ruthless interference with the private comfort of people who do not want to ride in tramway cars. In New Orleans you *must*. There is no other way out of it. Gentlemen go out to dinner; ladies

go to balls per horse-car. It is the great leveller. It is the Temple of Equality on wheels—and be hanged to it, and its wheels, and its bells, and its plodding mule to boot!

In justice, however, I should mention that the horse-car system in New Orleans is perhaps more complete than any to be found throughout the length and breadth of the United States. Starting from the Central-avenue, Canal-street, the tracks radiate to all parts of the city and suburbs; and passengers are carried to any point within the city limits for the ridiculously small charge of five cents, or twopence halfpenny—the very sum, by the way, which you have to pay for a box of matches, which in England costs you one halfpenny. But in America each box of matches pays a tax—hear it, Right Hon. Lord Sherbrooke, author of the "Low Match Tax" a ditty which did *not* become popular—of one cent to the Government; and I suppose that wax, and sulphur, and pasteboard, and emery-powder, and colours for the meretricious little "chromos" which

THE CUSTOM HOUSE, NEW ORLEANS.

adorn the sides of the box, are all heavily handicapped by the "All Industry-Crippling Tariff." As for the New Orleans horse-cars, they are "down upon" you at any instant, almost, of your existence. An extended system of switches enables the vehicles to pirouette with a nimbleness which is positively

distracting, and which perpetually exposes the foot passenger to the contingency of being run over.

The New Orleans Custom House is in Canal-street, to which it presents a frontage of three hundred and thirty-four feet. Its "Long Room" is one hundred and sixteen feet in length, and is lighted by fifty windows. The Post-office occupies the basement of the Custom House, and is considered to be the most convenient in the country. The whole noble structure is built of Quincey granite, brought from the Massachusetts quarries, and next to the Capitol at Washington, is the largest public edifice in the United States. Round about the Custom House cluster the many-storeyed warehouses and stores devoted to the chief business industries of New Orleans. Coffee and rice, sugar and cocoa, nails and spikes, tin plates and copper tubes, wines, spirits, groceries, pickles and preserves, condiments, and "relishes" from Europe are piled high in huge repositories resembling far more the "fondaci" of the Levant and the bazaars of the East than our own cosy and well "dressed," but somewhat diminutive shops. Everything is *en grande*, everything is wholesale. That remark I know I have made before; still it is one which will bear repetition. The side-walk is cumbered by huge bales and packing cases, and barrels of goods. Porters pass you and repass you at every step, back-burdened with fardels the magnitude and gravity of which might arouse the emulation of a Constantinopolitan *hammal*.

Yes, you may say, this is all very well; the same features are visible in a score of great commercial centres. Yes, and New Orleans is, without doubt, an extremely busy city; but in what manner, if any, does Canal-street resemble the Toledo at Naples? I will tell you. Over almost every towering building there flaunts a great silken banner, a tricolour of green, white, and purple, in diagonal stripes. In the centre of this gonfalon is a Royal crown, surmounted by a cross-"pattee" gules. What is the meaning of this regal emblem? Can this be the banner of Rex, King of the Carnival? Yes. He is approaching. He is imminent. Seven days since I saw his proclamation at Atlanta, in which he announced the commencement of his reign, and amicably, but sternly, bade all railway companies within his jurisdiction provide transportation at reduced rates for his loyal subjects bent on enjoying the delirious festivities of Mardi Gras in the Crescent City; Rex's ukase was surmounted by an elaborate achievement of his Royal arms, with effigies of Hercules and, I

think, Lycas, both duly masked, as supporters; and the document was countersigned by "Bathurst, Lord High Chamberlain." At the present moment Rex's banner is all-puissant in New Orleans, and counterparts of his proclamation are on every hoarding. We are promised the very gayest of gay doings on Shrove Tuesday. Crowds of masquers will fill the streets from an early hour, and will be finally marshalled into the grand procession of his Majesty the King of the Carnival. But prose is insufficient to recount the glories of Mardi Gras in New Orleans, and I must have recourse for a moment to the lyre of a local poet. Thus sings the bard of the Carnival:

"To portray half of the characters seen on this day,
Fantastic, grotesque, classic, solemn, or gay,
Would be just such a hopeless and intricate task
As to tell who the persons are under the masks.
Here are kings, queens, and princes in gorgeous attire,
Knights, pages, and Cupids with hearts all afire;
And birds of the air, and fish of the deep,
Proserpines, Plutos, Robin Hoods, and Bo-Peeps,
Pompous Sambos and Dinahs without stint or limit,
Ugly imps with long tails which they whisk every minute.
Their tastes and conceptions are faultless and true;
And there's only one drawback—between me and you—
To their festivals, chaste as fire-worshippers' flames;
None know where they come from and none know their names,
And whither they go we cannot even guess;
But there is a sly rumour among the members of the press
That they're not men at all, but wonderful sprites
Who visit us yearly on Mardi Gras nights."

If this is not poetry, Byron was a writer of doggerel and Tennyson is the merest of ballad-mongers.

It is the real or assumed mystery surrounding the individuality of the chief masquers in the Saturnalia which lends half its zest to the Carnival of New Orleans. Its motto might be the old Spanish one, "Nobody knows anybody." The public believe—or make believe to believe—that the personality of the "Knights of Momus," the "Mistick Krewe of Comus," and Rex himself is an impenetrable secret. For example, I am just now the honoured recipient of two heart-shaped cards of invitation, gorgeously printed in silver and colours, and enclosed in hotpressed envelopes decorated with costly monograms, to the Sixth Representation of the Knights of Momus at the Grand Opera House on the 5th of February next. The invitations are simply signed "Momus." I have not the slightest idea who Momus is,

CARD OF INVITATION TO THE REVELS OF THE MISTICK KREWE OF COMUS.

or to which of his knights I am indebted for this act of courtesy to a stranger. I expect to be in the neighbourhood of San Antonio, in the state of Texas, about the 5th of next month; but I hope to be back in New Orleans in time for the grand processional entry of Rex on the 10th—a gala which will be followed by the midnight revelries of the "Mistick Krewe of Comus." Who is Comus? Who is Rex? Once only, I have heard it whispered, the name of the Carnivalesque sovereign was revealed; and the revelation took place under very melancholy circumstances. The fatigue and excitement of the procession and

the reception were too much for the poor Monarch of Mummers, who suffered probably from predisposition to disease of his heart, and on the morning of Ash Wednesday he was found dead in his bed. Then the veil of his incognito was rent asunder. Poor Rex!

The general consensus of opinion touching the promoters of the Shrovetide festivals amounts to this: That Rex, Momus, Comus, and the rest, are certain frolicsome gentlemen belonging to "the first families" and members of the leading clubs. New Orleans shines especially in clubs, and the Boston Club would do honour to Pall-mall, and that the "close" nature of some of the clubs—the Pickwick, for example, does not admit strangers

THE GRAND TIER OF THE NEW ORLEANS OPERA HOUSE DURING THE CARNIVAL.

within its gates—is due mainly to a desire to afford time to the members to organise and prepare the pageants of the Carnival in undisputed privacy. The merry-making is a very cheerful, innocent, and humanising one. The glittering shows and parades throw the whole population of the city, Americans, creoles, and coloured people, into ecstasies of delight; and the grand masquerades at the two Opera Houses afford intense

pleasure to the ladies. It is, in short, a festival in which young and old, rich and poor, alike participate; but it is Comus, Momus, and Rex, their knights and their Krewes, who supply the necessary dollars. The sports of Mardi Gras must cost a vast sum of money, but they are undoubtedly "good for trade."

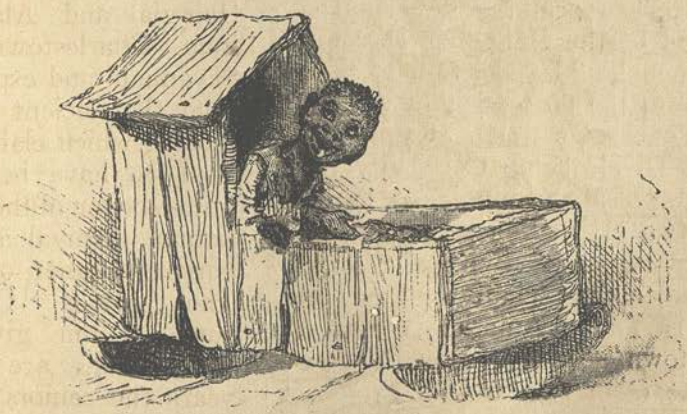
Did you doubt the accuracy of my judgment in this respect I would that you were with me in Canal-street at this present moment. I mentioned the Toledo at Naples. Imagine it to be made of india-rubber, and so stretched to about five times its normal length; but retain all the premonitory signs of Carnivalesque gaiety which it should surely present towards the end of January. There is an eruption, a lava-flow, a *scoria* inundation of masks. Highly-coloured pasteboard will soon be the only facial wear. Slawkenbergian noses dangle in the air. Bottom the Weaver in his transformed state, Reynard the Fox, the

Wolf that ate up Little Red Riding Hood, the Good-natured Bear, confront you—in pasteboard—at every turn. Numbers of alligators seem to have crawled in from the neighbouring Mississippi, to have washed the mud from their scaly sides, and to be weeping hypocritical tears or grinning equally untrustworthy grins in the shop windows. The display of Chinese lanterns in the fancy stores is tremendous. They are outnumbered only by the white satin boots and slippers. How they will dance merry Shrovetide out and dismal Lent in, to be sure!

Strangers by thousands will pour into the Crescent City — from Georgia and Alabama, from Charlestown and Savannah, and especially from the ancient city of Mobile, which claims, indeed, to have been the prime mover of the Louisianian carnival and the nursing mother of Rex. The Mobile "Cowbellians," I am given to understand, are some years the seniors of the "Mistick Krewe;" but this is a moot point which,

as a stranger in the land, I will not venture to discuss. In any case this section of the sunny South would seem to have been for a great many years past more or less under the dominion of a Monarch of Merriment—a compeer of our "Rigdum Funnidos," whose motto was, "In hoc est hoax." An esteemed legal gentleman in this city lately showed me a printed proclamation dated so far back as the 28th of November, 1796, and emanating from a potentate styling himself "Robert I., Lord Chief Joker and Grand Humbugger of all the Regions West of the Apalachian Mountains," greeting his well-beloved son, W. C. Claiborne—a name illustrious in the history of Louisiana—and appointing him to be "Domine Fucari Generali," whatever that may be, of all the country west of the Apalachian and east of the Cumberland Mountains. The document is countersigned by J. M. Overton, Attorney-General to Robert I. This relic of bygone badinage possesses some philological interest. "Humbug" was evidently a term current on the American continent as far back as 1796.

So mirth and jollity are to remain triumphant in New Orleans until the 10th of February. But, what said the preacher, who wrote a sermon called "Vanity Fair?" "Who has not his hobby, or, having it, is satisfied?" We have summer weather here; and the gentlemen of New Orleans are positively complaining that if the warm weather holds, the masquers who wear chain armour during the Carnival will be put to much inconvenience. Think of this, you English Hyperboreans shivering in your ulsters in the middle of February!



"GIV' US A SMALL COPPER, BOSS."

JACKSON-SQUARE, NEW ORLEANS.

XXV.

In Jackson-Square.

New Orleans, *Jan.* 30.

Gaul, according to General Julius Cæsar, was divided into three parts. The capital of the whilom dependency of Louis XIV. of France, the development of which, his Majesty was assured by the Managing Director of the Mississippi Company, would make "Le Roi Soleil" the richest monarch in the world, but from the possession of which Ludovicus Magnus never derived one sou's worth of profit, is divided into two parts—the Great Divide being Canal-street. The demarcation is not only topographical and municipal, but lingual, social, and ethnological. The two civilisations, England and France, are not more distinctly separated by the Straits of Dover than are Anglo-Saxondom and Gaul by Canal-street, New Orleans. On one side is Young America, continually extending its dimensions "up town"—lively, enterprising, noisy, and somewhat feverish; on the other side is Old France, "down town" staid, polite, undemonstrative, dignified and somewhat drowsily quiet.

In this newest of new continents one has a passion for seeking

out the slightest vestige of what is old and time-worn; and I had not been many hours in the Crescent City before I fled from bustling St. Charles and pushing Carondelet streets, and plunged headlong and haphazard into "La Bonne Vieille France." Of course, ere long, I lost my way; and then I ventured to ask a passing gentleman, in a broad-brimmed hat and with a sandy "goatee," in what part of the city I might be. He replied, in a strong Northern accent, that he guessed I was on Charters-street. This did not sound very Gallic, and I felt slightly discouraged. Proceeding a few paces forward, I again plucked up heart of

grace, and addressed another gentleman, who certainly looked very French, for he was black-eyed and black-bearded. He wore an embroidered velvet *calotte*, and a short blue linen blouse by way of vest; and he was sitting on a cane-bottom chair on the side-walk, attentively perfecting the heel of a lady's pink satin boot, and whistling melodiously the while an air from

"Giroflé-Girofla." "Mais, Monsieur," he made answer to my inquiry, "vous êtes en pleine Rue de Chartres." I was overjoyed. Yes; and I was likewise *en pleine Régence* and *en pleine Dix-huitième Siècle*. In the twinkling of an eye Young America disappeared; and above the Stars and Stripes, the "glorious gridiron" of Orator Pop, loomed in my mind's eye a dim mirage of a white flag, powdered with golden lilies. Succeeding streets recalled memories of Versailles and Marly, of the Cour de Marbre and the Œil de Bœuf, of Madame de Maintenon and the Demoiselles de St. Cyr.

I must not run the risk of wearying you by enumerating in anything approaching regular succession the names of the thoroughfares in the French quarter, from Chartres to Royale, from Bourbon to Dauphine, from Rempart to Esplanade. This is not a guide book to New Orleans; and, in all human probability, the vast majority of my readers will never wander to the shores of the Gulf of Mexico. Besides, the municipality of the fair city of New Orleans have not—presumably for some wise but inscrutable reason—thought proper to affix the names of the streets to the corners thereof. At some remote period of time their titles may have been inscribed on the street lamps; but these *graffiti* are not visible to the human eye, either naked or decently attired, now. Perhaps you are expected to make yourself thoroughly conversant with the street nomenclature of the city during the time which you pass at one of those admirable common schools which are among the chief glories of the American Union, North and South; and if you have not been educated at a common school, why, *tant pis pour vous*. You will never be a Senator of the United States; you will never be president of a bank or a railroad, nor pastor of a Brooklyn Tabernacle. You are out of the pale. There is no hope for you. You will never be anything; not even a member of the Pickled Clam Club of Communipaw or the Church Oyster Stew Union of East Armageddon.

Satisfied with being nothing but a wandering alien, I took the streets in old France as they came, and derived ineffable delight from their contemplation. I should warn you that Young America is far too energetic and go-ahead to consent to be wholly excluded from the Creole section of New Orleans. Occasionally in the French quarter, you are forcibly reminded of the all-dominating influence of the Anglo-Saxon language, institutions, and character. The German element also makes itself very

conspicuously and very strongly felt from one end of the city to the other; and every now and then Ireland asserts herself in that pleasantest of forms, the American Irishman, who works hard, behaves as a law-abiding citizen, and makes plenty of dollars. Still, square after square, block after block, and street after street are French, and Old French. Of course, remembering how and by whom Louisiana was settled, it is as absurd to feel astonished at finding so many reproductions in an American city of French life and manners as it was for the Englishman, who landed at Boulogne, to express his surprise at finding the little children prattling French so fluently; yet I do not scruple to own that I grew to be lost in pleasant amazement when I surveyed a genuine French *pharmacie* in the Rue de Chartres. It seemed to have been transported bodily from the Rue du Bac—stay, or from the Rue St. Louis au Marais. A delicious *pharmacie*. None of your new, fashionable impertinent chemists' shops, glaring with parti-coloured bottles as big as locomotive lamps, garish with carving, gilding, and plate-glass, and distracting you with advertisements and specimens of the newest adjuncts to the toilet and the most favourite quack nostrums.

I detest fashionable chemists' shops in England, and for the matter of that, in the Atlantic Cities, as much as ladies seem to love those cash-absorbing establishments. I do not want to have my hair dyed pea-green, or my eyeballs rose-pink. I have no faith in Ninon de l'Enclos tooth paste; and I do not care to have my face painted with Madame de Pompadour's Peri Enamel. I decline to believe in the Patent Bourbon Whiskey Cough Lozenges, or in Old Doctor Peter Funk's Liver Twister, or in the Nicaraguan Set-you-up Stomach Bitters; and I would rather not try the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky Consumption Plasters, the Bonanza Bowie-Knife Blood Purifiers, the Sea-Slug Pectoral Syrup, or the Big Bear of Arkansas Antibilious Pills. At English watering-places I fly from the chemists' shops. I am afraid of the gentlemanly assistants; and in the United States the gentlemanly assistants at the drug-stores wear diamond pins in their scarves and cameos of *pietra dura* as sleeve buttons. They have all been educated at common schools; and I am afraid lest they should find fault with my grammar when I ask for ten cents-worth of Epsom salts. But here in this old French *pharmacie*, all was subdued, composed, and serene. No doubt you could obtain *sinapismes* and *vésicatoires* and *tisanes* enow, if you asked for them; but nothing was advertised in an obtrusively

alluring manner. In the dim recesses of the store, you could discern rows of shelves laden with tall old white gallipots; and about the whole place there was a gentle soporific odour of aromatic drugs—just such an odour as that which pervades the Egyptian drug market in the Bezesteen at Stamboul—a perfume of henna and haschish, of frankincense and myrrh, of benzoin and gum tragacanth, with just the slightest suspicion of rhubarb. And yet there are people who shudder at the smell of rhubarb!

A grave and bald-headed gentleman sat in a rocking chair at the door of the *pharmacie*, reading the *Abeille de la Nouvelle Orléans*. His equally grave spouse was enthroned, spectacled, behind the counter perusing the *Propagateur Catholique*. I entered and made a trifling purchase of Spanish liquorice as a pretext for converse in a tongue well beloved by me. It was consolatory to hear cents spoken of as "centimes" and to find a dollar called a "piastre." Surely I was very far indeed from the land of "notions" and dry goods, of corn cakes and cock-tails.

Next in interest to the *pharmacien* was the *épicier*. I need scarcely say that the "corner grocery" is a very notable institution indeed in every American town, be it a rising village of five thousand inhabitants or an empire city of half a million souls. In its nascent state the corner grocery is often no more nor less than a corner groggery dispensing very bad liquors, the source of woes unnumbered to the brains and stomachs of the imprudent; but when the corner grocer grows prosperous, he generally becomes proportionately respectable; and his store develops into a great emporium of "wet goods" rivalling our Fortnum and Mason's and Barto Valles in amplitude and variety of stock. At a first-rate grocer's in America you may purchase the most expensive Havana cigars, the most favourite brands of champagne, the most delicate French preserved fruits and *conserves*, and the costliest *liqueurs*, together with all our bottled ales and stouts, our Scotch and Irish whiskeys, and so forth. At the New Orleans grocers', in the French quarter, I found also a plentiful supply of things alcoholic; but the products of France *la bien-aimée* pleasantly predominated. Chartreuse, green, yellow, and white, absinthe and cassis, vermouth and parfait amour—all the alcoholic frivolities of the people who are continually sipping stimulants, and who never get tipsy.

The *denrées coloniales* at a New Orleans *épicier's* were, of course, in full force; although in France itself these *denrées* are apt to be somewhat delusive in their extraction. There is nothing very colonial in beetroot sugar, roasted chicory, and haricot beans, *sardines à l'huile*, and Huntley and Palmer's biscuits. But here you are at once reminded that the tropics are over the way, or round the corner, so to speak. The coffee made in New Orleans is the most aromatic and the most grateful to the palate that I have ever tasted; and I am told that it comes from the *tierra caliente* about Cordova in Mexico. Still there is a large variety of other coffees—Java, Puerto Rico, Rio, Jamaica, and Hayti among the number—from which to choose. I may just mention for the benefit of English housewives that the cheapest sugar that I have seen priced is seven and a half cents a pound. In England very good moist sugar can be sold retail for three pence a pound. Louisiana is, to a great extent, a sugar-producing State; and as such, although, like all the Democratic States, averse to the Tariff as a whole, she acquiesces in an import duty on foreign sugar as protective to her own industry in that direction. From which I infer that

if political economy be a science at all—and that is very seriously questioned just now—the science is one essentially of selfishness.

Modistes and *couturières*—French to the backbone—I mean to the staylace and the back hair, abound in the French quarter. "Céline" hangs out her sign in connection with "robes." "Alphonsine" proclaims the Parisian elegance of her "dentelles et fleurs artificielles." "Pauline" announces that she has a "magasin de blanc;" and "Léopoldine" simply says, on a pretty *pancarte*, "chapeaux." Chapeaux! Word of mystery and dread. Bonnets are bonnets in New Orleans. I have been to the fountain head. I have obtained information from a leader of fashion on this most momentous of points; and I am sorrowfully enabled to state that nothing fashionably wearable in the shape of a bonnet can be purchased in the Crescent City for a smaller sum than thirty-seven dollars, say seven guineas sterling. A handsome "Gainsborough" hat, fully trimmed, will cost from forty to fifty dollars; and in this eminently "dressy" city the ladies come down in Gainsborough hats and feathers to the late dinner at the hotels. On the whole, I am inclined to think that the most inexpensive female travelling companion that a tourist in the United States could positively take with him would be a Black Nun of one of the barefooted orders. Those black robes and veils are so very becoming. But then nuns, black or white, and barefooted or otherwise, do not marry. It is not, I apprehend, from the "little people of the skies" in the French quarter that the grand visiting bonnets are procured. In Canal-street, nearly opposite the Grand Opera House, where M. Maurice Grau's French Opera Troupe, with Capoul as *primo tenore*, have lately been performing, I have noticed a *magasin* of austerely splendid aspect. It has but two modestly-sized windows, in which are displayed, with studied carelessness, some parcels of rich tissues, some loosely floating lace, and a dainty fan and trailing feather or two. In the background I see some lace curtains and wire gauze blinds, with the single word "Olympe," inscribed in golden letters. Is Olympe the High Priestess of the Temple of Visiting Bonnets? I know not; nor knowing, would I dare to say. *Guarda e passa.* I would as soon think of calling on the Sibyl, and asking her the price of one of her Books, as of paying a visit to the mysterious Olympe.

Returning to Old France, deeper and deeper into the French quarter do I dive. The friendly *pédicure*, with the effigy of a

human foot highly gilt, invites me to enter his establishment. I almost wish that I had corns in order to have them cut *à la Française*. In almost every "block" or "insula" of houses there is a French *café* or an *estaminet*. The clicking of billiard balls is continuous. The *cafés* lack Parisian splendour; but they are trim and neat, and very different in their appearance to the groggeries. In many, alcoholic beverages do not seem much in request; and the customers quench their thirst with *orgeat*, *bavaroises*, *sirop de groseille*, and other non-intoxicants. Even *eau sucrée* is in request among these primitive folks. There are numbers of little French stationers' shops and *cabinets de lecture*, all charmingly suggestive of the land beyond the "silver streak." The very pencils and pens are French; the ink is the "encre de la Petite Vertu." Little cheap French chap-books and *livres d'images* abound; you renew your acquaintance with "Rominagrobis" and the "Petit Chaperon Rouge;" with the "Chat Botté" and the "Belle au Bois Dormant." The terrible "Croquemitaine" and his frightful spouse flourish their virgal sceptres to the terror of insubordinate juveniles—French juveniles be it understood; young America would laugh "Croquemitaine" and all his following to scorn. And so firmly have old French manners taken root in this old corner of a new continent that at the doors of some of the stores you may see hanging those little *martinets*, or leathern cats-o-nine-tails, which still hang *in terrorem* in French nurseries. The shops for the sale of votive offerings—*immortelles*, *billets d'enterrement*, *lettres de faire part*—and "objets religieux" generally, are numerous. Gaily-painted plaster images of Madonnas, saints, and angels are intermingled with rosaries and scapularies, holy water fonts, electro-plated shrines, oratory lamps, and *paroissiens;* and these at last became so plentiful that I fancied myself in the *parvis* or close of some old Continental cathedral.

Nor, indeed, was I very far out in my reckoning. I was in the rear of a vast ecclesiastical edifice, which an obliging old negro lady who was selling oranges and bananas at a street corner told me in "gumbo" French was the Cathedral of St. Louis. I passed down a narrow flagged passage, full of the offices of "avocats" and "notaires," and found myself in presence of the Cathedral, the third erected on the same site. The first basilica of Louisiana—a structure of timber and sun-burned brick—was erected so far back as 1718; but in the very year of its erection a fearful hurricane swept over the infant settlement, and carried

THE CATHEDRAL, NEW ORLEANS.

away the cathedral as completely as the first Eddystone light-house was swept off. The second edifice was built of brick, about 1725; but this was also destroyed by fire on Good Friday, 1788. In 1794 yet another cathedral was built by the pious care and at the cost and charges of Don Andreas Almonester y Roxas, a Spanish noble, colonel of the provincial troops, and perpetual *regidor* of the dominion. To this beneficent grandee New Orleans is also indebted for the St. Charles Hospital and that of the Lazarines, the Ursuline Convent, the Girls' School, and the Presbytery adjoining the cathedral. The good deeds of Don Andreas, with a *requiescat in pace*, are recorded on a marble slab in the pavement of the edifice which he built, in front of the shrine of St. Francis. The ashes of the pious *hidalgo*, who came from Mayrena, in the kingdom of Andalusia, moulder in a vault beneath. There is another memorial in front of the altar of Our Lady of Lourdes to three of the members of the Marigny de Mandeville family who lie buried here.

Another notable personage lies at rest under the pavement of St. Louis—Don Antonio de Sedilla to wit—who, towards the close of the last century, was expelled from New Orleans by the enraged Spanish population for attempting to set up the abhorred Inquisition in their midst. This, I apprehend, is the only spot

on the existing territory of the American Union where the Holy Office has held even momentary sway. Yet we are told that Don Antonio came back to Louisiana after the province had become a State of the Great Republic, and died there in 1837, at the age of ninety, in the odour of sanctity, idolised by the women and worshipped by the children. Time assuages most things and heals most sores. Did I not read once in a London newspaper of the end of King William's or the beginning of Queen Anne's reign this necrological announcement: "At his lodgings in Jermyn-street, deeply lamented and highly respected, Lieutenant-General Kirke, formerly of the Tangier Regiment"? This deeply-lamented and highly-respectable gentleman had been the ferocious commander of "Kirke's lambs," and the principal butcher under Jefferies of the Bloody Assize.

Virtually the Cathedral of St. Louis may be called the fourth of its race, since nothing of Don Andreas Almonester's fabric remains with the exception of the foundations. The old 1794 edifice was "restored" in 1850, and the existing fane is a mass of pinnacles and turrets, columns and buttresses, in no particular style of architecture, and in brown stone, which material gives the entire mass the appearance of a huge raised pie. This unsightly pile—we have a great many uglier churches in my own beloved country—is flanked by two of the most delightfully quaint and venerable looking edifices that I have seen out of France, and especially out of the peculiarly quaint and venerable city of Nancy, in Lorraine. These are the Court Houses, built under the regidorship of Don Andreas, with Corinthian attics on Doric basements, and crowned by high mansard roofs with dormer casements. The pediments are full of emblematic bas-reliefs in the late eighteenth-century style—casques and cuirasses, banners, drums, spears, cannon balls, and what not; but in the centre you see a carved embellishment, evidently added at a much later period to the original design, and wholly undreamt of by the original sculptor. This is Mr. James Russell Lowell's "bird o' freedom soarin',"—the American eagle, with out-spread wings, prepared to "whip" all creation, and then, but not till then, to repair to his home, which is in the Setting Sun.

But what was there graven there in old time, when the great Eagle was still a most diminutive chick—nay, before the portentous bird had chipped the shell at all? Surely on that pediment must have appeared the semblance of the Lion of Castile or of the Pillars of Hercules, with the proud motto "Plus Ultra." The

Bourbon Lilies have never had a place there, for the French monarchy had fallen ere the Spanish domination had ceased. But, between 1801 and 1803, there may have glittered among the bas-reliefs a hastily-executed Cap of liberty, with the fasces, and the device "Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité." Fate is an extremely ironical Power. Napoleon, First Consul of the French Republic, was forced, by the fear of Louisiana falling into the hands of the English, to sell the magnificent dependency to the United States for some sixty millions of francs. Had he been enabled to "hold on" he might have set up the Napoleonic eagle and the Napoleonic bees over Don Andreas's court houses; he might have established a mighty branch of the French Empire in the New World; he might have added Texas and California to his American Empire. But ironical Fate said No. Trafalgar, by annihilating the naval power of France, indirectly aided the American Union in establishing itself at the mouth of the Mississippi, acquiring Florida, and annexing as much Mexican territory as it suited its purpose to secure.

At least, but for Trafalgar, and with a treaty offensive and defensive with America, New Orleans might have been French, and Imperially French, in 1815—that year 1815 when England —the commanders of her troops being ignorant of the fact that peace between the United States and Great Britain had been signed in Europe—made a blundering attack on New Orleans, and met with a most inglorious repulse at the hands of a slender force of American riflemen and Baratarian smugglers. I often wonder whether the beaten and beggared Napoleon, brooding at the Elysée after Waterloo, ever despairingly murmured to himself, "Why did I sell Louisiana?" The French Creoles were sorry that it was sold. They are loyal citizens of the Union now, of course holding by the Monroe doctrine, and proud of their affiliation to the greatest Republic in the world; but I fancy that were diligent exploration made among them some love for the old Lilies, nay, some veneration for that old Napoleonic legend of which the last line was written in Zululand might be found extant among them.

What have the Cathedral of St. Louis and Don Andreas Almonester's old Court Houses, with their brick shell peeping through the cracked and peeling-off stucco, like the knee of the beggar through his ragged pantaloon, to do with Jackson-square? Everything. The Cathedral and the Court Houses form one whole side of the square. North and south, at right angles, extend two

lofty rows of red brick mansions, called the Pontalba buildings, with broad verandahs, and the ground floors of which are occupied by stores and cafés. In their architecture and surroundings the Pontalba buildings indistinctly remind you now of the piazzas of Covent-garden, now of the Place Royal in the Marais, and now of the Plaza Mayor at Madrid. The houses look Spanish, the merchandise is American, the manners are French. The fourth side of the square is open to the railway, the old French market, and the river. A massive railing of iron encloses the square, in the centre of which, on a granite pedestal, is the equestrian statue of General Andrew Jackson, who beat our Peninsular veterans so soundly at the battle of New Orleans, who made such an honest and independent President of the United States, and on whom was bestowed the affectionately familiar *sobriquet* of "Old Hickory," from a stout walking-stick of that peculiar wood which he was wont to carry, and with which, when moved to wrath, he would smite, and that smartly. The hero of New Orleans is in full military uniform, with very large epaulettes and very high boots. With his right hand he waves his tremendous cocked hat in salute, and by his belt hangs his celebrated crooked sabre. On the pedestal is graven the famous utterance, "The Union must and shall be preserved."

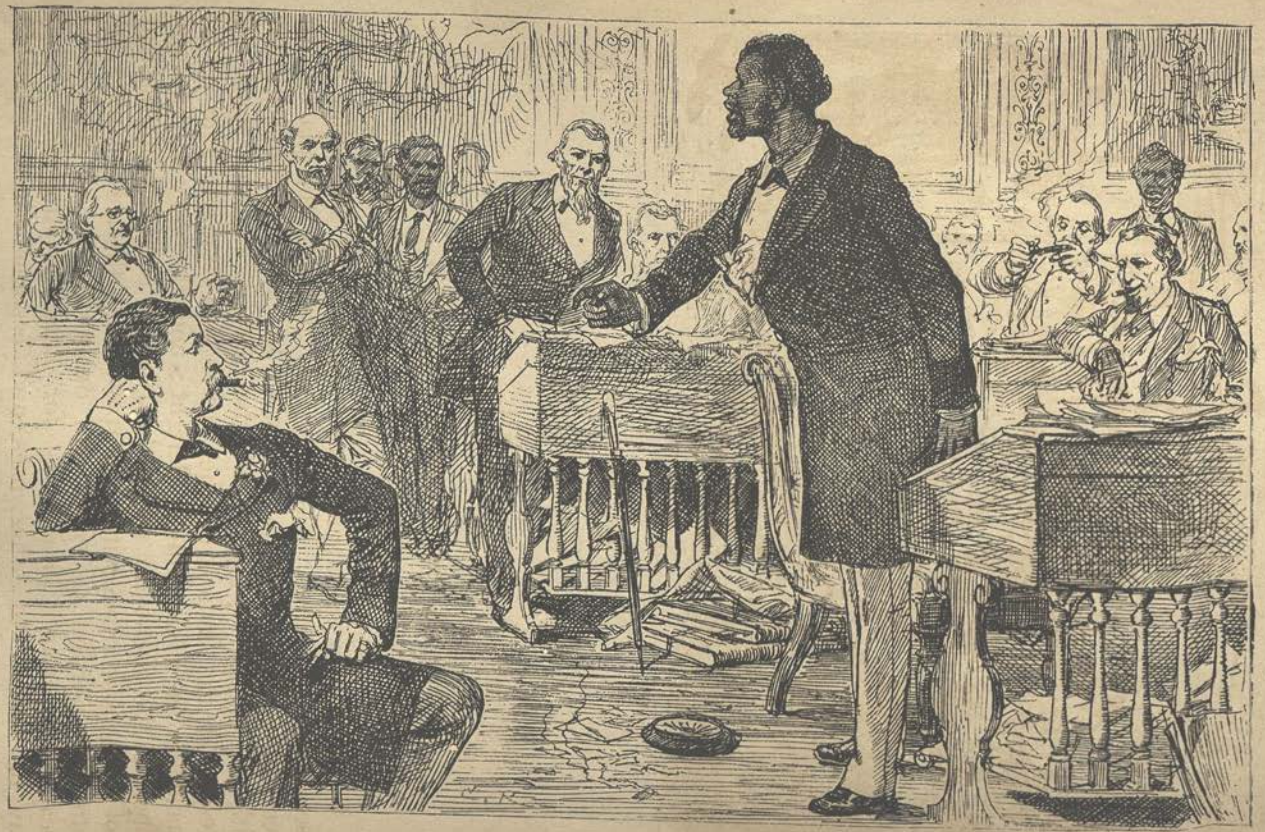
Diverging from the statue in every direction are walks laid with pounded shells, and bordered with the choicest flowers of the South. There are vines and evergreens which at every season of the year gladden the eye with their rich deep verdure. The wealth of oranges clustering in the trees seems inexhaustible; indeed, New Orleans, as a whole, may be summarily described as a Garden of the Hesperides, intersected by horse-car tramways, and guarded by a dragon hight Yellow

Jack. I don't mean General Jackson. He continues to wave his cocked hat in the politest manner imaginable among the orange groves, the stately magnolias, and the clustering bananas. Are you acquainted with the banana? My memory does not serve me as to whether it grows in that paradise of sub-tropical vegetation, the garden of the Casino at Monte Carlo, by Monaco. I think that the last time I visited Monte Carlo I was too much occupied with the cultivation of a plant called the Infallible Martingale—the colours of which are red and black—to seek after bananas. They might well flourish in the atmosphere of a gaming-house; for they are the most profligate looking vegetables I ever came across. A banana-bush just shorn of its fruit, with its gigantic leaves all torn, hacked, and slashed—some of them gaping with yellow wounds, and others stained to a hue of reddish purple—conveys to your eye and mind the impression that the plant has been out all night "on the loose," and engaged in several free fights, in which bowie knives and revolvers have been freely used; after that the dissipated bananas have been liberally clubbed by the police; then they have been taken to the St. Charles

Hospital to have their wounds dressed; but the incorrigibles, to all seeming, have torn off their bandages and rushed into Jackson-square, where they stagger in a tattered and unkempt condition, with blackened eyes and sanguinolent noses, gasping for a "pick-me-up." After a violent rainstorm the aspect of the banana is even more disreputable and deboshed; and yet the fruit of this vicious looking vegetable is the softest, "sawniest," mealiest-mouthed esculent possible to think of. Fried it has a tolerable savour; raw it suggests what the taste of very sweet shaving paste might be like.

But those who would see Jackson-square aright should take pattern by the pilgrim to Melrose Abbey as advised by Sir Walter and visit it by the pale moonlight. Then, somehow or another, the valiant General Andrew Jackson, cocked hat, jack boots, crooked sabre, long-tailed charger and all, take unto themselves wings and flee away. Even the granite pedestal, with its stern monition as to the preservation of the Union, vanishes into thin air, and is replaced by a statue of Charles the Fourth, King of Spain and the Indies, with the Order of the Golden Fleece around his neck, the Star of Calatrava on his breast, and a pigtail. The oranges and the magnolias, the vines and the evergreens remain lovelier than ever; the old Court Houses still flank the Cathedral, but it is the unrestored church of St. Louis—the church that *Regidor* Don Andreas Almonester built. See, gliding along the shell walks in the pale moonlight, the phantoms of the past—phantoms in embroidered coats and monstrously flapped waistcoats, in silk stockings and buckled shoes; phantoms in bag wigs and full-bottomed perukes elaborately powdered; feminine ghosts with rouge and patches, in hoops and brocaded sacques. They wave phantom fans; and the apparitions of bygone beaux bow over their hands and whisper airy nothings in ears long since overtaken by the surdity of death! Come back, O ye Dead; Come back, doughty Hernan de Soto, first discoverer of the Mississippi. Come back, Fathers Marquet and Joliet, most pious of monks, most enterprising of merchants, come from far-off Quebec, down the St. Lawrence, through Lake Ontario, up Niagara, through Erie, by St. Clair, through Huron, by Mackinaw Straits, through the Fox river, to the Wisconsin river, to the Upper Mississippi. And the daring French soldier, La Selle, and the noble Canadian brothers, Herville and Bienville, have not their wraiths a right to mingle in the shadowy throng?

In fancy I seem to see the ghost of old Anthony Crozat, the wealthy East Indian merchant, to whom the Grand Monarque granted, doubtless for a "consideration," the exclusive right for fifteen years of trading to the country then known as Louisiana. Then comes the phantom of Governor Percer, then the Marquis de Vaudreuil, hero of desperate Choctaw and Chickasaw wars; here are the governors under the Spanish domination, Ulloa, and Unzaga, and the stern O'Reilly. There is a Calle O'Reilly in Havana, and there was a General Count O'Reilly, who took Algiers, and, according to Lord Byron in "Don Juan," used Doña Julia vilely. Are these all one and the same phantom? How can I tell? Jackson-square transformed under the pale moonlight, and full of ghosts, is really a very confusing place. That narrow passage, for instance, might be the Rue Quincampoix, whither rich and poor are flocking to gamble in the shares in John Law's Mississippi bubble. And who come here? an old gentleman in clerical costume, a scapegrace in an embroidered coat, and a pretty but somewhat saucy young lady in a satin petticoat *à la bergère* and laced lappets. Upon my word, it is the worthy Abbé Prevost doing the honours to Manon Lescaut and the Chevalier Des Grieux. Jackson-square! There is no such name. This is the Place d'Armes of the French, the Plaza de las Armas of the Spanish domination. Idle fancies! The past is irrevocable. The horse car comes jingling along the Chartres-street track, and I return to Young America, telegraphing, telephoning, and phonographing, and electric-lighting the world out of its mind, knitting up the ravelled sleeve of care with an Elias Howe's sewing machine, "cornering" all the grain and all the pork in the Great West, and making dollars all day and all night long for ever and ever.



A SOUTHERN PARLIAMENT.

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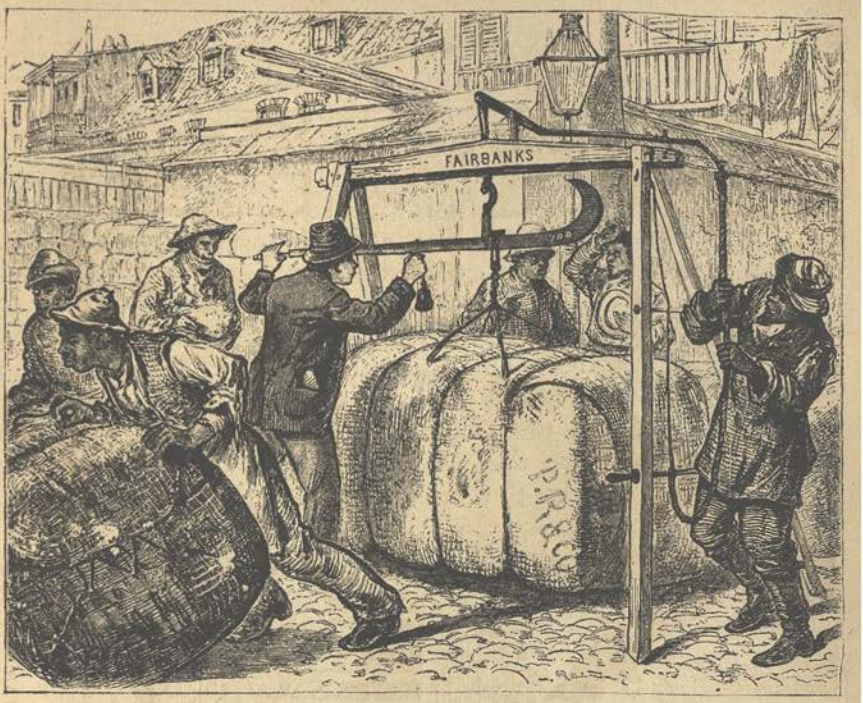


WEIGHING BALES OF COTTON.

XXVI.

A Southern Parliament.

New Orleans, *Feb.* 1.

I know few spectacles more melancholy than that of a disestablished theatre. Naturally, you associate the place with scenes of gaiety and animation, with life and light and glitter, with the fanciful costumes of the players and the sparkling dresses of the ladies in the boxes and stalls. The great chandelier is a continuous delight; and the very fiddlers and pipers in the orchestra recall cheerful and soothing impressions not to be obliterated without sorrow. Yet theatres ofttimes fall into "the portion of weeds and outworn faces," if haply they escape becoming "habitations for bats and dragons." They may be turned to other uses, and become wine merchants' vaults, co-operative stores, post-offices, and what not; or they

may altogether crumble away through neglect into decay like that wonderful old worm-eaten Opera House at Parma. During the Franco-German War of 1870, many French theatres, both in Paris and in the provinces, were utilised as hospitals for the wounded; and the parts subsequently played in French legislative history by the Grand Theatre at Bordeaux, and the Salle de Spectacle at Versailles, are too recently notorious to need recalling here. But what do you say to an American Grand Hotel—one, indeed, of the grandest caravanserais in the whole South—converted into a Parliament House? That is now the case at New Orleans. The legislative capital of the State of Louisiana was formerly Bâton Rouge, and to Bâton Rouge the collective wisdom of the State will ere long return; but its present habitat is in the French quarter of New Orleans, "down town," within the walls of what was once the St. Louis Hotel.

This stately pile, although only built so recently as 1841, must in many respects be considered an historical edifice. At the St. Louis in 1842 the people of New Orleans entertained the famous statesman Henry Clay—whose prodigiously ill-modelled statue continues to affright the artistic eye in the centre of Canal-street—in a style commensurate with the wealth and refinement of the prosperous and hopeful Crescent City. In the ball-room of the St. Louis, in 1843, met the Convention for the framing of a new Constitution for the State—a convention numbering among its members the well-known Pierre Soulé, a Frenchman by birth, and sometime United States Minister at the Court of Madrid. The immense rotunda of the St. Louis was long used as a chamber of commerce, a board of brokers, a cotton exchange, and a place for political meetings of the Democratic and Whig parties. But as an hotel pure and simple the St. Louis must be ever memorable in the *fasti* of New Orleans. The hotel was for years the resort of the wealthiest planters of the South. The stateliest Creole belles here condescended to join in the mazy dance with the young gentlemen of "the first families;" splendid hospitality was dispensed at St. Louis dinner parties; at night the dazzlingly-lit corridors were thronged by fair women and brave men; and it may be that within the precincts of the elegant private parlours of the magnificent structure a few thousand dollars occasionally changed hands owing to indulgence in the merry games of poker, faro, euchre, and boston. Those days, they tell me, are for ever

gone and past. The once affluent Southerners are ruined hip and thigh; and "first families," who once delighted to entertain their guests on chicken gumbo, venison, turtle, canvas-back ducks, washed down by Château Lafitte and Heidsieck's extra dry, have now scarcely sufficient pork and hominy for themselves.

These disconsolate assurances notwithstanding, it strikes me that the New Orleans of February, 1880, is an extremely prosperous city, and that somebody must be making an immense deal of money. The New Orleans Cotton Exchange, for example, was opened in 1871 with a roll of one hundred members. It has now upwards of three hundred. And the association spend no less than $30,000 a year in obtaining and arranging information relative to the movement of the great staple and its collaterals, bullion and exchange, throughout the

PRESSING COTTON INTO BALES ON A SOUTHERN PLANTATION.

world. The cotton presses of the city—that is, the mechanism for compressing by steam power the raw cotton into bales—alone represent a capital of seven millions of dollars. Perhaps it is the planters in the interior who are steeped to the lips in poverty. That very many magnificent Southern fortunes have utterly collapsed owing to the Civil War, and to the confiscations, carpet-bagging, spoliations, and general misgovernment which came as *sequelæ* to the great struggle, is indubitable; yet it should not be forgotten—and I am indebted for my information to Southern gentlemen who have themselves been slaveowners, and who have fought bravely in the Confederate ranks—that

multitudes of negroes who were once bondmen are doing very well indeed as cotton farmers—proving, by the way, the most merciless niggerdrivers imaginable to their own children, so soon as ever they are old enough to work in the field—and that the creation of an industrious and thrifty negro proprietary class has been of vital benefit to the poor white population of the South—formerly contumeliously stigmatised as "mean whites" and "poor white trash"—who were unable to compete with slave labour, but now find a new field opened to them as factory hands, while the women and girls obtain domestic employment. The only conclusion at which a traveller who sincerely desires to be impartial can with safety arrive is that the sum of individual suffering in the South since the war has been immense, but that such suffering has greatly diminished, and in all human probability will continue to diminish; whereas, on the other hand, a great river of prosperity is rolling onwards, fed by a hundred sources, which were hitherto either arid or artificially dammed up.

But, if the traveller wished to be partial, and desired to find an *ad captandum* argument as to a prosperity that had passed away and an affluence which existed no longer, he might meet with such outwardly striking, although inwardly fallacious evidence in the aspect of the New Orleans State House, erst the St. Louis Hotel. I have seen Venice in her worst days of dilapidation and desolation. I have seen the Chapter House at Westminster prior to its restoration, and when its beauteous Gothic proportions were marred and masked by hideous pigeon-holes bursting with musty parchments, the bygone processes of the law courts. I remember—who does not?—the scandalous condition of Leicester-square ere Mr. Albert Grant swept and garnished it, and gave it away in frank-almoign to the public; but these bygone abodes of melancholy were positively trim and coquettish in comparison with the forlorn appearance of the colossal pile which had once been the resort of the wealthy planters, their stately spouses, and their beautiful and accomplished daughters. To enhance the dinginess of the view, these Balclutha-like walls were not by any means desolate. Every floor in the State House was crowded with people—earnest, eager, shrewd-looking people—smoking desperately, and who, on occasion, would expectorate. A curious throng, but not cheerful, mainly attired in sad-coloured garments, and with "soft" hats, inordinate of brim but exiguous in crown. *Tchorni Narod*—a Black People—the Russians would term them. Wheresoever

you turned there the Spirit of Dismalness seemed to have laid his grimy hand.

New Orleans, I have more than once remarked, offers, among all American cities, pre-eminently a feast of picturesque form and bright and varied colour to the European eye; but within the walls of the State House a universal monochrome pitilessly reigns; or rather, the negation of all colour—black and white. The great rotunda—supported by noble pillars, and the cupola of which is adorned by splendid medallions, the work of famous American sculptors—is spoiled, but, happily, not irremediably spoiled, by an abominable corkscrew staircase of wood, giving access to the various floors. Some seven or eight hundred guests at a time must have been entertained at the St. Louis in the days when it was a grand caravanserai. Now committees of judiciary, finance, commerce, and education meet in its guest chambers, and its once luxurious private parlours are converted into offices for the Governor and Lieutenant-Governor of the State of Louisiana and their secretaries, and for the officials of the different departments of the Legislature. I was so fortunate as to have as a guide and "open sesame" proclaimer the Hon. Randall Gibson, one of the members for the State of Louisiana in the House of Representatives at Washington, and who had just been unanimously elected in joint session of the two Louisianian Chambers a Senator of the United States for the Congressional term commencing in 1883. To General Gibson and to his colleague in the House of Representatives, General King, I am mainly indebted for a hundred acts of graceful kindness and courtesy extended to me during my stay in New Orleans; nor shall I miss this opportunity of tendering my grateful thanks to Senator Bayard, of the State of Delaware, who kindly enabled me to enjoy the privilege of "the floor" in the Senate of the United States in that Capitol at Washington which I hope yet to describe.

The Senate Chamber at the disestablished hotel had adjourned, and all that my guide could do was to take me into the Chamber and introduce me to some of the Senators. But the House of Representatives, or Delegates—I am not quite certain as to which is the precise legislative designation of the Louisianian House of Commons—was in full session. The hall of debate was a capacious apartment which had once been either the ball-room or the dining-room of the defunct hotel. Pale phantoms of once elegant frescoes loomed faintly on the walls. I glanced

instinctively at the floor, as though expecting to find it littered with the champagne corks of Piper, Heidsieck or Veuve Clicquot—with faded bouquets, time-worn white satin slippers, cards of invitation to radiant belles long since widowed and childless, to gallant gentlemen whose bones have mouldered these seventeen years past in the graveyards of the Confederate Dead. But I was aroused from my reverie by the voice of a gentleman who was addressing the House. It was somewhat of a variable and capricious voice—at one time hoarse and rasping, at another shrilly treble, and the orator ended his periods now with a sound resembling a chuckle, and now with one as closely akin to a grunt. So far—being rather hard of hearing—as I could make out, the Honourable Legislator was remarking "dat de gen'lm'n from de Parish of St. Quelquechose was developing assertions and expurgating ratiocinations clean agin de fuss principles of law and equity. What was law and equity? Was dey verities or was dey frauds? Kin yer go behind the records of law and equity? Kin de gen'l'm'n from St. Quelquechose lay his hand on his heart and the Constitooshun of de Yurnited States and say dat dese votes had been counted out rightfully? An' if dese votes had not been counted out rightfully, where, he asked the gen'lm'n from St. Quelquechose, were de fuss principles of law and equity? Where was dey? From de lumberlands of Maine to de morse-clad banks of de Chefunetee Ecker answered dat de hull ting was contrairy to de standing order of dis House." Upon which the orator sat down. There were no cheers nor counter cheers —only a rippling murmur of voices such as you hear at a public dinner between the port and sherry ceasing and the champagne beginning to go round. What was the precise mode of catching the Speaker's eye I could not exactly discern, but more than one honourable gentleman seemed to be on his legs at the same time. When the contingency appeared to be imminent of everybody addressing the House at once, the dull, measured sounds of the Presidential hammer, or "gavel," as, in masonic parlance, the implement of order is called, was audible. It would be a vain task to strive textually to report what the legislators said; but the debate, so far as I understood its purport, related to a contested election.

Ere the orator who had apostrophised the gentleman from the parish of St. Quelquechose resumed his seat, I had ample leisure to make a study of his facial outline, for there was a window close behind him, against which his profile was defined

as sharply as in one of those old black silhouette portraits which they used to take for sixpence on the old Chain Pier at Brighton. The honourable legislator had a fully-developed Ethiopian physiognomy; but when he sat down I found that in hue he was only a mulatto. There were more coloured members in the House:—some of them "bright" mulattoes and quadroons, very handsome and distinguished looking individuals. As yet our dark brother as a legislator must to most intents and purposes be considered as in an infantile condition, and great allowances must in fairness be made for him. A Southern gentleman pointed out to me one of the coloured Representatives or Delegates who, prior to the war, had been his, the gentleman's, slave and body servant. He was a very useful member of the House, my informant said, especially on questions of finance. As regards Parliamentary procedure, the coloured members are very often not only on a par with, but superior to, their white colleagues. They set themselves with grim earnestness to study and learn by heart all the rules and regulations of the House, concerning which the white members are often careless; and they are continually rising to that which they term "p'ints of order." When they address themselves to set speech making, they usually gabble a quantity of intolerable verbiage; but please to bear in mind that the majority of the coloured members in the Southern legislatures have either been slaves, or are the sons of men who once were slaves.

What the coloured sons of freemen may do in the next generation is the grand problem. At present they are eagerly availing themselves of the educational advantages offered by the common schools; and it remains in the future to be seen whether there be any truth in the assertion that it is possible only to educate the negro up to a certain point, but no further. He cannot be taught, so some say, to argue reasonably. This assertion applies of course to the full-blooded negro. As regards the coloured man with only a slight admixture of black blood in his veins, I see no reason why he should not—if he avail himself of the facilities for culture now open to him—become as intellectually distinguished as Alexandre Dumas. But the ranks of the "bright" mulattoes and quadroons will not be recruited. The abolition of slavery arrested the continuity of the offspring of the children of white fathers and coloured mothers; and what is known or rather darkly whispered about as "miscegenation" is only a dream, and a very wild dream of

the coming era. For the present it is simply a social impossibility; and the coloured man who is audacious enough to practise "miscegenation" by cohabiting with a white woman is immediately and ruthlessly lynched. Two such "miscegenators" have been hanged by the mob in Virginia within the last month.

The arrangement of the Lower House in one respect reminded me more closely of the French Chamber than of our own House of Commons. The members' seats were arranged in semi-circular rows, just as are the streets of the city of Amsterdam, the topography of which has been familiarly likened to the section of an onion. The arc of the semi-circle is occupied by the Speaker's desk, a kind of raised rostrum, canopied with some green drapery, and on either side of which is a raised platform. Below the Speaker sit the clerks and other officers of the House. That there is a Sergeant-at-Arms I am certain, since I had the honour to be introduced to the functionary in question; but I saw no symptom of a mace. With the exception of the coloured gentleman's animadversions on the contested election case in the parish of St. Quelquechose, there was very little speechmaking, and not much of what could be properly termed debating. The business transacted seemed to be mainly of routine character, consisting in the reading of papers by the clerks, and the presentation of reports from various committees; and, indeed, in the Federal Congress at Washington, as well as in the State Legislatures, nine-tenths of the business about which our Lords and Commons talk in open session, are discussed and settled by the permanent committees of the two Houses. There are, of course, grand field days, when exciting debates take place, when measures are advocated or opposed, clause by clause, and when brilliant displays of oratory are made; but neither at Washington, at Richmond, nor at New Orleans have I been fortunate enough to witness so important a *funcion*.

In the Louisianian as in the Federal capital every member has a comfortable arm-chair and a desk before him, with lockers and drawers for his books and papers. One of the honourable gentlemen in the New Orleans Legislature was so obliging as to give me up his desk and arm-chair, which I occupied with great inward fear and trembling for some five-and-twenty minutes. Several divisions took place during that space of time, the House dividing on the "aye" and "no" principle; and I can only express a conscientious hope that I did *not* vote. The entire

proceedings were, I have not the slightest doubt, quite tranquil and orderly; but, to the eye of a stranger, the scene was one of curious confusion. The citizens of the State of Louisiana *en masse*, white and coloured, had standing-room at the back of the apartment, which was only separated from the House itself by a wooden barrier; but on the floor of the House there seemed to be as many strangers as legislators, and there was a continual running to and fro of messengers and telegraph boys.

I have said that to the general monochromous dinginess of the disestablished hotel there was a solitary exception. I found it in a vast upper chamber adjoining the office of the Lieutenant-Governor of the State, Mr. M'Enery, to whom I was duly presented. It was a bare, desolate room, with a raised wooden platform at one end, and on the wall behind this platform there hung a really splendid painting in oil. The National Capitol does not, certainly, possess a finer work of art. The subject is one not altogether calculated to gratify the national pride of an Englishman, representing, indeed, the, to us, disastrous engagement on the plain of Chalmette, on Jan. 8, 1815—an engagement in which between six and seven thousand troops, the flower of the British army, were repulsed by some thirty-six hundred Americans, of whom very few were regular troops, the rest being militiamen, Creole volunteers, and hastily-armed smugglers—the notorious "Baratarians," commanded by the brothers Lafitte. I find it stated in Mr. John Dimitry's "Lessons in the History of Louisiana" that, a short time before the battle of New Orleans, John Lafitte, the elder of the two Baratarian brothers, was offered by Colonel Nicholls, the officer commanding the Forces of King George III. at Pensacola, the rank of Captain in the British army and a reward of 30,000 dollars if he would join our side. The patriotic contrabandist, who was somewhat of a pirate to boot, replied that he would take time to consider the offer, which meanwhile, he communicated to the American Governor Claiborne, who, with the advice of his council, declined to have anything to do with M. Jean Lafitte. But the patriotic desperado's services were afterwards gladly accepted by General Jackson. The Baratarian battalion highly distinguished themselves at Chalmette, and, in consideration of their bravery, at the conclusion of the war, the Lafittes and all their merry men received a full pardon from the Congress of the United States. Perhaps like Mr. Gilbert's "Pirates of Penzance" the Baratarians were only noblemen—or, rather, patriots—who "had gone wrong."

To return to the picture in the State House, in which the death of the British General, Sir Edward Pakenham, is very dramatically depicted, and in another portion of which General Jackson stands, surrounded by his staff, I may observe that the painting bears the signature of Eugene Lamy, whom middle-aged persons may remember as the executant of a number of beautiful water-colour drawings, illustrating fashionable society in England some forty years ago. M. Eugene Lamy was much petted and caressed in English aristocratic circles; and lo! here he turns up at New Orleans as the pictorial recorder of one of our saddest reverses. This brief sketch of a Southern Parliament should not be concluded without note being taken of the fact that the great majority of the honourable members were vigorously smoking cigars or cigarettes throughout the debate. Why not?

A NIGGER DISPUTE, NEW ORLEANS.

XXVII.

Sunday in New Orleans.

New Orleans, *Feb.* 3.

On more than one occasion I have taken the liberty to observe that the American Sunday, so far as I had had the opportunity of observing it, was socially a day of tribulation. I am thoroughly well aware that foreigners from the continent of Europe are in the habit of making precisely the same remark with regard to our observance of the Seventh Day in England, and more especially in Scotland. At present, however, I am only concerned with things Transatlantic, and I have no need to mingle in the controversy between Sabbath fanaticism on the one hand and Sabbath licence on the other. In the Northern and Middle States, so it seems to me—but I am, of course, as in all things, open to conviction—the rigid Puritanical or Mosaic observance of Sunday is prescribed by the laws of the State. Those laws are in the highest degree acceptable to a class, who by right and custom, are socially by far the most influential in the United States—I mean the ladies. Women do not frequent

bars or barbers' shops; they are not given—in this country, at least—to driving fast-trotting horses; they do not smoke cigars; and they are extremely fond of going to church, of wearing their finest clothing thereat, and of listening to emotional music, and to preachers who are either emotional or comic and sometimes both. The sermons of the most popular of the New York clergymen are literally as good as a play; and with plenty of stirring music, and pulpit oratory appealing either to the risible or lachrymose faculties, there is surely no reason, so far as feminine New York is concerned, why the theatres should be opened on Sunday.

Thus, Lovely Woman, both from a devotional and a recreative point of view, hails Sunday as a sweet boon. The innumerable churches are not only places of worship, but they also fulfil the functions of the very largest and most ornate forms of bonnet-boxes; and the majority of the sermons preached are not only aids to Faith, guides to morality, and exhortations to repentance, but highly-spiced entertainments as well. Consequently, few seek to disturb the statutes which forbid people to enjoy themselves in a secular fashion on Sunday. All that that portion of the community care to do who are not church-goers, or who have no taste for the condimental prolusions of the Rev. Beecher and the facetious deliverances of the Rev. Talmage, is either to sit at home in dudgeon until the cheerless Sabbath be past, or systematically but surreptitiously to evade the laws made and provided in every possible way lending itself to evasion:—and the initiated say that there are a hundred such ways, from slipping in at the back doors of "sly groggeries" to openly purchasing alcohol disguised as stomachics and cordials at the drug stores. On the whole, the stringent enactments which in the Northern States forbid people to get shaved or to call for a tumbler of soda and sherry on a Sunday are probably found, practically, to work very well. It is by the will of the majority that these enactments have been made, and that they are retained in the statute-book. The minority do not complain very bitterly, because their ingenuity supplies them with the means of procuring "on the sly" that which the law forbids them to consume in the open; and, as for the travelling foreigner, he has clearly no right to grumble under any circumstances about anything. He is in Rome, and he is bound to do as the Romans do.

In Pennsylvania and in Maryland I found Sunday kept with

the strictness which, as in duty bound, I revered, but which I failed to admire, in New York. At Richmond I noticed a slight relaxation in the afflictive discipline of the Sabbath. The bars were all rigorously closed; but you could purchase newspapers and cigars, fruit, pea nuts, and candies on the Sabbath. I spent one Sunday at Augusta, in Georgia, and found the same latitude as to the sale of light refreshments existing. In the State of North Carolina I was told that a system of what is termed "local option," in result somewhat resembling that which Sir Wilfrid Lawson hopes to obtain by means of his Permissive Prohibitory Bill, prevailed. There are North Carolinian districts where, by consent of the voting majority, the sale of strong drink, not only on the Sabbath but on week days, is altogether prohibited. I come now to Louisiana. On arriving in the Crescent City I had fully made up my mind to undergo another Sunday of the approved Northern and Middle State pattern. The best way to undergo such a day of penance is to shut yourself up in your room and sleep away as many of the hours as you can. I was prepared for a New Orleans Sunday of the bitterest kind. There are more than a hundred churches in the city. The bells of the Roman Catholic places of worship begin to jingle at six o'clock in the morning; and I was informed

ALMSGIVING ON THE WAY TO MASS.

HOLY WATER FOUNT.

that the scene of female beauty and loveliness, and richness of costume, in Canal-street about one p.m., when the ladies were returning from church, was almost distracting in its brilliance.

But I was also favoured with another item of courteous information. Markets abound in New Orleans, as, indeed, they do in most American cities. New Orleans may justly pride herself on her Poydras, her St. Mary's, her Magazine-street, her Keller, her Second and Ninth, her Claiborne, and her Carrollton markets; but I was especially warned that I must not fail to visit the old French market, which is in its "fullest bloom" on Sunday mornings, and which has always been considered as one of the most characteristic sights of New Orleans. I could scarcely, it was added, be at the old French market too early. I remember the tolerant provision in our own Lord's Day Acts, which permitted the vendors of mackerel to cry those fish in the street early on Sunday morning: the perishable nature of this particular commodity warranting such an exceptional concession of public outcry. Now, the Gulf of Mexico abounds in fish of the most exquisite flavour, and similar motives of toleration had, I doubted not, prompted the permission to hold market overt for the benefit of benighted people of French extraction, for a brief period on Sunday morning. Good Protestants, of course, do not require fresh fish on the Sabbath. I learned that the old French market, the pioneer of all existing establishments of the kind, was "first located" under the Spanish supremacy. *Lucus a non lucendo.* The original erection was destroyed in the hurricane of 1812. The ground plan of the present market is irregular; it having been constructed at different periods, and structurally may be described in general terms as a very plain specimen of the Roman Doric order, supported by high pillars, plastered, and crowned by a slate roof. It is situated on the Levée, almost at the foot of Jackson-square, the beloved.

Three distinct emporia are comprised in this one mart, namely, the Meat market, the Vegetable market, and the Bazaar market. In the first, butchers' meat alone is exposed for sale; in the second are sold vegetables, fish, fruit, flowers, and game; while in the middle, or Bazaar market, almost every conceivable article in the dry-goods line may be procured. Each market is separated from its neighbours by a broad avenue; and these thoroughfares are, during business hours, crowded with stalls and baskets of itinerant vendors filled with commodities for domestic use, ornament, and edible and potable consumption. Thus this old

French market substantially represents a combination of Billingsgate, Smithfield, Covent-garden, the Temple in Paris, the Gostinnoi Dvor at St. Petersburg, and Leather-lane, Holborn, on a Sunday morning *minus* the Sabbath-keeping action of the officials of the Local Board of Works who were in the habit of deluging the wicked Sabbath-breaking costermongers with diluted carbolic acid. With what face can I gird at the Americans for making Sunday penally disagreeable to all but the Pharisees, when we still retain on our statute book the Act of Charles II., and when the Sabbatarian pranks of the Rev. Jon. B. Wright are yet fresh in the English memory? If the Northerners worry and exasperate strangers by their intolerant Sunday edicts, may they not fairly plead that they have learned intolerance from us? But they manage things otherwise—I will not presume to say that they manage them better—in New Orleans.

A BOUQUET SELLER IN THE VEGETABLE MARKET.

I contrived to oversleep myself a little on Saturday night; and it was half-past seven on Sunday morning ere I found myself afoot. It is a good twenty minutes' walk from the St. Charles's Hotel to Jackson-square; I paused for a few minutes in the Cathedral of St. Louis; and eight o'clock had chimed before I reached the old French market. It was in full swing. With respect to the crowd, I had been counselled, in the outset, to "put my corns in my pocket;" but I found circulation, although slow, to be easy enough; and if anybody did happen to tread on your feet, or to dig the sharp angle of a market basket into your ribs, he or she was prompt to ask your pardon, and to hope that he or she had not disturbed you. It is not often that you hear, "Pardon, m'sieur," or "Bien faché de vous déranger," on the North American continent. As for the confusion of tongues in

the market, it was simply delicious. French, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, Dutch and "Gumbo" contended with each other for supremacy; but French predominated.

There are French and French, of course, among the Creole population of New Orleans; and the Gallic tongue, as spoken in the market, is certainly not very pure either in its grammar or its

IN THE FRENCH MEAT MARKET, NEW ORLEANS.

accent. In this the French Creoles of Louisiana differ from their congeners in Lower Canada, of whom a bishop from old France, who had visited the banks of the St. Lawrence, once publicly declared that there was not a French-speaking country in the world where the lower classes spoke French so well and the upper classes so ill as in Canada. Assuming Monseigneur to have been correct in his dictum, there would seem to have been a reason for the discrepancy which he noticed. The upper classes of French Canadians mingle freely in English society; as a rule they all talk English fluently; and it is possible that a certain proportion

of Anglicisms or Anglo-Americanisms has entered into their own speech. On the other hand, the working classes in Canada of French extraction keep themselves aloof both from the English and the Irish, and there is but a very feeble negro element to corrupt the speech of the whites. In New Orleans, although there are many Creole gentlemen who have taken and who continue to take a distinguished part in public affairs, and who speak the two languages with equal purity and fluency, and although most of the store-keepers in the French quarter are as voluble in Anglo-American as they are in French, there are, so they tell me, numbers of high-class Creole families who remain, in language and manners, resolutely and exclusively French, and who bring up their children in persistent ignorance of the Anglo-American tongue. They are all, of course, patriotic American citizens; but there their sympathy with the institutions of the Great Republic ends. The industrial classes, on the other hand, although they live in the French quarter, and speak much more French than they do English, can scarcely help falling into a loose and incorrect way of parlance. They are jostled at every turn by Spaniards, Italians, and Germans, and especially by the coloured people, who gabble a wondrous salmagundi of a patois, made up of French, Spanish, and indigenous African, which is known as "Gumbo." Whether "Gumbo"—which is also the generic name, by the way, for a very delicious class of soups—be an abbreviation of Mumbo Jumbo is a philological question too nice to be debated in this place. "Gumbo," however—and a most barbarous lingo it is—seems to be very prevalent among the peripatetic vendors, mostly negroes, in the avenues between the market blocks. The regular salesmen in the market itself speak French and English, for all commercial purposes, fluently enough.

The Meat market on the Sunday morning of my visit seemed to me very plentifully stocked; and in the matter of beef the meat looked as of excellent quality. On the whole, I am inclined to think that America beats us in the tenderness and juiciness of what, in her excessive modesty, she terms beef, but which we more bluntly call rump steaks. With us a "beef" steak is not a first-class steak; but under this title the Americans comprise all "tender-loin," "porter-house," under-cut, and fillet steaks. The Châteaubriand, likewise, emperor and king of steaks, can be obtained at New Orleans in greater perfection than I have found it in any other portion of this continent.

With respect to the fish and the game with which the French Market abounds, I am chary of entering into details, since I am ignorant of the names of fully three-fourths of the birds and of the finny creatures which are brought to market. I know that I have eaten blue-fish, trout, "pompanon," red-snapper, sheep's-head, and some congener—a magnificent one—of the Spanish mackerel; but there are at least half a score more fish from the Gulf, of ample size and exquisite flavour, of the appellations of which I have not the slightest inkling.

So is it with the game, the nomenclature of which is, even when acquired, bewildering to the foreigner; and the confusion of the two tongues makes confusion worse confounded. What at the French restaurant is called a "perdreau" looks like a large quail; in fact, the Creole waiter will gravely tell you that the English for "perdreau" is quail; of the bird termed in European French "caille," he does not seem to have any definite knowledge. The New York quail, again, is as large as a good-sized English partridge, with very plump white meat; while the New York partridge is a pheasant. More than once I have been told here that the French for grouse is not *coq de bruyère*, and at length, in despair, I have ceased to strive after accuracy, and have allowed the *garçon* to bring me what he would in the way of game. That is the wisest plan to adopt. The Creole restaurant waiter knows infinitely more about local matters edible than you do. He is generally a very good fellow; and if you leave the selection to him he will bring you that which is in season and most toothsome. Still, for the sake of convenience, it might be desirable for an independent system of nomenclature—say an Indian one—to be applied to game and fish. I would not mind if a duck were called a "catahoula," a pigeon an "oshibi," a pheasant a "caccassar," a partridge a "tangipahoa," a quail a "chefunctee," a snipe a "lanacoco," a woodcock a "tickfaw," or a snipe an "atchafalaya."

Of fruit and vegetables there is not such an astonishing profusion as you might expect in this almost perennially sunny land. I mind well that we are only in the first week in February; but it strikes me that the winter yield of fruit and market gardens in Louisiana does not excel—even if it equals—that of the Riviera and the Levant. There are some green peas and strawberries grown in the open, the latter small and somewhat wild-flavoured. I have not seen any asparagus. The oranges are innumerable; and two or three thousand of the delicious

THE FRENCH VEGETABLE MARKET.

fruit must be consumed every day, I should say, at the St. Charles alone. Among the green vegetables spinach takes the lead. Lettuce and chicory are most conspicuous among the salads. But I have met with no huge cabbages and no prize cauliflowers. Bananas abound, plantain is plentiful enough, so are pine-apples ; but the last are brought from the Antilles. You see few of the tropical fruits—shaddocks, mangoes, guavas, and a host more with Spanish names which have slipped my memory—which so tempt you, to your stomachic peril, in the markets of Havana and Vera Cruz. But the old French market is very great in onions, leeks, and eschalots, and especially in that esculent inestimable in Provençal cookery, and which by a famous English essayist has been unjustly stigmatised as "the rank and guilty garlic."

That essayist—all honor to his memory, but Homer nods sometimes—had evidently never tasted *saucisse de Lyon* nor *gigot à l'ail*, nor the imperial *bouillabaisse*, the last of which is

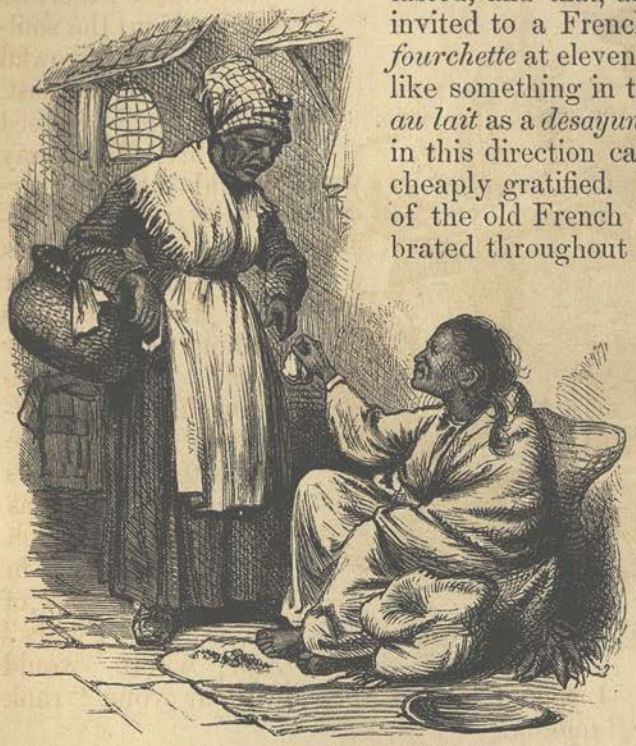
concocted in New Orleans in a style yielding nothing in the way of excellence to be surpassed at the Restaurant de la Réserve at Marseilles. It was the lot of William Makepeace Thackeray to draw the first inspiration for his "Ballad of Bouillabaisse," from an eating house in the Rue Neuve des Petits Champs, Paris. There he quaffed the "chambertin with yellow seal"; there he conjured up the smiling and the sorrowful memories of the past. But Fate decreed that Mr. Thackeray should come afterwards to New Orleans; and the Creoles yet proudly assert that the illustrious author of "Vanity Fair" hastened to avow that the *bouillabaisse* which he had eaten at Miguel's restaurant was as good as any on which he had regaled in "the New Street of the Little Fields." And where would *bouillabaisse* be, I should like to know, without your "rank and guilty garlic," quotha?

A SKETCH IN THE OLD FRENCH MARKET.

When you are tired of watching the cooks and *bonnes* of the Creole households making their purchases of meat and game, fruit, and vegetables—not forgetting good store of pot herbs for soup and "okra" for "gumbo"—you will find no more interesting field for contemplation than the Bazaar market, which may be broadly qualified as a kind of Lowther Arcade on a large scale, with the stocks of all the cheap hosiers and haberdashers and fancy goods sellers of High-street, Whitechapel, turned loose into it. The goods are indifferently American and French. Whatever has to do with art usually proceeds from Gaul: thus you see plenty of cheap lithographed portraits of the First

Napoleon, of the poor Prince Imperial, of the Empress Eugénie, of Notre Dame de Lourdes, of Marshal McMahon, and of the late Pio Nono, Captive of the Vatican. Neither Victor Emmanuel nor Humbert, King of Italy, seems to be popular among the orthodox Creoles.

Finally, when you have explored all the recesses of the Bazaar market, it may occur to you that you have not breakfasted, and that, although you are invited to a French *déjeuner à la fourchette* at eleven a.m., you would like something in the way of a *café au lait* as a *desayuno*. Your wishes in this direction can be swiftly and cheaply gratified. The coffee stalls of the old French Market are celebrated throughout the New World. Many and many a time, in days long since departed and when young men occasionally stayed out all night—the existing generation, I am given to understand, invariably retire to rest after a light supper of cocoa-nibs and a boiled onion at eleven p.m.—have I breakfasted at one of the early coffee-stalls under the piazzas in Covent-garden market. I mind the coffee now; if it *did* contain an uncertain proportion of chicory and burnt beans, it was very hot and very sweet. It was as wholesome as rum and milk—and more moral.' Those prodigiously thick slices of bread and butter, too—never mind if the butter was "Dosset" and the bread made of "seconds" flour: I have tasted very much worse butter in very palatial hotels—then again those immense hot cakes, the grease from which ran down to the skirts



SELLING GUMBO.

of your garments and in particular those massive wedges of plumcake. They looked solid enough to pave King-street and Henrietta-street withal. And how many of the good fellows who gathered round the early breakfast-stalls under the piazzas, and ran the gauntlet of chaff from the market gardeners, are dead!

I remembered the old days, when I halted at a coffee stall in the old French market at New Orleans, and ordered *café au lait*. The phantoms of Peter Cunningham, of Alfred Dickens, of James Hannay, of Robert Brough, of William M'Connell, of Charles Bennett rose around me. But the old familiar faces disappeared amidst a motley crew of sailors and fishermen, negro women with fantastic yellow turbans twisted round their heads, "Dagocs" and long-shore men, Creole *ouvriers* and Creole *grisettes*. They gave me deliciously aromatic coffee, dark as "cassareepe," beautifully crystallised sugar, plenty of hot milk, the purest of bread, the freshest of butter; but the memories of the old Covent-garden piazzas had the best of it at last, and I left my *desayuno* all but untasted.

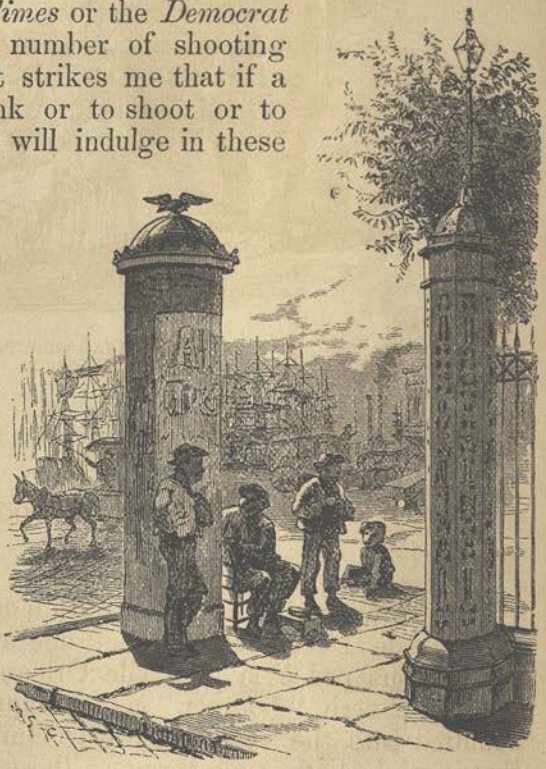
HOT COFFEE IN THE BAZAAR MARKET.

So I came back through the French quarter, thinking that, market hours being over, New Orleans would subside into the silence and the gloom of an orthodox American Sunday. Not a bit of it. They have ideas of their own as to the observance of the Sabbath on the banks of the Mississippi. The Roman Catholics go to mass; the Anglo-Americans go to church or to meeting; and, after that, all who have a mind for enjoyment proceed to enjoy themselves to the very fullest extent allowed by custom, and, I suppose, warranted by law. *Fay ce que voudras* would appear to be the device acted upon here; and, if you have read your Rabelais aright, you will remember that the Monks of the Abbey of Thelemé, when they took advantage of the per-

mission to do as they pleased, were careful only to do things which were right as well as pleasant. *Fay ce que voudras.* The ethics of a New Orleans Sunday are, just now, foreign to my province. I only know that the Louisianians do, in the matter of

Sunday-keeping, that which has been done from time immemorial by the inhabitants of every capital in Europe with the exception of Great Britain and Ireland. All the cafés and liquor bars were open throughout the day and evening, precisely as they are in Paris and Brussels; all the beer gardens were open precisely as they are in Vienna and Munich; all the theatres and music-

halls were open precisely as they are in Berlin and Copenhagen—and please to remember that Berlin and Copenhagen are Protestant cities—and, in addition, people played at billiards and ten-pins, and otherwise diverted themselves in the manner most suited to their own individual inclinations. There was no law, so it appeared to me, to prevent people from going to church; but on the other hand, there was nothing to hamper and shackle, to fetter, gag, and cripple people who did not want to go to church. *Fay ce que voudras.* I did not notice any drunkards staggering about New Orleans on Sunday; nor, on the following morning, did I notice that the *Picayune* or the *Times* or the *Democrat* recorded an abnormal number of shooting or stabbing cases. It strikes me that if a man wants to get drunk or to shoot or to stab his neighbours, he will indulge in these little diversions quite as freely on week days as on Sundays, and that even in the cities where Sunday closing is most rigidly enforced, and the law makes the most stringent provisions to prevent people from amusing themselves, the amusements of Sunday evening will not always bear the reflection of Monday morning. With respect to New Orleans I have merely recorded that which I saw.



A CORNER OF JACKSON-SQUARE.

A CARNIVAL GROUP.

XXVIII.

The Carnival Booming.

New Orleans, *Feb.* 6.

"Décidément ça boume. Puisqu'on a boumé à Philadelphie au mois de Décembre, y a-t-il une raison pourquoi nous ne boumassions pas à la Nouvelle Orléans au mois de Février?" Were the verb "boumer" as an equivalent for to "boom," admitted into the vocabulary of "Gumbo" French,* I fancy that it might be in such terms as those quoted above that Jean-Marie Chicot, of the Rue Peanut, might address Hippolyte

* "Gumbo" English, or rather Americanero, is being largely imported into colloquial French. In a recent debate in the French Chambers, M. Andrieux, ex-prefect of police, qualified certain statements, which he declared to be exaggerated, as "des barnums absurdes." Esteemed Phineas T. Barnum, you have much to answer for.

Hardshelloss, of the Carrefour des Jambes-enclavées (Tangled-Legs-place), New Orleans. The thoroughfares mentioned are manifestly as imaginary as the personages and their conversation; but It is booming, nevertheless. What? The Carnival. The Knights of Momus have made their appearance, by torch-light, in the flesh, or rather in armour of plate and armour of chain. I have seen Momus himself on a white horse, stately, magnificent, and strictly anonymous. Who is Momus? Sooner ask who killed the man in the claret-coloured coat, and ate the puppy-pie beneath Marlow bridge. Momus and Mystery are synonymous.

I very much regret to add that the malicious spirit of Alliteration might have suggested, these two or three days past, the association with Momus of another proper name beginning with the letter M. That name is Macintosh. The complaints of those who were going about murmuring that the wearing of chain armour during the Carnival would, owing to the sultriness of the season, be uncomfortable, have been listened to—and with a vengeance—by the Clerk of the Weather. It has been pouring what we in England vulgarly term cats and dogs, but which on the politer shores of the Mississippi might be called racoons and alligators, at intervals, since Sunday last. The temperature is cold and raw; and in the hall of the enormous St. Charles, the loafers, whose name is legion, cluster around the two huge stoves, like small boys round an empty sugar cask, and toast the soles of their boots against the incandescent flue. The ladies come down to breakfast in ermine and sable and silver-fox-lined mantles; and after breakfast they sit in the wilderness-like drawing-room and shiver. I say they shiver, for the reason that in the palatial *salon* in question there is only one fireplace; and round that fire four old ladies—presumably from the State of South Philauthia—persistently and closely sit, excluding the other ladies from the benefits of the cheerful blaze. We have an English equivalent for the state of South Philauthia. It is called Takecareofnumberoneshire. So inclement, indeed, has been the weather—it is true that we have had neither frost nor snow—that within the last eight-and-forty hours dark and distant rumours were current that the Knights of Momus would be reluctantly compelled to postpone, if not altogether to abandon, their torch-light procession through the principal thoroughfares of the city; restricting their display to a representation of *tableaux vivants* and a ball at the Grand Opera House.

Happily, these gloomy forebodings were not realised. Meanwhile, all the streets had been much embannered, and many of the houses were richly illuminated with Chinese lanterns and devices in gas and coloured lamps. On Canal-street tiers upon tiers of seats had been erected on those pillared verandahs which in fine weather form such delightful arcades for lounging in front of the stores; and especially handsome accommodation was provided at all the clubs for the friends of members. We were so lucky as to be able to secure a capital view of the entire parade from the window of our own apartment at the St. Charles—a chamber overlooking a side-street between Carondelet-street and St. Charles-street; and down this side thoroughfare the procession debouched on its way to Canal-street, where is situated the Grand Opera House, which was to be the scene of the *tableaux vivants* and the ball.

It was about ten minutes past nine when the Carnival began to boom in the form of a most tremendous clamour of brass bands. Shawm and pipe and psaltery and loud bassoon, and ophicleides blown louder than ever were trumpets in the New Moon; cymbal and triangles, and especially that very old friend of mine—bless his heart!—the Big Drummer. There he came along in the blazing light of the torches, drubbing away at the parchment as though for dear life. I know that big drummer well and of old. Last night he wore a splendid military uniform, and had on his shoulders epaulettes of red worsted, as bright and big as prize tomatoes; but I was aware of him many years ago, when he wore a leopard skin mantle, and a brazen Roman helmet, with a white plume as portentous as the *panache blanc* of Henry of Navarre. Then he was the attendant to Mengin, the lead pencil man. I was aware of him at the Feria at Seville, when he was in the service of a travelling dentist, and when he always administered a thundering whack to the drum simultaneously with the extraction by his patron of a patient's double tooth. The whack drowned the patient's yell of agony. I have known him in the ranks of the British Volunteers; I have met him at Foresters' and Odd Fellows' *fêtes;* he is associated in my juvenile reminiscences with Wombwell's menagerie, Richardson's show, and the Crown and Anchor booth at Greenwich Fair; and only last year I renewed my acquaintance with this *tambour des tambours* at the *Foire au Pain d'Épice*, in Paris.

Ah, you democratic Republics! You are all very grand and fine with your universal suffrage, your equal rights, your contempt

of old-world rank and dignity, and the rest of it; but you can't get on without the big drum. That and the blazing away of gunpowder in the form of salutes are the first clause in the Universal Magna Charta. They are an everlasting Act of Parliament, secularly speaking, that cannot be revoked. The naked African savage bangs his tom-tom and fires off his Birmingham "trade" musket to show how glad he is. Can we do much more, save in degree of noise and splendour, when

Cæsar is to be acclaimed or a Carnival ushered in? Yonder drummer with the tomato epaulettes is but cousin-german to him whom I saw the other day making all Broad-street, Philadelphia, resound to his reverberations. Then he was drubbing in the interests of the Third Term; and now he drubs in the cause of Mirth and Tomfoolery. To-day, in front of a balloting booth. To-morrow, in front of a Punch's show. But always the same drum, meaning neither more nor less than it always does: a self-assertive and congratulatory Noise. For my part, I think Punch much more entertaining and much more instructive than politics.

I had never before seen a torchlight procession on the American continent, and had pictured to myself that illumination would be afforded by ruddily glowing brands of pitch-pine, or by those glaring links of old junk plentifully smeared with tar which the "running footmen" of the English aristocracy used to carry when their lords and ladies went out to nocturnal revelries—you may still see the link-extinguishers garnishing the railings which flank the hall doors in some old streets and squares in London—and which continue to make a fitful appearance, through some magic of which only street-boys and "odd-men" eager to earn a few pence have the secret, on foggy days and nights in the British metropolis. The Americans have vastly improved on these primitive *flambeaux*. Their so-called torches are capacious arrangements of *lampions*, set in rows, and carried on tall poles, fed, I should say, by petroleum, or some preparation of naphtha, and the illuminating power of which is increased by immense reflectors, resembling in form so many "Original Little Dustpans" set on end. The result is that a light as broad as daylight is shed on the procession itself, while the great height at which the torches are carried pleasantly illumines the faces of the spectators in the balconies, and at the same time casts into the darkest and discreetest of shade the torch-bearers and the animals which draw the pageant-covered platforms.

The former were, last night, I opine, chiefly negroes, whose costume would not have borne the strictest scrutiny. The latter were strong but humble mules, uncaparisoned save with the simplest harness. So is it—to paraphrase Douglas Jerrold's *mot* about Crockford's gaming-house in St. James's-street—with that remarkably stately bird, the swan. You admire its loftily-arched neck, its white and glossy plumage; but you don't see

the black legs which are propelling it through the water. Better perhaps, as a rule, not to peer about too inquisitively for the *dessous des choses*. The philosopher who was always seeking after Truth found her at last, at the bottom of a well. But he tumbled into the well and was drowned. So I riveted my gaze alternately at the moving platforms—cotton wains or brewers' drays their substructures may have been in the day-time—and on the fair faces of the ladies at windows opposite. The senior and junior pupils at Miss Frump's Seminary for Young Ladies, Clapham-Rise, could not have been in rarer ecstasies at the sight of the calvacade to the Derby than the belles of New Orleans at the sight of Momus and his Knights. Poor Augustus Mayhew used to say that the most delightful sound in the world was that of the laughter of women. How merrily did the Dianas of the Crescent City laugh last night—how they clapped their dainty palms and waved their pretty Parisian fans and their diaphanous cambric *mouchoirs*—duty five-and-thirty per cent. on imported goods—in response to the courteous salutations of Momus, splendidly mounted, carefully but not grotesquely masked! What was he like? Well, imagine Edward the Black Prince entering London after Crecy—stay, the Prince's captive, King John of France, was better mounted than the victor—imagine, rather, Harry the Fifth landing at Dover after Agincourt; amalgamate with Charles V. riding into Antwerp; add a touch of the Chevalier Bayard, the Admirable Crichton, Sir Bevis of Southampton, Guy Earl of Warwick, Henry Irving in Othello, and Masaniello at the close of the Market Scene, and you may form a faint—a very faint idea of Momus in all his glory. And to think that, next Tuesday, New Orleans will see a King of the Carnival even more glorious than he! To think that, on Mardi Gras, Rex is coming!

I may be excused for indulging in rather a confused *galimatias* of historical comparisons; for, to tell truth, last night's torchlight procession was, historically and allegorically, "a little mixed." In past years the parades of Momus and his Knights have successfully illustrated the Crusaders, the Coming Races of Mankind, Louisiana and her Seasons, the Dream of Hades, and the Panorama of the Divinities of Fairy-land. For the Carnival of 1880 a Tennysonian chord had been stricken, and the pageant symbolised a Dream of Fair Women. What do you think of Semiramis, Queen of Assyria, with Ninus, and Madame Alboni—I mean Arsace—and a whole host of subjugated Medes

and Persians, Libyans, and Ethiopians, "joggulating and woggulating" on a peripatetic platform, on which the art of scene-painting had exhausted itself in building up simulacra of temples, palaces, bridges, and hanging gardens? What do you think of Dido, Queen of Carthage, on another car, not sitting at her palace gate, as the profane jester in "Bombastes Furioso" has it, "darning a hole in her stocking, oh," but preparing in superb serenity to immolate herself on a funeral pyre in consequence of the conduct of the perfidious Æneas, who had eloped to Dakota with a female cashier from a Variety Saloon in the Bowery, New York? What do you think of Dalilah cutting off the shaggy locks of Samson at a moment when he was overcome by excessive cocktails, and delivering him over to be clubbed by Captain Williams of the New York police, and other Philistines? What do you say to Sappho enthroned in a Grecian chariot of burnished gold, drawn by fiery steeds of basket-work, and canvas well whitewashed? What do you think of that conceited Phaon, most supercilious of Hellenic "mashers" ogling the unhappy Lesbian poetess, whose too sensitive heart he had won at a Connecticut church oyster stew?

But hither comes Aspasia in a car all to herself, surrounded by the most eminent men in ancient Athens—congressmen, presidents of banks, collectors of ports, Pirates of Penzance, city editors, popular preachers, Brooklyn tabernaclers and presbyters—hotel landlords, Chicago pork-packers, Nebraska cattle kings, discoverers of electric lights, and prominent members of the New Orleans Cotton Exchange. Behold her alternating the performance of the newly fashionable "heel-and-toe" dance with the assistance of Pericles in the administration of public affairs. But room for Judith cutting off the head of Holofernes as ruthlessly as though he were a Government official at the beginning of a new Presidential term. The noble Cornelia follows—Cornelia, who preferred her children to all Mr. Tiffany's stock-in-trade. Behold Cleopatra, in the most gorgeous of gorgeous galleys, with her waiting-women like the Nereids, and Mark Antony lying, in a hopeless condition of "mash"—the "masher" is the superlative of a "spoon," and one of his most graceful attributes is to pour the maple-syrup over the buckwheat cakes which Beauty eats at breakfast—at the feet of the "Serpent of Old Nile." Stay, surely a serpent cannot, any more than a pickled eel, have feet. But let that pass. It is Carnival time. Behold Fair Rosamond in her Woodstock bower, with the infuriated

Eleanor, holding a skein of Berlin wool in one hand, and in the other a bowl containing equal portions of nux vomica, Schenck's Mandrake pills, prussic acid, ipecacuanha, "Moonshiners" whiskey, and the Rising Sun Stove Polish. Behold Joan of Arc in a full suit of armour, mounted on a prancing steed, to which the charger of General Jackson, on the *ci-devant* Place d'Armes, is very "small potatoes" indeed. Alas! here is Mary Queen of Scots, dressed in raven black (duty on imported textile fabrics forty-five per cent.) and escorted by gloomy guards, descending the staircase of Fotheringay Castle on her way to execution. Observe the wicked Earl of Shrewsbury, the brutal Earl of Kent, and the bigoted Dean of Peterborough. Observe the Hon. Lewis Wingfield as he appeared in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

Strange to see this old-time scene revived in far-off Louisiana! Only last summer, in a museum at Tunbridge-wells, I was looking at a glass case containing, all faded and tarnished, the veritable peer's robes worn by a Lord Abergavenny at the trial of Mary Queen of Scots. Little did I think then that the next time I was to be reminded of the sad tragedy at Fotheringay should be on the verge of the gulf of Mexico. *Sait-on où l'on va?* Where shall I be three weeks hence, I wonder? But here is Maria Theresa of Austria "orating" to the Hungarian Diet, with her babe in her arms; while the loyal and chivalrous Magyars draw their swords and shout "Moriamur pro Rege nostro." There is another car with the Empress Josephine, crowned and sceptred, and sitting on a throne, before which descends a veil of filmy gauze not unlike what in this section of the country is called a "mosquito bar." Josephine was a Creole Empress. There is a street named after her here; and her sweet memory is yet revered. But I must apologise to Zenobia, Empress of Palmyra, who, on a prodigious elephant, preceded Fair Rosamond, and whom I have as yet cruelly left out in the cold; and it strikes me also that the procession included a *tableau* of Queen Elizabeth and her Court, with Shakespeare reading "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," to the edification of Messrs. Robson and Crane, the delight of Lord Bacon, and the envy of Ben Jonson.

I did not avail myself of the courteous invitations which Momus had sent me for his *tableaux* and his ball at the Opera House. I have had some difficulty in convincing kind friends, not only in New Orleans, but in other American cities, that a ball is a ball all the world over; that my dancing days have

long since been over; and that I did not come to this country to look upon ladies and gentlemen arrayed in the ordinary toilettes and the ordinary jewellery of an advanced state of civilisation, and otherwise comporting themselves as they would in ball-rooms in Belgrave Square, in the Faubourg St. Germain, on the English Quay at St. Petersburg, or in the Ring Strasse at Vienna, but to observe the aspect of strange places and the manners of strange people. The *al fresco* aspect of Momus and his rich and tastily apparelled cavalcade was quite enough for me; and I went to bed with the comfortable consciousness of having acquired a new experience and the cheerful hope of gaining another one on Mardi Gras.

THE CARNIVAL PROCESSION PASSING THE STATUE OF HENRY CLAY.

XXIX.

The Carnival Booms.

New Orleans, Ash Wednesday.

It is all over. Momus and his Knights have strutted and fretted their hour on the stage, and will not be seen any more until next Shrovetide. Comus and his Mistick Krewe have laid down their fantastic habits, and reverted to their normal states and conditions of life as cotton-brokers or bank-cashiers; the

"Phorty Phunny Fellows" are as defunct as those Forty Thieves upon whom Morgiana so cleverly got up a "corner" in petroleum; the German Liedertafel and Karnival-Verein, who have been permitted to co-operate with the haughty compeers of

SHROVETIDE AND LENT.

Mobile, are all "goned afay mid de lager-beer—afay in *die ewigkeit;*" and Rex himself, King of Tomfools and Lord of Misrule, has, after a brief but glorious reign, been peacefully dethroned, or has as peacefully abdicated, and is reposing his discrowned head on some well-earned pillow. The Carnival of New Orleans has boomed, and is no more. This is Ash Wednesday; there are to be no more cakes and ale, and ginger is not to be hot i' the mouth until Easter Day; the dour *régime* of salt fish and pickled eggs has set in; and devout Catholics will wear nought but sad-coloured garments: nor will they marry nor be given in marriage, for forty days. A perceptible despondency affects those who were yesterday among the merriest revellers. Not only Ash Wednesday, but likewise *le quart d'heure de Rabelais* has come. Yon Paterfamilias, with the grey "goatee" and the double eye-glasses, has come all the way from Chicago to see the Carnival. With him came a commanding spouse and three sylph-like daughters, to say nothing of a niece from Cincinnati and two female cousins from Buffalo. A very thoughtful Paterfamilias he looks, this morning. I apprehend that his board-bill at the St. Charles Hotel for self and family will "foot up" to something considerable.

The hotel itself, which, when I arrived here, twenty days since, was a very comfortable and almost sleepily quiet place, has during the last four or five days been a chaos, and almost a pandemonium. The Roaring Bulls of Bashan have taken possession of the vast marble rotunda; Stentor has it all his own way in the dining-hall as he bellows for more chicken gumbo; and the shrieks of the *ululantes*, in the shape of small children deliriously racing about the corridors, and affectionately "chivied" by coloured nurses, deafen the ears and distract the mind of him who is childless and loves peace. Such a one may love children, too, in their proper places; but close and frequent acquaintance with small juveniles in an American hotel is apt to induce the conviction that, all things considered, you would like the American

child best in a pie. The rules of the hotel expressly prohibit the conversion of the corridors into playgrounds for the children; but where else are the poor little creatures to go? Why do not their parents leave them at home? you may ask. It is just possible that their papas and mammas have themselves no homes beyond the enormous caravanserais in which married couples, in this country, often abide by the half-dozen years together. Moreover, it is, or rather it has been, Carnival time, and we must take the rough with the smooth.

I am myself a tolerably neat hand at grumbling, and there are several first-class hotels in mine own country and on the continent of Europe, in which I might hesitate to accept hospitality owing to a nervous remembrance of the verbal passages of arms which, in days gone by, I have had with landlords and head waiters; but during the ten weeks and odd which I have passed on this continent I have systematically endeavoured to conceal my natural soreheadedness, to look at the bright side of things, and to bear all the petty discomforts of travelling with a patient shrug. For example, the water which they give you here for washing purposes is of the colour, and nearly of the consistency, of pea-soup. That is the kind of tap which the magnificent Mississippi provides for you. Where is the use of grumbling about the water? Console yourself, rather, with the remembrance that from the Mançanares at Madrid scarcely any water is procurable at all; and that the Mississippi is a river highly impregnated with alluvial matter, which fertilises the regions through which the Father of Waters passes. Perhaps after a long course of bathing in liquid mud you will find your skin pleasantly fertilised. I know that the pea-soup water has turned the linen fronts of all my shirts to a deep yellow. Well, it is better to wear yellow shirts than to have the yellow fever. Why, again, should I complain because from day to day I have found it more and more difficult to obtain anything like an eatable dinner in an hotel where the charge for board is four dollars a day; so that, in despairing hunger, I have been fain to dine outside at Moreau's, in Canal-street?*

* A capital restaurant in every respect. Good to dine at: better to breakfast at. Fish and game abundant and delicious. A chateaubriand equal to anything of the kind at Delmonico's or the Hotel Brunswick, N.Y. The claret sound and comparatively cheap. A dinner for two persons, including a pint of excellent dry champagne, should not cost more than five dollars or one pound sterling. There is

There have been many more guests in the hotel who have been worse off than I; and they have borne their sufferings with angelic patience. *The Americans, so far as social grievances are concerned, are the most patient people in the world.* They "put up with" or endure nuisances and extortions of which we should furiously demand the immediate abrogation; when they grumble in print it is humorously and not viciously as we do; and—good gracious! what is that fearful noise overhead? The violent and continuous concussion of heavy bodies is followed by what seems to be the oversetting of furniture and the smashing of glass and crockery ware. What *can* the disturbance mean? Has anybody gone raving mad? Did anybody come home very late from one of the Mardi Gras balls, and is he now, after swallowing the contents of many bottles of Congress-water and a course of cunningly concocted cocktails, making laborious attempts to rise? But hark! that heavy sound breaks in once more—nearer, clearer, deadlier than before. It can scarcely be the opening roar of cannon. Can it be somebody whom the long-pent injuries of years has suddenly rendered frantic, and who has "gone" for his mother-in-law.

Who shall say? The American is, in his domestic relations, ordinarily the most placable and longest-suffering of mankind. But there is a point at which the trampled worm will turn, and the overburdened llama kick. At all times, indeed, you may gather from printed and graphic sources evidence of the latent vindictiveness with which the Americans regard the mammas of their spouses. The sweet and self-sacrificing matron, who in England is universally held in such passionate love and such deep veneration, is, on this side of the Atlantic, made the subject of the wickedest satire and the cruellest of aspersions. Josh Billings has not spared her, nor Mark Twain held his hand from girding at her. She is gibed at in the "all sorts" and "brevities" items in innumerable newspapers; she is the butt of all the comic illustrated journals; she is the most conspicuous in the monstrous valentines which during the month of February make the stalls of the newsvendors hideous. Obviously there are valentines and valentines in the States; and the little maiden above, who, furtively watched by her schoolfellows, is posting her "First Valentine," has probably purchased the very prettiest one that her pocket-money enabled her to acquire. The other day I

another admirable little French restaurant kept by a plump Creole lady in the Rue des Pèlerines, down by the old French market.

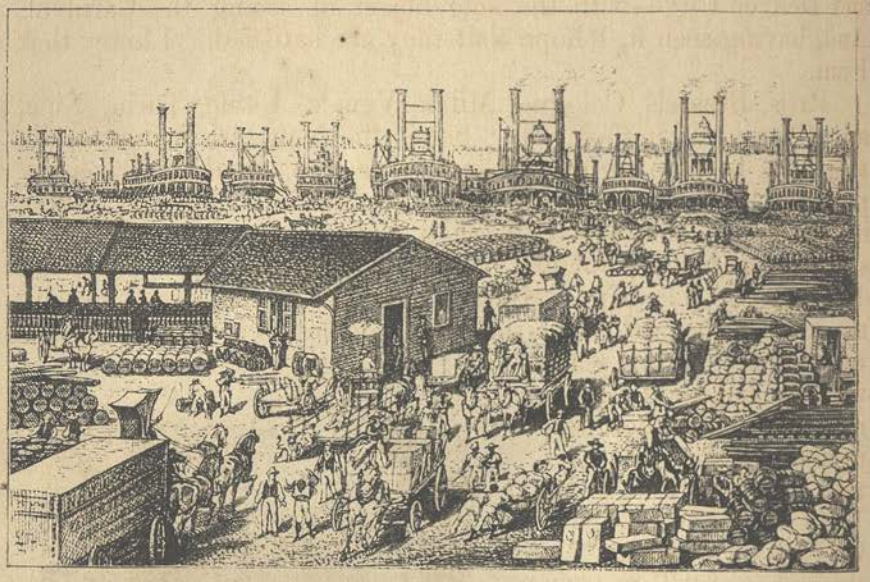
POSTING HER FIRST VALENTINE.

overheard this snatch of ribald minstrelsy from a small boy in Carondelet-street, who was cracking pea-nuts as he walked :—

> Give me a hatchet, or lend me a saw,
> And I'll cut off the leg of my mother-in-law.

My blood ran cold as I listened to the horrible aspiration. Thank the proprieties, in England, we never fail to love—O don't we fondly love ?—our mothers-in-law.

This is not a digression; for during the Carnival there must have been at least a hundred *belles-mères* with their daughters and their sons-in-law in this hotel alone. Please to remember that the St. Charles, albeit it is the largest and the handsomest, is not the only big caravanserai in New Orleans. There are the St. James, the City, the Perry, and a host of smaller houses. Here we have been lodging, they tell me, something like seven hundred guests; and six hundred more have been turned away by the reluctant and urbane proprietors, for lack of space. New Orleans abounds in furnished lodgings; and these, also, have been crammed to suffocation. Some of the gigantic Mis-



sissippi steamboats moored at the Levée have been turned into impromptu hotels, and hosts of otherwise homeless wanderers have invaded their state-rooms. The resources of private hospitality have been strained to their utmost; and it is computed that in the aggregate the Crescent City has harboured within her gates full forty thousand strangers. Their mission has been simply that which led the party of dethroned kings described by Voltaire in "Candide" to come to Venice. They wanted to see the Carnival; but, unlike the dilapidated royalties in the wittiest, wickedest tale that ever was written, the visitors to the Carnival of New Orleans had plenty of money wherewith to pay for their suppers, and their dinners, breakfasts, and luncheons to boot. They came provided with stupendous Saratoga trunks—as big as the coffers which the Spaniards term *mundos,* worlds—full to bursting with radiant toilettes. They came down to breakfast arrayed in diamond earrings, and in bracelets glowing with barbaric pearl and gold. Why did I not bring some imitation brilliants from the Rue de la Paix, or some electro from the Burlington Arcade, with me? It is so hard to tell the difference between the real and the sham. They came from Mobile and Pensacola, from Biloxi and Tallahassee, from Jacksonville and Palatka, from Charleston and Savannah, from far-off Chicago and New York—ay, and from San Francisco

and Denver City—with the sole object of seeing the Carnival. And, having seen it, I hope that they are satisfied. I know that I am.

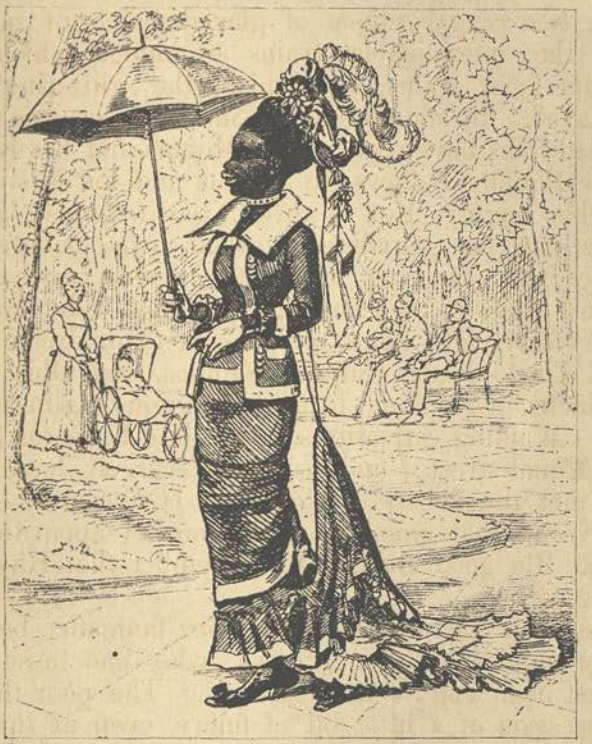
Paris, Brussels, Cologne, Milan, Venice, Rome, Turin, Nice, are all very well in their way; but in the New Orleans saturnalia there has been to me a thoroughly new, original, and weirdly picturesque element which I have never seen before, and which, in all human likelihood, I shall never see again. When I say that the picturesqueness had a "weird" aspect, I am writing deliberately. The aspect which I mean was lent to the show by the conspicuous part which the negro population took in it. With what infinite delight when we were boys did we not read of the masquerading junketings at Christmas-tide of the negroes in the West Indies, as described by Captain Marryat and the author of "Tom Cringle's Log"! Those were the saturnalia of slaves; and emancipation has brought to the coloured people of the South, under ordinary circumstances, a noticeable aspect of gloom and sadness. Where they were formerly jocund they are now often morose. In fact, they are slowly awakening to a sense of individual responsibility. They have to solve that terrible problem, "How shall I provide for myself?" And many of them have given up the conundrum in sheer despair, and "loaf around," staring at things in general as though they were guests at the great table of Nature, for whom a knife and fork and plate and a beautifully folded napkin had been provided—but nothing else.

Still during the Carnival they have brightened up wonderfully. The festival has meant a plenitude of employment and an abund-

ance of dollars for the coloured race. The hackney carriage drivers of New Orleans are nearly all—and I know not why—white people, but the negroes have been the chief torch-bearers in the nocturnal processions; and it is they who, clothed in *bizarre* gaberdines of glazed calico of many hues, have led the interminable trains of mules which dragged the "floats" or wains on which the glittering pageants were displayed. In addition to the material services which the dark-skinned folks have rendered to Momus and his Knights, to the Phorty Phunny Fellows, to Comus and his Mistick Krewe and to the mighty Rex himself, the negroes have gone extensively into masquerading on their own private account. They have been capering about the streets arrayed in the most absurd dresses, and cutting the most ridiculous capers. Within the forty-eight hours I have met hundreds of Uncle Toms and Uncle Neds, Cuffees, Sambos, and Obis or Three-fingered Jacks, astounding in the ingenious ugliness of their travesties. Walking caricatures of the late Emperor Soulouque pervaded Canal-street; and it would scarcely have surprised me had I met the ghosts of Toussaint l'Ouverture, Dessalines, and Salnave in that eminent rendezvous of apparitions, Jackson-square. Be good enough to remember that Hayti is only "round the corner."

All the more picturesque and more fantastic, because unconsciously so, were the negresses, who had assumed their Sunday best in honour of the Carnival. The poor things revel in the possession of a little bit of finery, even at the worst of times; and the rags, which in the case of the male blacks are unredeemed by the presence of one single vestige of taste or tidiness, are, with the women, frequently relieved by some scrap of vivid colour or some device in arrangement suggesting the artistic instinct. The wretchedest old flower-women who crouch on the doorsteps in the streets attract the attention of the European traveller by the Oriental-like turbans of gaudy hues which are twisted round their grizzled heads, or by the skilful draping of a shawl—all in tatters as it may be—of some stuff of a tartan of which the pattern is wholly unknown among the Highland clans, and which is probably the product of no Scottish loom. But it was not in turbans and plaid shawls that the coloured ladies of New Orleans commanded notice and extorted admiration during the Carnival. They appeared in the height of the fashion, as expounded by *Le Follet*, the *Gazette des Modes*,

and *Myra's Journal*—but read generally, as witches' prayers are said to be, backwards. "Magnolious" and "spanglorious" are, perhaps, the most suitable epithets which hyperbole can supply to



A COLOURED LADY OF NEW ORLEANS.

convey a notion of these astonishingly *outré* rigs-out. The much-bustled crinoline of twenty years ago was now and then employed to distend the "princess" robe of to-day, and the result was a liberal display of white cotton stocking. In some cases the hose had been "pinked," like unto the hose of an impecunious ballet-girl; and these, with a pair of white taffety boots, with high heels, produced a very "pleasing" effect. Laced petticoats, sometimes decorated with a fringe of quack advertisement bills, which during the whole of the Carnival were sown broadcast on the pavement, were much noticed; and sunshades of pink, yellow, and sky-blue alpaca were much in demand. As a rule, the toilet of the coloured ladies did not run so far as gloves; but they "took it out," as the saying is, in pocket-handker-

chiefs edged with cheap lace and in enormous reticules. And, dear me, what a perfume of patchouli there was on the side-walk!

ONE OF THE SPECTATORS.

So the streets of the Crescent City were all as fine as fivepence on the morning of Monday the 9th. I took care, in sorrowful remembrance of my mischances at Philadelphia on the occasion of the Great Grant Boom, and in view of the constantly-increasing crowds gathered in Canal-street, to be back at the St. Charles by one o'clock p.m.; for at two Rex and his military escort were expected to arrive at the hotel, which during the continuance of the Carnival his Majesty grandiloquently terms his "Royal Palace of San Carlos." Whenever the Americans make up their minds to play the fool they play it earnestly and in the most thoroughly business-like manner. There is no shame-facedness, no disposition for carping and satirical disparagement, as there is with us on our rare occasions of pageantry. Such *mauvaise honte* and such a disposition to gibe have killed May Day games in England. If it occurred to the Americans to revive on their continent the Merry-Andrewisms of Jack-in-the-Green, My Lord and My Lady, they would make the sweeps' holiday a "big thing," and carry it through triumphantly, beginning with big drums and finishing with fireworks.

The first essential in the successful conduct of the Southern Carnival is an entire and unswerving belief in the personality and supremacy of Rex. Crowds have been gathering, evening after evening, before the window of a jewellery store in Canal-street, in which Rex's "Crown jewels"—his diadem, his sceptre, his orb, and his ring—have been displayed. A leading hardwareman gravely advertises that he has been appointed to construct a fireproof safe for the custody of the Royal jewels. "Bathurst, Lord High Chamberlain," and "Warwick, Earl Marshal of the Empire," have continued to countersign regal edicts which are not only implicitly believed in, but as implicitly obeyed. These relate to the decoration of the city and of the ships and steamers in harbour, and to general measures of police. The committee list of the Royal Ball at Exposition

Palace comprises a list of Peers, the enumeration of whom does not provoke merriment. It has been read with dignified earnestness and with justifiable pride. I find in the Louisianian Debrett such titles as E. F. Del Bondio, Duke of Mayence; Bradish Johnson, Duke of Woodland; J. A. Day, Duke of Wamphassock; Charles T. Howard, Duke of Biloxi; Wm. Hartwell, Duke of Tchoupitoulas; Jacob Hassinger, Duke of the Palatinate; and Adolf Mayer, Duke of Concordia. Prominent business men, merchants, bankers, sugar and cotton planters, are content for the nonce to assume burlesque titles, and to play the fool for a few brief hours, as sedately and composedly as our grave judges and serjeants-at-law used to do on "gaudy days" in the Inns of Court. Imagine the Lords Justices of Appeal, the Masters in Chancery, and the leaders of the different circuits dancing round a seacoal fire in the middle of the Inner Temple Hall in the year of grace 1880! Yet they were not bad lawyers:—those who so danced in the days of Good Queen Bess and Bad King Charles.

We had plenty of invitations to houses on the line of Rex's march to his Royal Palace of San Carlos; but we proposed to remain within the walls of the palace itself, and in an apartment on the first floor thereof, the window of which was directly over the ladies' entrance to the hotel. This entrance as I have before remarked is in a side street, and we were thus enabled to watch the procession turning down St. Charles-street, and halting before the ladies' portal in question, where Rex and his courtiers were to alight for the purpose of holding a reception in the grand drawing-room of the hotel. The pageant was really a very handsome and imposing one. Rex's Lord High Chamberlain might perhaps have spared us a most tremendous out-screech of all the steam-whistles from the shipping along the entire river front. This appalling yell was understood to be of the nature of a *fanfare*, announcing the landing of his Majesty from his flagship at the bottom of Canal-street; and, combined with the thundering of the cannon, had rather an overpowering effect. The procession included a detachment of the Thirteenth Infantry; the Louisiana State Cadets—a body of very well-looking youths, in tasteful grey uniforms; the German regiment of militia, in red plumed helmets; the Louisiana and Washington Field Artillery; and lastly Rex himself in an open carriage drawn by six horses, and surrounded by a strong guard mounted and on foot. The

cavaliers were in varied Carnival costume, very rich in material and glittering in embroidery; while the infantry escort, in their three-cornered cocked-hats, tie wigs, yellow breeches, and high gaiters, might have been General O'Reilly's Spanish body-guard come to life again. Half a score more carriages filled with splendidly attired masquers followed Rex's barouche; and then came a huge wagon, heaped high with iron-bound coffers, labelled "The Royal Treasure." A detachment of the New Orleans Artillery, remarkably stalwart and well-set-up citizen soldiers, brought up the rear; and I need hardly say that the entire *cortége* was at intervals sumptuously seasoned with brass bands. Hans Sachs, Fritz Pfeiffer, and Diedrich Trommel must have had, I should say, good times during the Carnival; but the wonder to me is that they have not blown their lungs out or drummed themselves deaf.

I was gravely informed that, prior to his arrival at the Palace of San Carlos, the King of the Carnival had waited on the Mayor and the Administrators at the City Hall, and that his Honour, J. W. Patton, had addressed Rex in a set speech, presented him with the keys of the city on a velvet cushion, and subsequently regaled the monarch and his courtiers with chicken sandwiches and champagne in the Mayor's parlour, which was crowded with ladies. Even more thronged was the ladies' drawing-room at the St. Charles', where Rex was supposed to hold a reception of those whose social rank entitled them to presentation at Court. It amounted substantially however to nothing more than a crush, approaching the suffocating stage in its density. One was carried hither and thither by the serried mass of ladies and gentlemen anxious to pay their obeisances to the sovereign of the hour; and if I chanced to tread on the toes of the Duke of Tchoupitoulas, or to damage the plumed helm of the Marquis of Dagdemona, I very humbly apologise for my inadvertent discourtesy.

But far grander doings were those of Mardi Gras. Once more was my point of espial the window overlooking the ladies' entrance in the side street. Thence, about three in the afternoon, did I witness the passage of Rex's grand pageant, which was headed by a cavalcade clad in Assyrian costumes. Rex appeared in glittering armour and in regal robes, as "Shalmaneser," King of Assyria, in a chariot drawn by ten fiery steeds, escorted by the Kings of Hamuth and the Hittites, and attended by his chief priests, astrologers, scribes, eunuchs, and musicians. Then came the four-legged King of the Carnival—the Bœuf Gras, a

magnificent animal, milk-white, and weighing four thousand pounds avoirdupois, attended by a posse of Assyrian butchers, and so bedizened with decorative trappings as to recall Mr. Tennyson's "curled and oiled" Assyrian bull. I was glad to see that the poor beast was not compelled to walk. As it was, he must have suffered quite enough discomfort on the sledge in which he was slowly dragged along. Has he been converted into beef, I wonder, by this time, that corpulent Bœuf Gras? He was so tall, so stout, so dignified in mien, that he might have been one of the stately creatures that Pierre Dupont sang of:

> "J'ai deux grands bœufs dans mon étable,
> Deux beaux bœufs blancs tâchés de roux;
> Le timon est en bois d'érable,
> L'aiguillon en branche de houx."

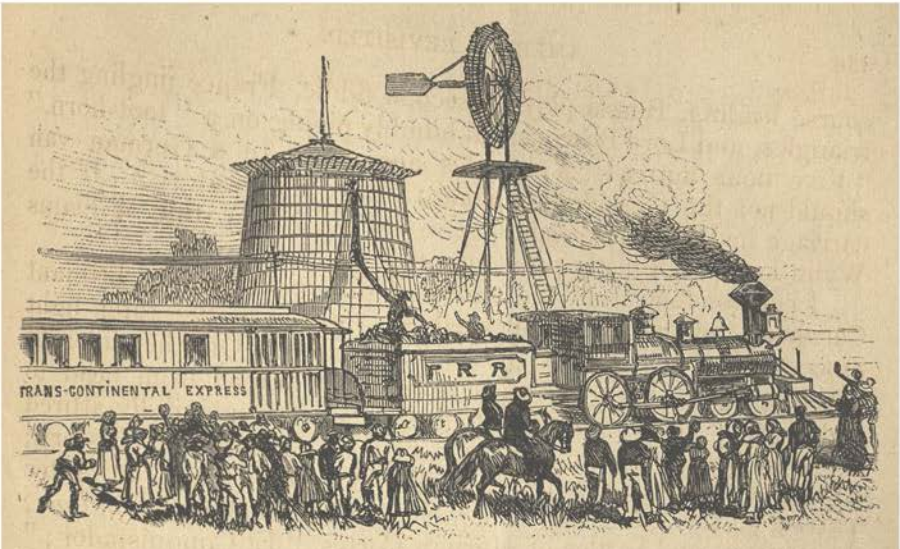
Stay; the Bœuf Gras of the New Orleans Carnival was not "tâché de roux," it was immaculate.

Rex's Show followed on a number of "floats," or trucks drawn by mules, and was supposed to symbolise the four elements—earth, air, fire, and water. It was "a little mixed," and the mind got rather confused after gazing for a few minutes on a seemingly interminable catenation of baboons and ourang outangs, bantams and Cochin-Chinas, crocodiles, horned frogs and frilled lizards, hooded owls, peacocks, flamingoes, emblems of gas, petroleum and dynamite, priests of Zoroaster. Thunder with a helmet and mace, locomotives with negro stokers, chariots of the sun, and Negative and Positive Electricity, "represented by two lovely females." Sheet Lightning likewise appeared in pink tights and a corset of tinfoil, and "lovely females," possibly not unknown to the *corps de ballet* of the Bijou Theatre, New Orleans, sustained, with the most brilliant *éclat*, the difficult characters of the red-fish, the big-eyed flying-fish, the star-fish, the sapphire, the gurnard, the shark, the gem-pimple, the bonita, the purple-heart, the sea-urchin, the rosy feather-star, the opelet and the angel-fish.

On the whole, the show was a very creditable one, presenting some remarkably able displays of scene painting and scenic construction. The German Karnival-Verein had also come to the front to swell the attractions of Rex's pageant, and were prompt in making a display of the ponderous humour of their country. The yet unanswered query of the Père Bonhours—whether it be possible for a German to possess wit—was once more propounded to the studious mind as a car swept by, containing the "European orchestra" from a Teutonic point of view—Prince Bismarck of

course leading, Russia playing second fiddle, France jingling the triangles, and Lord Beaconsfield humbly piping on a "toot-horn." "Vive nous autres! A bas les autres!" In a German van should not the German "musikant" have the mastery? If the carriage had been a Welsh one, would not Sir Watkin Williams Wynn have been justly predominant?

I confess that of all the shows of this exceptionally brilliant Carnival, the one which pleased me most was the torch-light procession of the Mistick Krewe of Comus. On the different "floats" drawn by mules most effectively draped from head to foot in some dark crimson stuff, figured various splendidly-attired groups, embodying the Romance of Ancient Mexican History; Aztec sacrifices to Qualitzoawal and Huitchlipotchli; an Aztec marriage; the gathering of *agave* and the making of *pulque;* the voyages and battles of Hernan Cortes, "El Conquistador;" the foundation of Villa Rica de Vera Cruz; the preaching of Alvarado; the martyrdom of Montezuma; and the doleful episode of the Noche Triste—these were some of the scenes depicted with real dramatic force on the moving cars. On the last "float" was represented the great Plaza of Mexico, with the Portal and the Cathedral and the Palace that Cortes built. And to think that the real Mexico is at the very door, so to speak! A few hours would take me to Galveston; a few more to the whilom Mexican town of San Antonio. In four days I could be at Vera Cruz; in five and a half in Mexico city itself. And then I remember that at home in London I have treasured up some leaves from the forest of Tchabultyree, and a piece of the bark of the "Arbol de la Noche Triste"—the very tree against which the Conquistador leaned during the whole of that Evil Night when his hold on Mexico was so nearly lost. And the glittering mummeries of the New Orleans Carnival fade away; for I saw the Real Thing, the actual and "living" Mexico, seventeen years ago; and the memories of the strange land and the stranger people stand up before me, visible, palpable, vascular. It is time, as the great novelist tells us, to put away the puppets, for we have been children long enough, and the play of the Carnival of New Orleans is played out. Rex will expire to the music of many shuffling feet and the popping of champagne corks; but in the distance, like a mirage in the midst of the lapis-lazuli heavens, I see the great Aztec city, and the giant mountains, Popocatepetl and Istaccihuatl, crowned with eternal snows.



XXX.

Going West.

Chicago, *Feb.* 18.

There seemed to be some difficulty, on the Wednesday and Thursday succeeding Mardi Gras, in convincing the good people of New Orleans that the Carnival was over, that Lent had begun, and that Fun was as dead as Queen Anne. On the French side of Canal-street the Creoles, being orthodox Romanists, meekly accepted the inevitable, furled their flags, laid by their masks, and made up their minds for forty days' abstinence from gaiety and conviviality:—to be alleviated perchance by a trifling "spurt" of music and dancing at the Mi-carême. Otherwise salt fish and pickled eggs, and the clerical gentlemen with tonsures and in cassocks, would have things all their own way until Easter. It is equally true that so early as the morrow of Mardi Gras the process of depopulation was visible to a phenomenal extent at all the hotels. Throughout Ash Wednesday huge mountains of luggage were piled up in the rotunda of the St. Charles, to be carried away by the stalwart negro porters and replaced by other Pelions upon Ossas of trunks and portmanteaus, to be borne off by the hotel omnibuses conveying successive detachments of departing guests to the various railway depôts. The recent holiday-makers scampered away as though

Yellow Jack were at their heels—a contingency rendered all the more possible by the sudden and alarming sultriness of the weather. It was as warm as an average English July; and the mosquitoes, which are timid and harmless when the temperature is mild, came out in squadrons and platoons, buzzing their *bourdons*, droning their war songs, and lapping the stranger's blood as though they were so many Germans at a Bier-halle.

With all this, the Anglo-American element in the Crescent City seemed generally unaware of the propriety of fasting and mourning in sackcloth and ashes. The clicking of billiard balls and the rumbling of the tenpins at the saloons ceased not; the bars continued crowded; and in the night season, although Momus, Comus, and Rex, were all laid in the dark tomb of the Things which Once Have Been, there was much braying of brazen music and much "allonging and marchonging" of a mercurial population. Perhaps they were burying the Carnival with military honours. Perhaps some military, or political, or Masonic "boom" had succeeded that of Mardi Gras. At all events, Anglo-American New Orleans continued to enjoy itself as though its motto was "Let us eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we may have the Yellow Fever or the Carpet-Baggers back again."

We packed our needments by easy stages, and waited until the first rush of the departing crowd was over. Time enough to think about paying your bill and going away. Time enough

to quit the cheerful, smiling city and its gentle, kindly people full of courteous hospitality and winning ways. You call upon them to bid good-bye; and then they call upon you again to say good-bye once more. They embrace your woman-kind, and press little souvenirs upon you and make you promise to send them *cartes de visite* and Christmas cards when you get home; and they will be sure to meet you again: for they all mean to come to England some day or another. One gentleman of my acquaintance in this pleasant city, a learned physician, was always breaking forth in praises of Burlington-gardens and Savile-row; while another was never tired of praising Norfolk-street, Strand. As in bright New Orleans so in genial Richmond. The people seem as unfeignedly glad to welcome you as they are unfeignedly sorry to part with you; and you value the kindnesses shown to you all the more since they are entirely devoid of ostentation. I suppose that the Southerners have their faults. I suppose that most folks are faulty; but assuredly I have met with no more affectionate, simple-minded, loveable people than those with whom I have been sojourning between the Potomac and the Mississippi.

But to go away was at length the imperative mandate. You might fit the halter and traverse the cart—you might often take leave and be loth to depart; but departure was the irrevocable doom. Farewell summer weather in February; farewell oranges and strawberries, bananas and plantains; farewell the nightly skies of blue velvet powdered with silver stars; farewell the glimmering ghosts in powder and brocade in dear old Jackson-square! They are all too lovely for me, I murmured, recalling the beloved melody in the opera of the "Mountain Sylph;" and then Time rudely took me to task, sternly reminding me that I had been loitering in New Orleans, waiting for Mardi Gras, when I ought to have sped to Galveston and San Antonio, in Texas, or to Cedar Keys and Jackson-ville, in Florida. "Are they not close by?" asked the Old One with the Scythe and Hour-glass. "Yes," I sulkily and mentally made answer, "and so are Cuba, and Puerto Rico, and Hayti"—all of which I should much love to revisit. They are all close by, they are all round the corner; but a traveller cannot go everywhere. I am due in London, England, on the 15th of March, and on the 3rd of that month the Cunard steamer *Gallia* leaves New York, from which I am now distant fifteen hundred miles, for Liverpool. And I have not yet seen the Great West. "Go West, young man," was

the advice of the late Horace Greeley to the youthful aspirant for fame and fortune. I am not young, and my aspirations do not go beyond daily bread and peace; still I thought that, seeing that I should in all probability never again have another chance of going West, I might as well go there with all convenient despatch. So I resolved to make a railway plunge of a thousand miles right through to Chicago. I would have halted at St. Louis; but that implacable Time said "No!"

There was something fascinating, too, and something perhaps that was perilous to health in the idea of "taking a header" from sub-tropical Spring into Western Winter—from the orange and magnolia groves into the snow-drifts and the frost-bordered lakes. To accomplish this rapid art of vaulting with the greatest convenience and despatch I availed myself of the facilities offered by the "Great Jackson Route"—otherwise the New Orleans, St. Louis and Chicago Railroad, which I can confidently recommend to all travellers in the vast regions lying between Louisiana and the shores of Lake Michigan. This railway unites the land of cotton, sugar, and tobacco with the great orchards, granaries, and stock-raising plains of the West. The line is throughout in capital order; it is laid mainly with new steel rails, and the trains are drawn by new and powerful locomotives. Under ordinary circumstances you may travel from the Crescent City to Chicago without once changing your Pullman; but I happened to start on a Friday, and on that *jour néfaste* the "through sleeper" does not run. The Pullman ticket agent in New Orleans could only book us as far as a station called Du Quoin, in Illinois, which station we reached at about eight o'clock on Saturday night. We made Chicago at 7.30 on Sunday morning: thus accomplishing the thousand-mile trip—we had left New Orleans at 2.30 on Friday afternoon—in about forty hours, a fact which says a good deal for the swiftness of locomotion on the Great Jackson route.

It must finally be recorded, to the honour of the New Orleans, St. Louis and Chicago Railroad, that it is exceptionally a railroad with the heart that can feel for another. We know what Lord Eldon said about Corporate Boards—that they had neither souls to be saved nor bodies to be kicked; and, at the first blush, it might seem the wildest Utopianism to expect anything approaching Samaritan compassion from an organisation made up of steel rails, sleepers, locomotives, and "box" cars, boards of directors, traffic managers, and ticket agents. I learn,

nevertheless, that during the terrible yellow fever epidemic of 1878—an epidemic which more than decimated the unhappy city of Memphis, Tennessee, and will, in all probability, scourge her again this coming summer unless the town be "sanitated;" and wretched Memphis, being bankrupt, is in the hands of a receiver, and there is no money available to sanitate her withal —the Great Jackson route behaved in a truly whole-souled manner. In addition to munificent donations for the relief of the plague-smitten people, the directors furnished carload after carload of lime to the authorities in New Orleans to aid in cleansing and disinfecting the city, and, without any charge whatsoever, they transported from point to point, as occasion required, nurses, physicians, medicines, and provisions.

I wish that this philanthropic railroad, while it was about it, had left a few hospital comforts at the refreshment houses down South. During a day-and-a-half and two nights we were more than half-starved. We were half poisoned by the abominable apologies for breakfast, dinner, and supper served to helpless passengers between New Orleans and the State of Illinois. The lands along the road, I read in the guide books, are adapted to the production of sugar, fruit, grapes, and vegetables. These products did not make any appearance in a palatable form at the Caves of Trophonius,* humorously called refreshment houses. It was a case of Hobson's choice over again—the railway buffet fare, or nothing at all; for we had been imprudent enough to leave New Orleans without providing ourselves with that absolute requisite in the uncivilized portion of the South, a pic-nic basket. I have no doubt that for a moderate outlay of dollars, the obliging waiter at Moreau's restaurant, in Canal-street, would have "fixed" us up a basket full of good things—cold chicken and ham, some cold *filet*, hard boiled eggs, sardines, Lyons sausages, a crusty loaf, some Gruyère cheese, and a bottle or two of sound Bordeaux—but we had forgotten Moreau's. We started with a light heart, and no other provand beyond some "chocolate creams," a few oranges, and a bunch of bananas; and the result was that, in Lancashire parlance, we "clemmed."

* Those who ventured into this cave always returned thence looking very pale and dejected; and the ancients used proverbially to say of a melancholy man that he had consulted the Oracle of Trophonius. I know that I never emerged from an American railway refreshment room—always excepting Mrs. Senn's and the great buffet of the Central Pacific Railway at Omaha—without minus a dollar and plus an attack of indigestion, without feeling that I had been consulting the Trophonian oracle.

It was worse than Mexico; it was worse than Spain—there, if you arrive at the proper time, you will always find a *puchero* filling to all, and really appetising to those who do not object to *frigoles* or black beans fried in oil, or to dried peas, bacon, and garlic. In the dreadful Southern dens they fed, or derisively pretended to feed us on the fleshless carcases of fowls fried in batter, or morsels of what seemed to be leather, and which made-believe to be beef steak, swimming in dirty grease, and on lumps of rancid pork fat. The so-called butter was pallid in hue, and of a soilly consistence. Whether it was "oleomargerine," or some other form of "hoodlum" substitute for butter, I do not know. The milk was poor, the sugar was coarse and gritty, even the salt was unclean. The bread was stingily dispensed; the coffee —served in cups without handles—was black and ill-flavoured; and as for the tea, I only tried it once,—*ne m'en parlez pas.* Taking the fact that nothing stronger to drink than tea and coffee was to be had, I look upon that circumstance as being rather a mercy than a deprivation. Imagine what the beer and the whiskey might have been like had there been any! But I may mention that the water, from the amount of organic matter which it held in solution, was to non-residents simply undrinkable. The natives are quite proud of this water, and declare it to be extremely healthy. For my part, I should incline to the opinion that constant potations of bilge-water, combined with an extended system of open sewers, must conduce to a large extent to the propagation of yellow fever.

I do not care to disguise—and I never have disguised—the fact that I am very fond of the South, and of the Southern people. But my predilection for them does not shut my eyes to the sluggish inertia, to the apathetic listlessness which marks the management of the inns and refreshment houses on a line of railway which in forty hours can whisk the traveller from refined New Orleans to super-civilized Chicago. Were there no railway, not one word of complaint should pass my lips; but there is an admirable railway; every possible article of consumption can be readily obtained; and the Southern land itself is one flowing with milk and honey. The fault lies in the sleepy and unintelligent nature of the rural Southerners, who, to my mind, seem far less quick-witted than the negroes. In the way of overcharging, however, they are remarkably quick-witted. The usual charge for a "square meal" at a decently-appointed refreshment house is half a dollar. At one of the wretchedest

of the places where they pretended to feed us on the fleshless backbones of fowls, fried in batter, where there were no handles to the coffee cups, and where—it was supper time—the only light was afforded by a few sputtering kerosene lamps, we were made to pay seventy-five cents, or three shillings, for a foul and ill-cooked meal, which would have been dear at sixpence, English money. I hope that my good friends in the South will lay these strictures to heart, and set about putting their railway refreshment houses in order.

Between New Orleans and Jackson City, Mississippi, the most noticeable feature in the scenery through which you pass is its amazing swampiness. I note that the guide-books state that between the two points named there are several populous towns, but that none of them call for special mention. For example, there is Pass Manchar, where there is a colossal iron drawbridge. M'Comb City is remarkable for its railway workshops, giving employment to many hundreds of hands. There are Ponchatoula, Tickfaw, Tangipahoa, Osyka, Magnolia, Beauregard, Crystal Springs, Madison, and Canton. And, especially, there is the swamp, through which we journeyed, so it seemed, at least a hundred and fifty miles. It may have been more, and it may have been less, for in the United States, away from the Atlantic seaboard, so arbitrary and capricious is the rate of railway speed, that you are apt to lose count of distances. Sometimes the train rattles along at a tremendous pace; then it lags wearily for hours and hours together; then it plucks up heart again, and professes to be a fast train; and then it stops altogether in the middle of a wilderness:—but always unaccountably. This mixed and unsettled condition of things is, I am inclined to think, very much dependent on the state of what should properly be the permanent way. If the track be in good order—a contingency which is closely affected by the condition of the finances of the company over whose line you are travelling—the train goes fast; if the track be a "poor" one, the rate of locomotion will be wretched, and subsequently you will not improbably learn that that particular section of the road is owned by a company of which the finances leave much to be desired.

As a rule, the traveller is best off when the distance which he has to cover is traversed by lines belonging to the fewest number of companies. The road I made my thousand miles upon is the property of only two companies, the Chicago, St.

Louis, and New Orleans, and the Illinois Central; but in the course of my wanderings I have been fain to go over the lines of half-a-dozen companies in the course of a single day. Each change of proprietary involves a change of conductor, and each new conductor proceeds to demand your ticket. I have run over a whole gamut of these officials between morn and dewy eve. They vary considerably, both in a physical and characteristic aspect. There is the lean and long conductor, gaunt and full-bearded, and very often as crusty and ill-conditioned as an English tolltaker at a turnpike gate. There is the short and fat conductor, who can be civil and even affectionate; but always in a slightly patronising manner. There is the youthful and beardless conductor on his promotion, who is in rather too much of a hurry to become President of the United States or Collector of the Port of New York—I would rather be Collector—and who on slight provocation is not indisposed to be insolent. In the main I have found these railway conductors to be very good fellows, and very often humorous and obliging fellows to boot. I have met, from time to time, with absolutely brutal and hoggish types of the species; but they are few and far between in comparison with the good-natured specimens who meet you half way in the direction of mutual conciliation and forbearance, and are prone to address you as "Colonel," "Judge," or "Doctor," just as their physiognomical acumen leads them to assign to you a grade in the social scale.

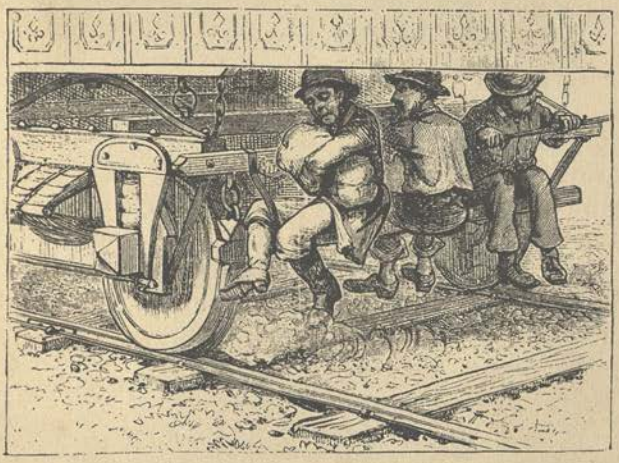
Some of these gentlemen are clad in more or less handsome uniforms, but almost invariably their linen is immaculately white, and they wear gorgeous gold watches and chains. Large signet rings are not uncommon on their fingers; and they are especially addicted to showy cameo breast-pins and sleeve-buttons. Their pay, so I casually learnt, averages some seventy-five dollars, say sixteen pounds a month, but they receive no "tips" from passengers. The only official on an American railway train who is "tipped" is the sleeping car porter, who acts as bootblack and bedmaker, and who is usually a negro. He will perform a score of kindly little offices for you, grinning all the while. He is quite a Chesterfield with the ladies, and is effusively grateful for a gratuity of half a dollar. On the other hand, when the conductor makes his round of the cars at night in quest of tickets, he is generally accompanied by an attendant—a kind of subdued Caliban, who holds a huge lantern, by the light of which the "boss" inspects (and very narrowly does he inspect) the

RAILWAY CONDUCTOR GOING THE ROUND OF THE CARS AT NIGHT-TIME.

P. 364.

traveller's credentials. In the States you purchase your railway tickets anywhere but at the depôt. I suppose that they do sell tickets there; but I have never essayed the experiment of asking for any. There are railway ticket offices at every hotel and at nearly every cigar store; and tickets are not only the object of purchase and sale but of barter, "swop," and "trade" generally. There are tickets limited and tickets unlimited, varying in price according to the number of days for which they are available. There are "round trip" tickets which are a great deal more than return tickets; and finally, there are "scalp" tickets, which you can deal in and discount, and do all manner of things with short of deceiving the wary and experienced conductor.

I should add that his attendant Caliban exercises other functions besides that of holding the lantern while his "boss" scrutinises the tickets. At times Caliban is called upon to act as an assistant "chucker off"—not a "chucker out," mind. The services of the last-named athlete are only required in saloons and bar-rooms when a guest becomes disorderly, or manifests a desire to consume whiskey without paying for it. The strong arm and stronger foot of the "chucker off" are only called into requisition when, curled up behind the stove or crouching beneath a seat, is discovered some tramp—the miserable congener of the Atlantic "stowaway," who has crept on board the train, hoping to escape observation and to slink out



TRAMPS RIDING UNDER A RAILWAY TRUCK.

of the car when he has reached his destination—if a tramp can have any destination at all. The "pocas palabras" of Christopher Sly suffice the conductor and his servitor in dealing with the tramp. If the conductor be good-natured the miserable object is merely bidden to "git," and he is "bounced" out of the car without the employment of much physical force. But if the conductor be an austere person, and the tramp be detected as an old offender, or exhibit symptoms of becoming "sassy," he is "chucked off;" nor wrench of collar, nor spinal application of boot being spared in the process. I believe that the custom of violently ejecting tramps while the train is in motion has fallen

CLEARING THE PLATFORM OF A RAILWAY CAR.

into desuetude lately: several penniless wretches having been killed or sadly mutilated through being flung on to the track. The more humane practice at present adopted is to stop the train, and dismiss the stowaways with the usual manual and pedal formalities of "chucking off." There is no time to give the poor losels into custody, and prosecute them for obtaining railway transportation under false and fraudulent pretences.

CLARK STREET NORTH, CHICAGO.

XXXI.

The Wonderful Prairie City.

Chicago, Illinois, *Feb.* 21.

So many years have obviously elapsed since I studied Pinnock's "Catechisms," Mangnall's "Questions," Blair's "Preceptor," and the "Child's Guide to Knowledge," that I feel neither shame nor hesitation in confessing my inability categorically to enumerate what used to be considered the Seven Wonders of the World. The Pyramids of Egypt, the Colossus of Rhodes, the Falls of Niagara, the Grotto of Adelsberg, the Oracles of Dodona, the Crater of Mount Vesuvius, the Porcelain Tower of Nankin? —ah! you will at once be able to, discern from my eighth leap into the realms of conjecture that I am as helpless as Alice in Wonderland, when she first encountered the white rabbit pulling on his gloves and fearing that he would be too late for the Duchess's tea-party. Was the Giant's Causeway considered a wonder of the world? Was Stonehenge? Was the British

Court of Chancery under the presidency of John, Lord Eldon? Were the Maelstrom, the Peak of Teneriffe, and the Coliseum at Rome among the septett of mundane marvels? I declare that I do not know; and on reflection, I have come to the conclusion to bid the Wonders of the World, from the Pinnock's Catechism point of view, go hang. This modern earth is as full of wonders as it is of man and maid. Let my ancient enemy, "the merest schoolboy," sit at home among his dictionaries, his handy-books, and his "cribs," grinning superciliously at my scholastic ignorance; but I take the liberty of remarking, for the "merest schoolboy's" edification, that a few hours ago I telephoned to a friend to telegraph to another friend at New York, a distance of one thousand miles from here, to send me five hundred dollars; that the money has just come to hand, not through the United States mail, but by means of the electric wire; and if that transaction be not a new Wonder of the World quite sufficient to make the Colossus of Rhodes "feel mean," to incite the Pyramids of Egypt to "send in their checks," and to stimulate the "merest school-boy" to throw away his dictionaries and "cribs," come out to Chicago, and take to the pork-packing or the grain-elevating line of business, why, all I can say is that in my case the decrepitude of age is asserting itself in an unmistakable manner, and the border land between mental vigour and imbecility is being traversed at express speed.

I have beheld in my time most of the non-scholastic wonders of the world—from the Victoria Bridge at Montreal to the Mont Cenis Tunnel, from the Holborn Viaduct to the Magasins du Louvre; from the Levée at New Orleans to the railway across the Semmering; from the fortifications at Gibraltar to a British ironclad; from the steam printing machine of a daily paper to Barclay and Perkins's Brewery; from the *digue* at Cherbourg to the West India Docks; from the machine shops of the South Eastern Railway to the glass and electro-plating works at Birmingham. Nor, since I have been in the States, have abundant materials been lacking to minister to an appetite for the wonderful, the which I own is growing somewhat alloyed and jaded. The development of the city of New York and the colossal luxury which wealth so colossal has begotten there, the "L" (or "Elevated") railroads, the blown-up and disestablished Hell Gate, the Central Park, the some-day-to-be-finished Brooklyn Bridge, the "Pinafore" madness, the Great Grant Boom, the magnificent donation of the *New York Herald* to the

Irish Famine Relief Fund, the Assertions of Mr. Charles Stewart Parnell, M.P., the acquittal of the Rev. Mr. Hayden, the railway ferry over the Ohio river at Cairo, the swamps surrounding New Orleans, the Crescent City herself, the giant Mississippi steamer Robert E. Lee, the Carnival in Canal-street, the Cows in Augusta, and the villanous cooking at the refreshment-houses on the great Jackson Route, Mr. Gilmore's National Anthem, the growth of Washington, the demeanour of the coloured members of the Southern Legislatures, the cotton gins, "attachments," and presses of Louisiana, the tobacco and meat-juice factories of Richmond, the Tredegar Ironworks, the Haxall flouring mills, the resumption of specie payments, the extortions of American hackdrivers, the general absence of any disturbing elements in American politics, the millions of Mr. James Keene, the multitude of churches and the deficiency of the *odium theologicum*, the lectures of Colonel Bob Ingersoll, and the *facetiæ* of the Rev. De Witt Talmage—all these have been fertile sources of wonder and amazement to me these three months past. But I frankly admit that the wondrous Prairie City of the State of Illinois has been as Aaron's rod and has swallowed up all the other marvels. Stay; was not the Temple of Diana at Ephesus—tell me, "merest of schoolboys"—one of the Old World's wonders? Astonishing, no doubt, was the fane that Erostratus burnt; but far more astonishing, to my mind, is the Grand Pacific Hotel which was burned down before it was finished and built up again grander than ever, possibly before the inhabitants of Ashby-de-la-Zouch or the Place Royale au Marais had heard that there had been a fire at Chicago at all.

I mentioned in my last that, between Du Quoin and the Prairie City—say, during a space of some ten hours—we were bereft of the comfort of a Pullman sleeping car. We made the best of a bad job; and what with rugs, wraps, and seal-skin caps, were not so desperately uncomfortable. There had been a great fall of snow at St. Louis, I heard; and the snow gave us a "back-hander," so to speak, powdering all the country side as far as Effingham, about two hundred miles from Chicago. Then the fringe of winter's icy mantle faded away, but it was bitterly cold. That fact was patent every time one passed from car to car, or when one opened the little framed and glazed trap-door, precisely like a Russian *vasistas*, cunningly contrived in the larger casement of the car, and through which "Judas" trap you were free to protrude your nose into the night and scent

the nipping air. An eager, hungry, biting night it was; and towards the small hours the wind began to howl very wolfishly indeed. Oh my bayous and my bananas, my palmettoes and my open air growing japonicas, my magnolia groves, and my steaming swamps, what has become of you?

I was much comforted, however, in the early stages of bereavement by the heroic conduct of a young gentleman with a double eye-glass, who sate opposite to us bolt upright throughout the livelong night, in an entire but complacent state of insomnia, smiling sweetly, and resolutely refusing to believe in the advent of Winter. This halcyon like young man had come many hundreds of miles to see the Carnival of New Orleans. From remote St. Paul's, Minnesota; from the remote Owatma, in Wisconsin; from the *Ultima Thule* of Bismarck, in Dakota, had he come perchance; but I did not like to press him too closely. He had been to see the show in the gulf of Mexico. He did not enter into details. He was content to characterise it as "downright

elegant." He had brought back with him from the sunny South a big orange branch, radiant with green leaves, and heavy laden with golden fruit. This fragrant trophy he had hung up on a hat-peg by his side, and contemplated it, smiling. Four times had we changed cars, but this happy young man was not to be divorced from the Golden Bough. One of the sleeping-car conductors was young, and rather inclined to be supercilious and "stuck-up." He objected to the Golden Bough, on the score that the swaying to and fro interfered with the comfort of the passengers. He ordered the negro porter to remove the bough, which was done; but, so soon as we were transferred to another car, the auriferous branch was attached to a fresh hat-peg, amid the general applause of the company. The next conductor was a dry humourist who rather liked the bough, and expressed the opinion that the sight of it was a capital substitute for a stove; so henceforth the Hesperidean trophy was undisturbed, and its possessor continued during the night to smile and to contemplate his souvenir of the sunny South. I very much admired this young man, who kept summer in his heart, and declined to recognise grim-visaged and ill-tempered winter. Possibly the young man was concerned in dry goods, or in the manufacture of axle grease, or patent fertilisers; but he had about him something of the making of a Poet for all that.

At Chicago.—A sunny, smiling Sunday morning. We checked our baggage for the Grand Pacific Hotel. Why, I really do not know. I have no remembrance of anybody having specially recommended the Grand Pacific. The Palmer House, the Sherman, the Tremont House, are all of them towering and palatial caravanserais; still on long journeys you feel a kind of intuitive gravitation towards certain hotels, and your instinct—at least, such has been my experience—rarely misleads you. Let me see. How many blocks are there, structurally and topographically speaking, to a mile? Eight, I think. The Grand Pacific Hotel occupies half the block bounded by Jackson, Clark, Adams and La Salle streets. The edifice is of stone, six storeys high, magnificently decorated and sumptuously furnished.

Having no "mission" worth speaking of, we drove quietly in the omnibus to the ladies' entrance of the hotel. When I stepped from the reception-room to the office to register my name, I confess that there was one thing which astonished and to a slight

extent alarmed me more than the lofty Corinthian columns, the frescoed roof, and the tesselated marble pavement of the vestibule. Never in my life before—no, never; I disdain all qualifying adverbs—had I beheld such gorgeous hotel clerks. Diamonds threaten to become "small potatoes" now, after the discoveries of the Scotch chemists, and the candid avowal of Mr. Maskelyne; else I might expatiate on the brilliant breast-pins, studs, and sleeve buttons of the Grand Pacific clerks. Besides, technical accuracy should be the journalist's pride; and I am not precisely prepared to make affidavit that the clerical gentlemen wore diamonds. It was their general Crœsus-cum-Rothschild aspect of splendour and dignity which impressed and overawed me. German Grand Dukes travelling incognito, officers commanding regiments of the Household Cavalry, cashiers of the Bank of England, managing directors of fire insurance companies, captains of ironclads in mufti,—pshaw! comparison fails me. Naught but themselves could be their parallels. To my amazement—my respectful amazement—these superior beings were most affable and condescending. They spake me fair. They even smiled upon me, shook me by the hand, and said that they were glad to see me; and, in all seriousness, I wish to say that the clerical staff at the Grand Pacific showed themselves to us, during our week's sojourn, to be most courteous and obliging gentlemen, forestalling our wishes, and doing all they possibly could to render our stay pleasant and comfortable.

I modestly confessed my unworthiness to occupy a private parlour, so we were presently installed in a spacious and handsome apartment on the first floor, of the excellent American pattern known as an "alcove" bedroom. I may very briefly describe it. Height at least fifteen feet; two immense plate-glass windows; beautifully frescoed ceiling; couch, easy chairs, rocking chairs, foot stools in profusion, covered with crimson velvet; large writing table for gentleman, pretty escritoire for lady; *two* towering cheval glasses; handsomely carved wardrobe and dressing table; commanding pier-glass over marble mantelpiece; adjoining bath-room beautifully fitted; rich carpet; and finally the bed, in a deep alcove, impenetrably screened from the visitor's gaze by elegant lace curtains. Now, I call that a bedroom, and no mistake.* The charges at the Grand Pacific Hotel vary, I am

* There is related with reference to the clerk's office at the Grand Pacific Hotel a very droll story which may have been in print before, but which is certainly worth re-telling. To understand its subtle humour you must recall the fact that

told, from three dollars to five dollars a day, board included, according to the size of the room which you occupy. I certainly shall not grumble if I am made to pay two guineas a day for our "alcove" and board at the Grand Pacific.* With the exception of the Midland Grand Hotel, St. Pancras, and the Continental in the Rue de Rivoli, I have seen no more splendid hotel in the world. And it is as comfortable as it is splendid.

This I am fairly entitled, I hope, to set down as Wonder Number One among the marvels of Chicago—an hotel concerning which a constitutionally discontented and sore-headed Englishman can find absolutely no ground of complaint. The service is perfect. You just touch an electric bell, and in an instant a smiling brother of African descent, clad in a handsome livery, appears to ask your behests. Downstairs other dark brethren, under the guidance of experienced white commanders, keep up a noiseless but most efficient service of domestic police, gently but firmly eliminating from the vestibules that loafing and "scallawag" element which is so dire a nuisance in many of the large hotels in the United States. The *cuisine* of the Grand Pacific is the very best that I have met with out of New York, always excepting the French restaurants of New Orleans, where Moreau's, Madame Venn, Flêche's, and Victor's certainly rival the Hotel Brunswick; and in cookery, although not in decorative magnificence, equal Delmonico's. An immense quantity of champagne is consumed in Chicago, and the very best brands are to be found at no very extortionate rates at the hotels; but the claret leaves a great deal to be desired.

The Second Wonder of Chicago is, to me, its newspaper press. I hope that during my brief sojourn on this continent I have not

just before the axe of the guillotine fell on the neck of the unfortunate Louis XVI., his confessor, the Abbé Edgworth, exclaimed "*Fils de St. Louis, montez au Ciel.*" Now for the story. A traveller from St. Louis arrived at the Grand Pacific; walked up to the clerk's desk, and with a certain haughtiness of mien and arrogance of pen flourishing entered his name in the book kept for the purpose. Now there is a traditional rivalry between St. Louis and Chicago, and the Grand Pacific clerk feeling somewhat nettled at the "airs" put on by the St. Louisian thought he would take him down a peg or two. So he walked to the key-board, reached down a key —say of room number One Hundred and Ninety-nine; but at all events it was at the very top of the house—and with a low bow handed it to the haughty traveller, saying, "*Son of St. Louis, ascend to Heaven.*"

* If I remember aright they only charged us four dollars a-day each, and when returning to Chicago from California we paid a second visit to the Grand Pacific the proprietors, on our departure for New York, insisted that we should take away with us, to comfort us on our journey, a luncheon basket full of good things.

done intentional injustice to the American newspapers. The lamented Dean Stanley did not express any very great admiration for them; but the accomplished Dean was not a veteran journalist. I venture to consider that I am one. I admire the newspapers of the United States for the wonderful diversity of their intelligence and for the versatile ingenuity with which the items of that intelligence are strung together. Since my arrival in this country I have not set eyes upon a single English daily newspaper; yet I venture to think that, thanks to the wonderfully developed system of telegraphic communication of which the conductors of the newspapers are enabled to avail themselves, and the equally wonderful skill displayed by the gentlemen who attend to the scissors and paste department, I am not so very far behindhand touching what has occurred in my native land and on the continent of Europe since I left Queenstown in the middle of November last. The astonishingly extensive salmagundi of odds and ends served up every day in the columns of the American papers, make them the most diverting reading in the world. Moreover, although personalities of a frivolous and grotesque character, abound in every Transatlantic journal, from the lordly dailies of New York to the *Catawampas County Free Rib-tickler*, and the *Gumbo City Roorback*, personality that is rude, slanderous, or offensive is at present very rarely to be met with; and animadversion rarely goes beyond that good-humoured banter which we call "chaff." The principal papers even have ceased to indulge in mutual abuse and calumny, and usually speak of each other as "Our E. C.," or esteemed contemporary.

The drawback which to my darkened intelligence is most conspicuously manifest in the American press, is its persistent and seemingly incurable drollery. Nothing is taken *au sérieux*. A comic or semi-comic heading is given to tragic and to humorous occurrences alike; and the gentleman who indites the headings seems to be of the opinion that "there's nothing new and there's nothing true, and it don't much signify."*

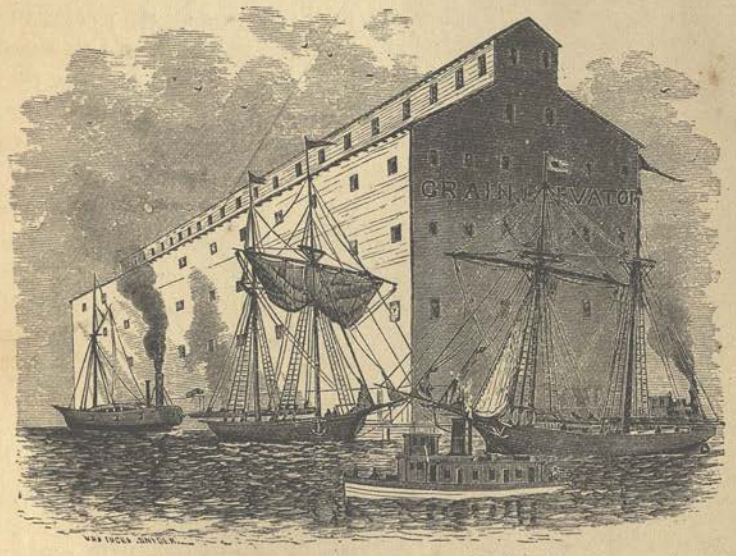
* These headings are set out with wonderful ingenuity, and I have been told that one Chicago paper pays its "Headings Editor" (he does nothing else) a salary of a thousand dollars a-year. There was a great polybigamy case on while we were in the Prairie City, and I very much regret that I did not cut out an extraordinary heading of which I only give now, from memory, a faint inkling—

THE BIGAMIST
LIES IN HIS CONCRETE CELL,
THE WARDERS DECLARE
THE MAN EATS AND DRINKS WELL,

SHOOTING BUFFALOES ON THE KANSAS-PACIFIC RAILWAY.

P. 374.

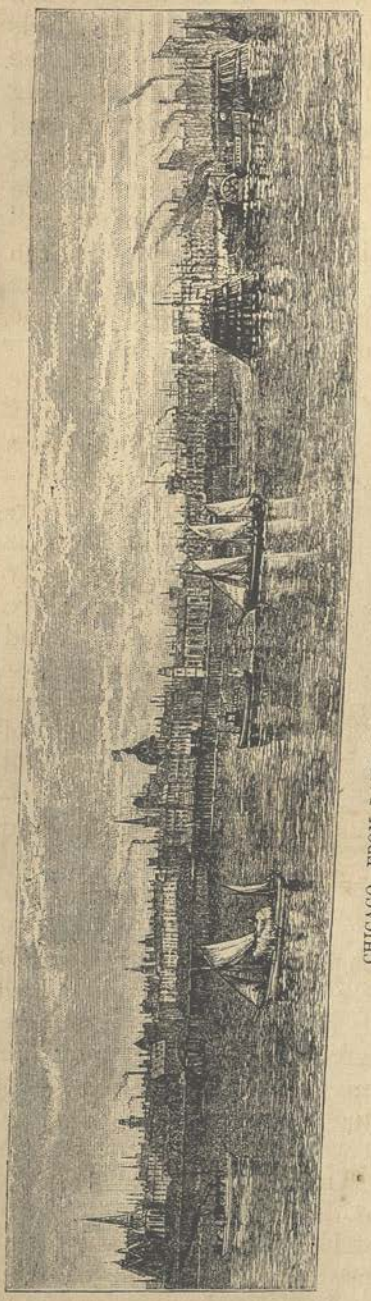
Now the *Chicago Daily Tribune*, the *Chicago Times*, and the *Interocean*, the leading organs of the Wonderful Prairie City, are, although entertaining enough in all conscience in the diversity of their news and the drollery of their anecdotes and their comments thereupon, certainly the most serious, substantial, and practical papers that I have met with in the States. Their predominant tone is of a nature to suggest the inference that the editor occasionally pulls up in the middle of a funny "personal" or a humorous "item" and says to himself, "Come, come, too much of this sort of thing won't do. We must remember that



CHICAGO GRAIN ELEVATOR.

we are writing for Chicago, and that Chicago is the metropolis of the Great West. *Noblesse oblige.* We are bound to bear in mind the dignity of our Dry Goods Store, our Grain Elevators, our Stock-yards, and our pork-packing establishments." So the Chicago newspapers are, as aggregates, most admirably edited, and are as replete with valuable and accurate informa-

HIS NUMEROUS WIVES
WHEN THE TRIAL COMES ON
THE MOST HORRIBLE TALES
OF HIS GOINGS ON
WILL REVEAL TO THE LAND
ON THE WITNESS STAND.



CHICAGO, FROM LAKE MICHIGAN, BEFORE THE FIRE OF 1874.

tion as they are well and clearly printed. To the energy of their "interviewing" reporters I bear willing, but sorrowful, testimony.

The Third Wonder of Chicago is undoubtedly Chicago herself. Just ponder a little. Forty years ago this city which now contains five hundred thousand inhabitants, and in another fifteen will probably contain a million, was a petty Indian trading post. The business portion of the city is now fourteen feet above the level of Lake Michigan. It was formerly much lower, but in 1856 the entire district was raised bodily to a height of nine feet by means of jack-screws inserted beneath the houses and worked night and day by half-turns and with an imperceptible motion. The city stands on the ridge dividing the basin of the Mississippi from that of the St. Lawrence, and is surrounded by a prairie extending several hundreds of miles south and west. In 1870 the population was about three hundred thousand. Now ponder yet again. In October, '71, Chicago was "burnt up." The fire originated on a Sunday evening in a small barn in De Hoven-street, in the south part of the western division of the city, the proximate cause of the conflagration being the upsetting of a kerosene lamp, by the light of which a cow was being milked. The kerosene was

Mantua and the cow Cremona. The houses in the first division were mostly of wood, and there were several large timber-yards along the bank of the adjacent Chicago river. Then and there the flames swept with irresistible fury, and were carried by a strong westerly wind into the south division, a district thickly covered with stores, warehouses, and public buildings of stone or brick, many of which were erroneously supposed to be fireproof. The fire raged during the whole of Monday, crossing the main channel of the Chicago river, and carrying all before it in the northern district, chiefly occupied by dwelling houses. The last house which caught fire was destroyed on Sunday morning; but the ruins smouldered for months afterwards.

The total area burnt up was close on three and a half square miles. Nearly 18,000 houses were destroyed, 200 persons lost their lives, and fully 200,000 more were rendered destitute. Not including depreciation of real estate and loss of business, the total loss occasioned by the fire was set down at 190 millions of dollars, out of which tremendous aggregate some thirty millions were covered by insurance; although one of the first results of the fire was to "bankrupt" half of the fire offices throughout the Union. Policies to a heavy amount were, however, held in English offices, which paid promptly. The Liverpool, London, and Globe, for example, is said to have disbursed many millions of dollars; and the consequence is that English fire insurance companies have been doing an immense business in Chicago ever since: the Western business men having shown signs of a

SWINGING BRIDGES OVER THE CHICAGO RIVER.

pardonable partiality to insure their property in offices which do not "bust" when fire risks fall in. Thus, on that fatal morrow of the fire, might the people of Chicago say, with Seneca, "One day betwixt a great city and none." And so many grievances come from outward accidents, and from ourselves, our own indiscretion and inordinate appetites—one day betwixt a man and no man.

But the Prairie City saw not the end of her miseries in the giant blaze of '71. In July, '74, another great fire swept over Chicago, destroying eighteen blocks, or sixty acres of buildings, in the heart of the city, and destroying over four million dollars' worth of property. On the Saturday night preceding my arrival here a vast range of bonded warehouses went up, and one of the headings in the graphic account of the disaster in the Chicago press ran thus, "The Insurance Money Beginning not to Cover the Losses." A cheerful prognostication. But Chicago has proved herself equal to the occasion; whether the city was to be screwed up or burned down she has preserved her high spirits and her untiring enterprise and go-aheadedness. On the day after the first fire there appeared in the midst of a mass of smouldering ruins, a pole surmounted by a board on which these words were writ large: "All lost except wife,

THE LUMBER TRADE OF THE WEST—DOWN AT THE BOOM.

children, and energy. Real estate agency, carried on as usual in the next shanty." And the undismayed real estate agent is alive to tell the tale, a prosperous gentleman, who proudly exhibits the "wife, children, and energy" placard in his handsome office. He has reason to be proud. The wonderful Prairie City now ranks next in commercial importance to New York. Chicago is the largest grain market and emporium in the world. The pulse of Chicago's Board of Trade must be felt before Mark Lane and the Halle aux Blés can operate. Her lumber trade is tremendous.* She employs seventy thousand pairs of hands in

A LOG LANDING.

her iron and steel works, her flour mills, her cotton factories, her boot and shoe manufactories, and her tanneries. And, in the year ending March, 1879, she slaughtered and packed 5,000,000 hogs and 65,000 head of cattle, in addition to curing innumerable hams.

* The entire lumber produce of the United States is estimated to amount to ten thousand millions of feet annually. Its price at the mills on the coast ranges from ten to twenty dollars per thousand feet.

THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

XXXII.

To the Home of the Setting Sun.

On Board a Sleeping Car in the Rocky Mountains, *Feb.* 27.

Many years ago—in my "salad days, when I was green in judgment"—I essayed to write a letter while I was up in a balloon, at an altitude of about two miles from the earth. I think that it was a love-letter which, "with the Vanity of Youth untoward, ever Spleeny, ever Froward," I tried to scribble. But pride, in my case, had a very swift and humiliating fall. I had scarcely got beyond "Ever dearest," scrawled with a metallic pencil on one of the leaves of a betting book, when the balloon burst; and we came down with a run—shocking, even at this distance of time, to remember.

Since the year 1851, when my first and, I hope, last experience in aëronautics was made, Fate has decreed that I should try to write "copy" in a variety of strange places, and under a number of more or less strange circumstances. The harder has been the stress of events against which I have had to battle in cultivating the art of caligraphy, the more desperately have I tried to pluck up courage by recalling the epistolary disadvantages successfully surmounted by Mirabeau in the donjon of Vincennes and by Baron Trenck at Spandau; by Latude in the Bastille, and by other historical prisoners and captives, when they endeavoured to correspond with the outside world. This one manufactured a kind of ink out of the soot from his chimney and the grease which he had skimmed from his soup. That one wrote with a toothpick for a pen and his own blood for ink on a scrap of hat lining for paper; and it was on a silver dish, if I remember aright, that the Man with the Iron Mask scratched sundry revelations the publication of which might have made Louis XIV. "feel bad," had not the dish, flung by the masked prisoner from his dungeon window on to the shore beneath, been picked up by a fisherman who was fortunately unable to read.

We have been told that when Charles Dickens was a reporter on the *Morning Chronicle* he accomplished the feat while travelling by night between Edinburgh and London in a postchaise, brilliantly lit up for the nonce with wax candles, of transcribing from his shorthand notes one of Lord Brougham's longest speeches. I often think with admiring wonder of that achievement; because my recollection of postchaises—they are extremely juvenile ones—are associated with the most terrible joltings and bumpings. The possibility, again, of writing legibly when you are at sea depends much more upon whether you are a good or a bad sailor than on the state of the weather. Very fair "copy" can be penned on a saloon table of a big steamship, even in the midst of her liveliest pitching and rolling; but it is idle to think of writing even a dozen coherent words if you are troubled with the slightest qualms of sea-sickness. That fearful experience of actual or premonition of coming nausea renders you utterly incapable of embodying intelligent thought in comprehensible phraseology, and you had far better lock up your writing desk, go on deck, or ask the steward for a soda-and-something than continue your contest with the Inexpugnable. But did you ever try the production of manuscript for publication on a railway train? I have been making efforts in that direction for the last five-and-

twenty years; but up to the present time of writing my endeavours have been crowned only by miserable failure. Whether I have partially succeeded in this instance is a problem which can only be solved by the patient compositor, by the intelligent printer's readers—I wish them joy of my "copy"—and ultimately by the British public at large.*

Mr. Anthony Trollope, I have been given to understand, is an adept in the difficult craft of writing on the rail. He stands upright in the centre of the carriage, so I have been told, with his legs far apart, like those of the Colossus of Rhodes, and while the train is scudding along at a speed of from forty to sixty miles an hour, any number of sheets of "Framley Parsonages," "Orley Farms," and "Phineas Finns" fall from his rapid hand. Gifted novelist and resolute man. How I envy him! I write, under normal conditions, a tolerably legible hand; but my autograph, when I have tried to trace it when travelling on the iron road, is not much easier to be deciphered than that of the first Napoleon when he was in a hurry—and he was nearly always in a hurry—and bears an equal resemblance to the tracks made on the sheet of Bath post by the traditional spider which had been dipped in ink, and the "fist" of the deceased judge who had three handwritings—one of which could be read by himself alone, while the second was one which he and his clerk could read, and the third was illegible to himself, his clerk, and everybody else.

Some years since I heard of a machine which had been patented for writing on the railway, and even in the dark. I would have eagerly bought such a machine, even if to do so, I had been compelled to sell all my New River shares and hypothecate all my blue diamonds—"hock my sparks," "soak my gems," and "Walker my rainbows"—to use the American euphemisms for the act of pawning your jewellery. But the patent machine for writing per express train, and in the night, disappeared, like many other brand-new inventions which were to revolutionise the world, and give a new departure to civilisation, from my ken. I can only hope that Mr. Edison will find time to re-invent and re-patent the railway writing machine when he has finally settled those little matters of the divisibility of the electric light, the Irish Land question, the

* I found on my return that my railway car-written "copy," dug as it had been with a hard pencil, into a paper block, has been printed with, on the whole, wonderful accuracy in the columns of the *Daily Telegraph*.

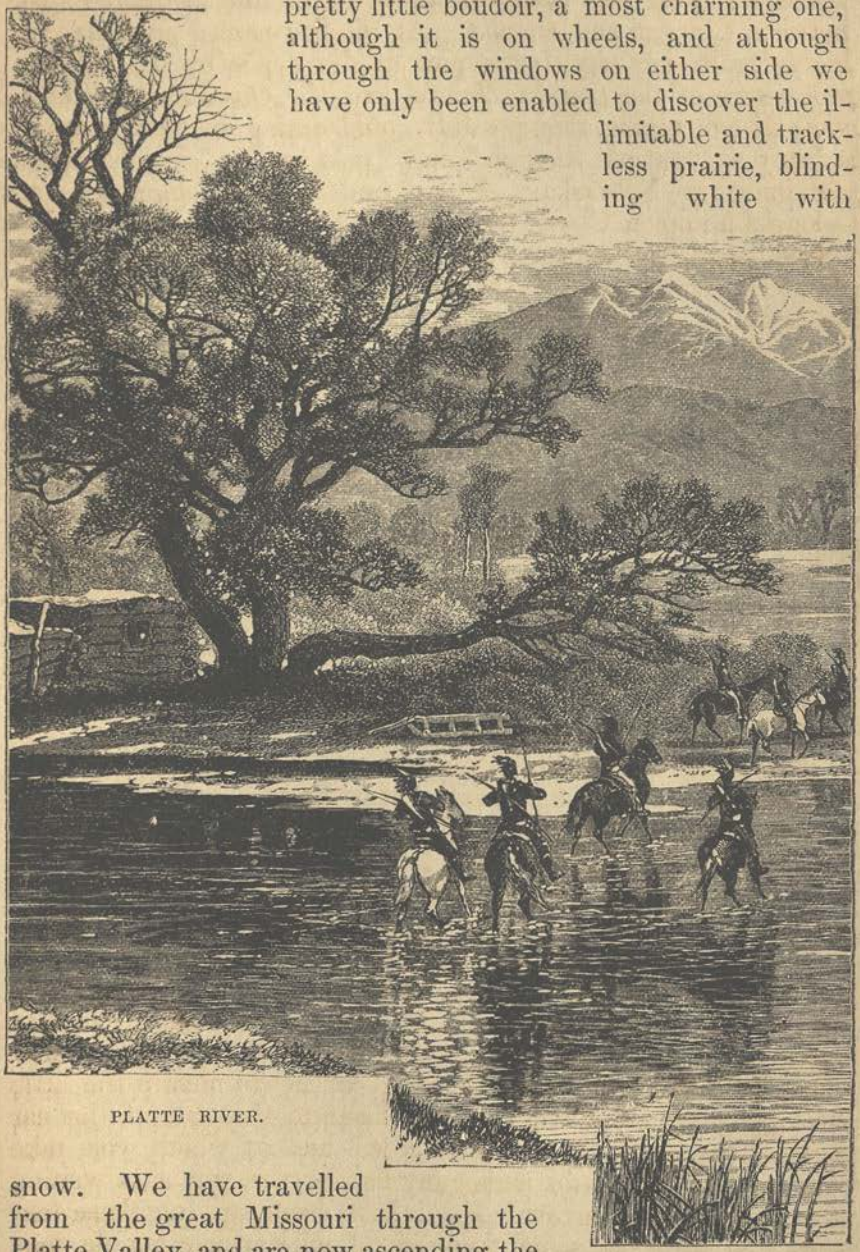
compatibility of bubble companies floating with financial integrity, and the prevention of squalling on the part of the sleeping-car baby.

When I left Chicago, on my way to the Home of the Setting Sun, in quest of which I have journeyed through the State of Iowa, and am now traversing the State of Nebraska as fast as a blinding snowstorm and a howling gale will permit the express mail of the Union Pacific Railway to travel, my journalistic friends were good enough to opine, that, of course, I should write plenty of "copy" *en route*. I answered that, in view of the multitudinous efforts, attended by as many dismal failures, which I had made in that direction, I should as soon think of inditing sonnets to the moon or making sketches by means of a camera lucida of the scenery through which I passed. To this my journalistic friends answered "Psha!" Every American journalist, I was told, in accents of wild reproach, could write his two or three columns a day "on the cars." Still, I was reluctant to make a fresh attempt and be encountered by a fresh collapse. I was a little emboldened, however, to try my caligraphic luck once more by reading the following from the Union Pacific experiences of that graphic writer, Mr. Charles Nordhoff: "At forty or forty-five miles an hour the country you pass through is a blur. One hardly sees between the telegraph poles; pleasure and ease are alike out of the question; reading tries your eyes; *writing is impossible;* conversation is impracticable, except at the auctioneer pitch; and the motion is wearying and tiresome. But at twenty-two miles per hour travelling by rail is a different affair; and having unpacked your books and unstrapped your wrap, in your Pullman car you may pursue all the sedentary avocations and amusements of a parlour at home; and as your housekeeping is done—and admirably done—for you by alert and experienced servants; as you may lie down at full length or sit up or sleep or wake at your choice; as your dinner is sure to be abundant, very tolerably cooked, and not hurried; as you are pretty certain to make acquaintances in the car, and as the country through which you pass is strange, and abounds in curious and interesting sights, and the air is fresh and exhilarating—you soon fall into the way of the voyage; and if you are a tired business man or a wearied housekeeper, your careless ease will certainly be such a rest as most busy and overworked Americans know how to enjoy."

Thus far Mr. Charles Nordhoff, whose sensible hints to travellers going very far West indeed I read and meditated upon between Chicago and Omaha. At the last-named juvenile, but highly promising city, I was met at the depôt by the obliging proprietors of the *Omaha Herald*, and the *Omaha Republican*, who did everything they possibly could during the few hours of my stay to "put me through" and "post me up" in all matters pertaining to Nebraska. I am under equal obligations to Colonel Champion Chase, the Mayor of Omaha, for his cordial welcome, and for the mass of practical information relative to the resources of the "Garden State" which he placed at my disposal. But I must make an end, at this time and in this place at least, of returning thanks; the catalogue of American ladies and gentlemen to whom my fellow traveller and myself owe a debt of the sincerest gratitude would else equal in magnitude the schedule of Don Giovanni's love affairs as enumerated by Leporello. From New York to Philadelphia and Washington, from Baltimore to Richmond, from New Orleans to Chicago, and thence into the wonderful Western land, unvarying kindness and courtesy have been shown by all ranks of the American people to me and mine. And this kindness and courtesy come with all the greater force home to me, as I feel not one whit more inclined meanly to truckle to, or to fawn upon, or flatter them than I felt when I was in their midst and grumbled at most things American seventeen years ago.

My good newspaper friends in Omaha gave me some practical hints as to the possibility of writing "copy" on board a railway train. They furnished me with ten thick blocks of reporters' note paper. Then I procured a sheaf of rather hard lead pencils—Faber's No. 3 are about the requisite hardness—and the block note paper is thin enough to produce an original manuscript, a thoroughly legible duplicate, and a faintly decipherable triplicate; only the paper being opaque, you must fain use a pencil instead of the agate stylus which is employed in manifold writing on transparent "flimsy." Then you tell the porter in your sleeping car not to unship the little one-legged flap table which he has fixed to the wall of the car between the seats of your "section," and at which you take your meals. The little mahogany flap serves you as a writing table, and on this narrow ledge I have been striving these four hours past to pencil some thoughts of mine which people may or may not read on the other side of the Atlantic, five thousand

miles away from our pretty little boudoir. Yes; it is a very pretty little boudoir, a most charming one, although it is on wheels, and although through the windows on either side we have only been enabled to discover the illimitable and trackless prairie, blinding white with snow. We have travelled from the great Missouri through the Platte Valley, and are now ascending the slope of the Rocky Mountains. My present objective is the city



PLATTE RIVER.

of Cheyenne, in Wyoming; but ere I reach that station in my pilgrimage I may be permitted to discourse—at no great length I will promise you—of our journey from Chicago to Omaha, in the State of Nebraska, being my first Great Western objective after Chicago, although not my grandest one—the Grand Objective I refrain from specifying yet awhile, lest I should fail in its accomplishment, in which case my story, like that of the Bear and the Fiddle, in "Hudibras," would be but "begun and broke off in the middle."

I fixed on the Chicago and North-Western Railroad as my line of route. There are no less than three lines of railway converging from the Prairie City on Omaha, or, rather on Council Bluffs, on the opposite shore of the Missouri; but the North-Western is undeniably the best road of the three. It is the shortest, and the first which formed connections with the Union Pacific for Nebraska, Colorado, Wyoming, Idaho, Utah, Montana, Nevada, Oregon, and California. It has another line westward, from Chicago to Madison, St. Paul's, Minnesota, Minneapolis, and all points beyond. It is the only line from Chicago to Fond du Lac, Green Bay, Escanoba, Marquette, and L'Anse, by which the tourist can reach the shores of Lake Superior by rail; and, again, it is the only line running for some six hundred miles, by Sparta and Winona, through the States of Illinois, Wisconsin, and Minnesota, and so to Lake Hampeska, Dakota. Please to look out these points on a map of the United States, O you British young man! You can never know what you may come to. Some of these days, perhaps, it may be your lot to abandon unproductive land tilling, or quill driving, or counter jumping, or whatever may be your present state of life in England. Some of these days you may cross the "Big Pond," and, having the common sense to avoid loitering away your time and squandering your money in the Atlantic cities, go West, even to Nebraska, the "Garden State," even to far-off Montana and Dakota. They will not seem so very far off a dozen years hence. Be particular to remember that the great railway system organised by the Chicago and North-Western Railway is all younger than our Underground Railway, younger than the Holborn Viaduct, younger than the Paris Avenue de l'Opéra. The entire iron network is, comparatively speaking, only a creation of the day before yesterday. The railway locomotive is civilisation's great plough, after all. It strikes its five hundred and its thousand mile furrows, and the wilderness

sprouts with smiling villages, swiftly to ripen into flourishing cities.

So we took the North-Western from Chicago to Council Bluffs, a distance of nearly five hundred miles; designedly delaying by one day our departure from the City of High Pressure in order that we might secure a section in one of the newest and the handsomest of the Pullman Sleeping and Hotel Cars, the "International." The interior of the car was a marvel of decorative cabinet work; but there is no need for me to describe its internal arrangements: seeing that they were in the main similar to those of the Pullman Restaurant Cars which, when I left England, were beginning to run on the Great Northern Railway between King's-cross and Leeds. The

THE KITCHEN OF A PULLMAN CAR.

American bill of fare, however, comprised sundry dainties which might be looked for in vain in railway England. We were offered prairie-chicken, blue-winged teal, and golden plover, oysters cooked in half-a-dozen styles, stewed tomatoes, sweet potatoes, and a pleasing variety of omelettes. A lady and gentleman in the car (on their honeymoon trip, I suspect)

partook of an *omelette au rhum*, to which fire was duly set. It was good to watch the cheerful blaze; nor was the sight by any means sterile in suggestive elements. From the prairie fire of Leatherstocking, and the pioneer camping out in these regions

not more than twenty years ago, to the *friandises* of the Café Anglais and the Maison Dorée there has been seemingly but one step. Nothing preparatory, nothing intermediate. A misshapen billet of wood to-day, and the god Mercury covered all over with the finest-beaten gold-leaf to-morrow. Then a grisly bear on four legs, growling fiercely. Now the new Patent Philocomal Ursine Pomade at a dollar a pot.

I have read in Burton's "Anatomy" that Democritus of Abdera, when he was wearied with overmuch studying, compounding chemicals, dissecting swine to find the seat of the gall, inditing tractates upon the folly of mankind and the like, would, in the cool of the evening, trot down to the haven, and divert himself by listening to the babble of the bargees and the fish-wives. Such distractions we may enjoy, wholesomely, without being either Democrituses or dwellers among the Abderites. Thus, lest I should grow cloyed with golden plover and *omelette au rhum*, and the other delicacies of the Pullman Hotel Car, would I saunter through the train from car to car, until at last I reached the remote "smoker," or car devoted to the temporary accommodation of those who wished to enjoy the solace of a pipe or cigar. More than once have I remarked that the deficient accom-

modation provided for smokers is the one great drawback to the comfort of American railways. In England the rights of the railway smoker are secured by Act of Parliament. In the United States he has no such rights; and his enjoyment of the few and far-between privileges which he furtively snatches is fiercely disputed by the fair sex. Thus the car known as the "smoker" is usually relegated to the least eligible part of the train, next to the baggage car; and it generally, even on the best appointed lines, is the untidiest and least cleanly compartment of the train. As misery is said to make a man acquainted with strange bedfellows, so the habit of smoking brings all sorts and conditions of people together; and I have made the oddest of acquaintances, and listened to the drollest of conversations, among the *omnium gatherum* of humanity.

As for the possible "rough," there is not much need for you to trouble yourself about him. If you refrain from adopting the asinine practice of carrying a revolver under peaceable conditions of travelling, it is with the extremest rarity that you will find a revolver drawn upon you. It is, as a rule, those who needlessly talk about shooting who run the greatest risk of getting shot.* It is again not by any means certain that you will get into a quarrel by refusing to drink with the first possible rough who accosts you, whereas I had been told over and over again that to accept a drink from a total stranger is a *sine quâ non* in the West. It is a case of "inside or out" I was assured. Either you must swallow the dram or run the risk of ulterior consequences in the way of steel or lead. Frequent experience, however, leads me to the conclusion that if you civilly tell your unknown friend that you have "sworn off," or that "you are not equal to anything else before supper," he will take your refusal in thoroughly good part. Of course, there are exceptions to the rule; but of one thing be certain, that if by ill-luck you do fall across a rough American who is wholly or partially "tight," and proportionately fractious, or prone to exhibit tendencies of an "ugly" or violent nature, the vast majority of your fellow-travellers will be peaceable and law-abiding persons, whose interest lies in the direction of the rough being "run out" or "chucked off" at the earliest possible opportunity. Be not afeard, then, to mingle with the many-headed in the "smoker."

* I never carried a revolver in my life except in Turkey. And I have travelled quite unarmed through Mexico when the country between Vera Cruz and Mexico City was swarming with brigands.

Keep yourself to yourself as reasonable discrimination shall dictate; but speak when you are spoken to briefly and courteously, and you will get along very comfortably.

You may or may not be somewhat of a physiognomist. Thus you must use your own discretion in the application of Juvenal's warning against trusting to facial appearance; but I would entreat you not to judge travelling Americans in the West from the clothes they wear aboard the cars. For example, in the "smoker," between Chicago and the important manufacturing city of Cedar Rapids, I was addressed as "partner," and offered a "plug of terbacker," by a gaunt youth, seemingly

of some nineteen summers, with lank, hay-coloured hair, whose coarse home-spun coat and vest, red flannel undershirt—overshirt he had none—misshapen felt hat and pantaloons, tucked into boots reaching knee-high and quite innocent of blacking, ostensibly bespoke him to be a rough of the roughs. He was nothing whatever of the kind. He was a graduate of the University of his State; had taken high honours in the department of mineralogy; and was now on his way Far West, with a view to "prospecting around" in the mining regions. He thought that he could "get a job," he told me; and from his subsequent conversation I was led to infer that he was ready to inspect and report upon any new metalliferous deposits which he might encounter, to form a new mining company, to speculate in mining stocks, or to become the conductor of a freight train. In fact, he was ready for anything in the conduct of which pluck, energy, and practical knowledge could be made available.

He had an elder brother, he casually mentioned, who was doing very well as a portrait painter somewhere in Nebraska. His parents had, in the outset, strongly objected to this young man's following the arts, and had placed him in the office of a lawyer—wishing, as his brother tersely put it, to "bring him up to something respectable;" but the "apprentice of the law" could not abide the profession chalked out for him; so the old folks at home, making the best of a bad bargain, mortgaged some land, and with the proceeds, sent the artistic young hopeful to study for two or three years in France and Italy. Then he had gone West; and was at present getting as much as seventy-five dollars for a half-length in oils. "It wasn't a very good trade," my informant added rather apologetically; but some day perhaps his brother would be able to get up to 'Frisco and start in the photographic line and so "make his pile." I hope that he may make it with all my heart.

Perhaps the most amusing travelling companion that I fell across was a little old fellow in a sealskin cap, who was a cripple and moved on crutches, but who will always be embalmed in my memory as the Happy Man. He said not a word to me nor I to him, but whenever in the course of our five hundred miles' journey it happened that I strolled into the "smoker," there was the little crippled man, sitting in the warmest corner, with the soles of his feet comfortably wedged against the wall of the stove, and singing softly but merrily to himself, as though he would never grow old, and there were no such things as sorrow,

or discord, or poverty in the world. He had gotten, what is called a "Dime Songster"—"America's own Motto Songster," I think—with him, and, beginning at the beginning, was going right through the two hundred double-columned pages of that admired Little Warbler. "Our Star-spangled Flag of the Free," "Never go back on the Poor," "Kicking a Man when he's Down," "Prove yourself the Poor Man's Friend," "The Patriot's Dream," "Brooklyn's Great Fire," "Custard Pie," "Give the Working Man a Chance," "Stoke's Verdict," and "Sunday Night, when the Parlour is Full"—these were among the songs which he sang, or rather intoned. His rendering of a chorus was delicious, and there was something inexpressibly pathetic in his "tol de rols" and "right tol de rol lay." In his tunes there was not much more variety than in that eating house gravy which serves for beef and mutton, pork and veal alike; but it was something of a hymnological melody with a comic flavour—say the "Old Hundredth" combined with "Jim Crow" in slow time.

A ROCKY MOUNTAINS POSTMAN GOING HIS ROUNDS.

AN INDIAN COURTSHIP.

XXXIII.

At Omaha.

Still going West, *Feb.* 28.

And so we sped on our Hotel Car to Missouri Valley Junction—a place virtually a creation of the railway, even as Crewe is in England. The Junction, having only a population of some two thousand souls, is as yet content with the unpretending name of a "village;" but it possesses several excellent schools—one of which cost twelve thousand dollars to build—together with a town hall, a public hall fitted up with a stage and scenery for theatrical entertainments, a daily newspaper, two churches, and three hotels. You are here on the verge of the Highlands of Nebraska. Corn, swine, cattle, and wheat are despatched in large quantities eastward from this

centre. The surrounding country is full of game. Geese, ducks, brant, ruffled grouse, prairie chickens, quail, snipe, and woodcock are so abundant hereabouts as to make the region an earthly Paradise for the sport which Western men call "gunning," although, by an odd perversity of nomenclature, the fowling-piece ceases to be called a gun by the sportsman, and is familiarly known as a "shooting iron." Example, the accidentally unarmed hunter who meets a bear, "I hadn't my shootin' iron with me," thus the hunter recounts; "but I cussed the critter, and bemeaned him powerful; and he was skeared and git"—*i.e.*, the bear, thoroughly terrified at being "cussed" and "bemeaned powerful," "git" (ran away).

Beyond Missouri Junction are two small stations, Honey Creek and Crescent; and passing there about ten a.m. on the morrow of our quitting Chicago the train drew up at Council Bluffs, a place distant about four hundred and ninety miles from the Prairie City. This is the western terminus of the Chicago and North-Western line. I was interested to learn that Council Bluffs is the chief town of Potawotamic County, so named from a tribe of Indians, of whom it is recorded that they once requested a missionary to pray for "less thunder and more beef"—a very practical orison—and which now contains about ten thousand inhabitants. It was one of the halting places of the Mormon pilgrims on their exodus from Nauvoo towards Utah; and here they built a tabernacle, and hoped to found

a city, calling it Hanesville. Thence they set out on their extraordinary journey to the thin, sterile, sage-brush-clad, and apparently inhospitable valley of the Great Salt Lake. After the departure of the Saints a new class of people came in, a new town was built; and, from the circumstance that the site had been the scene of many Indian "pow-wows" the city was re-christened Council Bluffs. With constitutionally Anglo-Saxon proneness to abbreviation, the city is generally known to its denizens as "the Bluffs." It has six hotels, making up an aggregate of six hundred beds; and the Bluffians declare with some bitterness that if the trains of the Union Pacific Railroad would only cross the great iron bridge which here spans the Missouri, and make Council Bluffs instead of Omaha their point of departure for the Pacific coast, the Bluffs would soon rejoice in a dozen grand hotels, and a population of fifty thousand.

Owing to a variety of complicated circumstances, the Union Pacific is determined to make Omaha, on the opposite bank of the Missouri, their starting place. As the trains coming westward through the State of Iowa make Council Bluffs their western terminus, a general transfer of passengers and baggage takes place here. Travellers coming from the East debark at the Bluffs, crossing the bridge on a "transfer train," and again debarking on the Omaha side, where the West-bound trains of the Union Pacific are in waiting. The principal matter in dispute appears to be whether the bridge over the Missouri is an integral part of the Union Pacific Railway or not; but a recent decision of the Supreme Court of the United States seems to have reduced the question to a very narrow issue, and the public are promised ere long a joint depôt on the eastern bank of the river, by which means the inconvenient transfer will be avoided. This Missouri bridge is a wonderful specimen of railway construction. Previous to February, 1872, all passengers and merchandise were ferried across the treacherous and shifting breadth of the Missouri in flat-keeled steamboats, and owing to the continually changing currents and sandbars a safe landing could never be depended on. The present bridge is 2,750 feet long, in eleven spans of 250 feet each. The elevation is fifty feet above high-water mark. The spans are supported by the stone masonry abutment and eleven piers, with twenty-two cast-iron columns, each pier being about eight feet in diameter. During the building of the bridge, from February, 1869, when the work was commenced, until it was completed in 1872, about

five hundred men were constantly employed; ten steam engines being also in use.

The early history of Omaha, as I find it very succinctly, yet graphically, narrated by Mr. Alfred Sorrenson, the present city editor of the *Omaha Republican*, might be very advantageously bound up with an edition of the novels of Fenimore Cooper. The facts set forth by Mr. Sorrenson would, I apprehend, prove quite as interesting as the most startling of the fictions in "The Pioneers" or "The Pathfinder." In particular is the chapter bearing on the Omaha Indians worthy of curious note. It was in 1854 that Major Gatewood, Indian agent for the tribes in this district, called them together at a place named Bellevue, which had been for a long time an Indian mission, and there discussed the feasibility of making a treaty by which the red-skins were to yield their title to their lands. The old, old story. The treaties were signed in the month of April, 1854, and resulted in the passage by Congress of an "enabling" Act, by virtue of which the territory, now the State of Nebraska, was organised.

The Indian signatories of the treaties were the chiefs of the Otoes, the Missouris, and the Omahas. The Sachem of the last-named tribe, at the time mentioned, seems to have been in many respects a notable personage. This was Shon-ga-sha, otherwise Logan Fontenelle, a half-bred. His father, Lucien Fontenelle, was a French creole from New Orleans, who came to the Omaha country in 1824 in the employ of Major Pilcher. Lucien is described as a gentleman of good education, "presenting every indication of having been well raised." He married an Omaha squaw, and in 1835 engaged in the Indian trade, in co-partnership with one Dups, in the neighbourhood of Fort Laramie. He treated his Indian wife very kindly, and gave his four children, three boys and a girl, a first-rate education at St. Louis. He made a considerable fortune by the mountain trade, but was, unfortunately, too fond of whiskey; so much so, indeed, that in 1840 he died of *delirium tremens*. His son, Logan Fontenelle, otherwise Shon-ga-sha, inherited the rank, the abilities, and the failings of his father. He was killed in a fight with the Sioux. Albert Fontenelle, the next son, was Pawnee Government agent; he was thrown while drunk from a mule and killed on the spot. Tecumseh, the third son, was killed in a drunken frolic by his brother-in-law, Louis Neal. Lucien Fontenelle's two remaining children, Henry and Susan, were alive so recently as 1870.

Madame Lucien Fontenelle, their mother, was also a remark-

AN INDIAN CAMP.

able lady, and on one occasion very conspicuously distinguished herself. Some time in 1834 a party of Iowa Indians came to pay a friendly visit to the Omahas. They were very well received and kindly treated; and, on returning home, meeting a small party of Indians of the same tribe as their kindly hosts, they gratefully murdered them. Among the slain were four relatives of that Omaha squaw, who had become Madame Fontenelle. They also slaughtered, after killing his mother, a half-bred Omaha boy by the name of Karsmer. One of the Omaha Indians said, "Don't kill him; he is a white boy;" but the gallant Iowa butcher replied, "A white man's blood is the same to us as an Omaha's," and left the boy on the ground with a spear driven through his heart.

From that time forward Madame Lucien Fontenelle sought revenge, and made several attempts to slay the treacherous Iowa who had killed the young half-breed. At the Bellevue landing on the Missouri stood an old Indian trading post, at which were the buildings of the Otoi Omaha and Pawnee blacksmiths' shops. The murderous Iowa of whom the vengeful squaw was in quest, happened to look in at Bellevue, and stole a keg of whiskey from the shop of one Shaw, an assistant smith. Shaw had got drunk on whiskey, and had gone to bed with the keg under his arm when the Iowas arrived. Then the Indians began to get drunk, until, for the sake of peace and quietness, Hannibal Doherty brother to the Indian agent, stove in the keg with an axe and spilled the whiskey. There was an old Frenchman by the name

of Sharlo Malice, who got drunk by lying on the ground, and sucking up the alcohol-saturated dirt. The murderous Iowa Indian was already drunk and incapable in one of the buildings of the fort standing midwise to the river, when Madame Lucien Fontenelle deliberately took an axe and dashed his brains out; then she jumped ten feet out of a four-light window, slid down a bank, and ran home. That night war was expected between the tribes; but the Iowas showed no fight, and returned home in a very crestfallen manner after burying the "brave," on whom retribution had just made so signal a mark. In all likelihood, Madame Lucien Fontenelle had never read a line of Bacon; yet her grimly heroic act was certainly a very practical comment on the maxim that revenge is "a wild kind of justice." The husband of the heroine, when she had done her deed, was up at his fort in the mountains. Major Pilcher had her conveyed to an Omaha village at the foot of the Blackbird Hills. Some two months afterwards Mr. Fontenelle came to Bellevue, and sent an escort of Omahas for his Helen Macgregor-like wife, paying about a thousand dollars' worth in presents as recompense for bringing her down.

The last incident at which I may be allowed to glance in connection with the Indian chronicles of Omaha may fairly be considered as a startling one. It was the actual skinning alive of a white man at the hands of the Pawnees, and occurred in 1852 at a place on the military road about five miles beyond the Elkhorn. The victim of the Pawnees' wrath was one Rhines, a silversmith, who had formerly lived at Geneva, in the State of

Wisconsin, but who shortly before coming West, on his way to California, took up his abode at Delaran. It appears that this man Rhines, previous to starting for the Pacific coast, had made the boast, equally foolish and wicked, that he would shoot the first Indian whom he met. In due time the party of whom he was one arrived in Nebraska, and camped out one evening on the bank of a stream which at that time was nameless. The next morning, as the caravan were getting ready to start, a small party of young Indians who had crossed the river from the Pawnee village on the opposite shore approached the encampment of the pale-faces. These were the first red-skins whom the Americans had seen; and Rhines the silversmith was duly reminded of his bloodthirsty piece of braggadocio. The ruffian at once seized his rifle, took aim at a young squaw, and shot her dead.

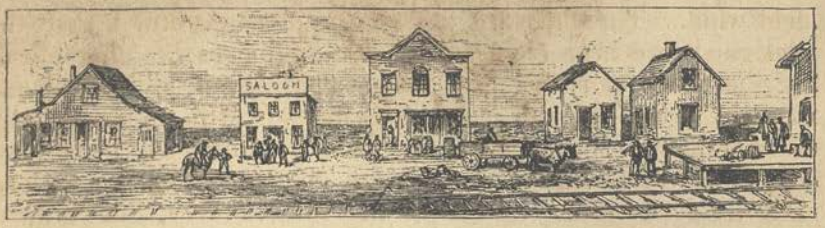
The news of this cruel and cowardly murder was at once carried to the Pawnee village; and the party of white men was soon surrounded by a band of exasperated "savages" (?) who demanded, and eventually obtained, the surrender of Rhines. After stripping him they tied him to a wagon-wheel, and at once began to skin him alive. The wretch in his agony called both on the Indians and on his own countrymen to shoot him; but there was no mercy for him who had shown none. The pale-faces, who were considerably outnumbered by the Indians, were compelled by the "savages" (?) to stand by, and witness the scarification of their comrade without being able to render him any assistance, except at the risk of their own lives. And these they did not care to imperil. The process of skinning was carried out to the end, Rhines surviving the completion of the operation a few minutes, during which the squaws cheerfully chopped him to pieces with their mattocks. Yes; my Lord of Verulam was right; and revenge *is* a wild kind of justice. As a postscript to the Tragedy of Scarification, it may be mentioned that, ever since the day of Rhines's punishment, the river on the shore of which the deed was done has been known as Rawhide. A horrible name—fit memento of a deed as horrible.

Omaha, as I beheld it, is a city just six-and-twenty years old—the bill organising and admitting Nebraska as a territory after the extinction of the Indian title having been passed by Congress in the spring of 1854. The Organic Act having been passed, the Missouri Ferry Company proceeded to lay out their contemplated town in three hundred and seventy "blocks," each two hundred and sixty-four feet square; the streets being one hundred

feet wide. These figures are worth quoting; and I give them designedly, as a pregnant illustration of the resolve characteristic of the Americans to make their towns, even in the inception thereof, "big things." The enormous width assigned to the thoroughfares of what may be termed "Cities of the Future," but which in population would rank only as large villages, or, at the most, as county towns in the old country, has only one drawback. The era of Promise is not always succeeded by the era of Performance so swiftly as its projectors have imagined and hoped would be the case. Even Washington, in the district of Columbia, the Federal capital of the Republic, is only slowly realising, structurally speaking, the magnificent intentions of its founders; and Washington is close upon a hundred years old. In despite of this example, every town in the West is laid out on a plan as vast as though it were destined, at no distant date, to contain a million of inhabitants.

These remarks will apply to at least fifty promising American cities that I have seen within the last four months. Constructive disproportion strikes you at every step. The roadway is, as a rule, three times too broad. Its excessive breadth renders the task of paving it one of extreme difficulty; and in the majority of cases the municipal authorities tide over the difficulty by not paving the roadway at all. So soon as ever the streets are "graded," tramways for horse-cars are laid down; and, what more, it is tacitly asked, can you want? Europeans may reply that a civilised city should be a place not only to ride about in horse-car-railway, but also to walk about in; and they may further urge that comfortable pedestrianism in the greater number of young American towns is next door to an impossibility. The monstrous breadth of the streets again gives to the entire town an aspect of unsightliness and untidiness. In summer time the road is a dusty desert; in the rainy season it is a Slough of Despond.

The street architecture is a jumble of all styles, and of no style at all. The energetic dealer in dry goods, who has, within two or three years or so, made a couple of hundred thousand dollars, or borrowed a couple of hundred thousand more, runs up a stupendous five-storeyed structure of brick or iron, painted white to resemble marble. But next door to him is a petty saloon-keeper, or a small grocer, or a humble dealer in oysters and dried shad, who has not made any money at all, who cannot borrow any, and who continues to carry on his business in a



A WESTERN FRONTIER TOWN.

wretched little shanty, the successor of the log-cabin which may have been built by his pioneer father's own hands. Next to this poverty-stricken hovel—I am speaking generally of juvenile American towns, and not specially of Omaha—you may behold the colossal granite, or brownstone, or cast-iron premises of the Runnamucca Insurance Company, the Kickafaw Express Agency, or the Potawotamie Bank—superb in mansard roofs, Renaissance *loggie*, and "Corinthian fixings." Then come a pitiful cluster of one-storeyed tinware shops, butchers', bakers', and lager-bèer saloons. Then a First Presbyterian Church, in what may be qualified as the Bedlamite-Byzantine style, and then more ram-shackle shanties. Then a Masonic Temple, or an Odd Fellows' Hall, or a Hibernian Rotunda, or a Young Men's Christian Association—all structures rivalling Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle at Newington in architectural grandeur and picturesqueness. And then more huts and hovels—with this addendum—that wherever there occurs a few feet of intervening wall, planking, or fencing it will surely be scrawled over with stencillings of the most offensive advertisements of quack nostrums that it is possible to conceive.

I shall not, I hope, be accused of rooted prejudice against American institutions if I renew—and renew unavailingly, I fear—my protest against the coarseness and indecency of the quack-salvers' announcements with which almost every available inch of wall or fence space in the United States is disfigured. Impudent pretensions to cure the most distressing and the most repulsive of human ailments, to deal with the darkest offspring of "the Painful Family of Death, more hideous than their Queen," alarm and disgust the eye at every turn; and I challenge contradiction when I assert that the loveliest spots in the scenery of this vast continent are blighted with these loathsome stigmata—the portents of shameless imposture and rapacious greed for gold—and that Dr. Dulcamara and Professor

Katterfelto are permitted to daub the proclamations of their lying wonders alike on the exquisitely beautiful banks of the Hudson River and on the rocky coast of the Pacific. From New York to San Francisco you are pursued by the quack and his revolting lotions, pills and plasters. From New York to San Francisco, do I say? Alas! things are nearly as bad in London and Paris.

But I did not come to this country to grumble; and we must take the rough with the smooth, especially at Omaha. It is such a very young, such a very enterprising, such a very promising city. Look at its newspapers. From the well-informed press of the Nebraskan city I gather that the first white child born in Omaha was Miss Margaret Ferry, who came into the world in the month of October, 1854; the first marriage was that of Mr. John Logan to Miss Caroline Mosier; and the first grave in Omaha was dug by Mr. W. P. Snowden, on the site of which is now a German Turnverein Hall, for the remains of an old Otoe squaw, who had been abandoned to die by the wayside. Very appropriately in this connection may be quoted the words of the poet Whittier:

> Behind the scared squaw's birch canoe
> The steamer smokes and raves;
> And city lots are staked for sale
> Above old Indian graves.

The first case of death from *delirium tremens* in Omaha was that of old Mr. Todd, who erected the first frame shanty in the vicinity of St. Nicholas, and stocked it with groceries: whiskey being his principal article of trade. He was his own best customer; and after his dissolution, owing to repeated attacks of "the shakes," was buried "near where the Union Pacific track crosses Thirteenth-street." "To old Mr. Todd," pathetically remarks his biographer, "belongs the honour of having been the first incurable drunkard in Omaha, as well as the first man who died here—and his memory is entitled to some respect, as he exhibited some decency in ceasing to exist under the circumstances." I suppress the name of the first physician who began practice in Omaha. I find it recorded that he arrived here from Syracuse, New York, in the fall of 1854. "Dr.——'s first patient," writes the chronicler, "was an Omaha Indian papoose"—and, he somewhat maliciously adds—"It is said that the child died." Perhaps the chronicler was a brother medico.

BREAKING PRAIRIE LAND IN NEBRASKA.

XXXIV.

The Road to Eldorado.

Very Far West, *Feb.* 26.

I lingered, it may be, too long in Omaha. It may seem to you that I likewise tarried to excess in Richmond and in New Orleans; although, had I had my will, my stay in both the delightful cities named would have been prolonged to thrice its actual duration. But Omaha, for reasons difficult to define, fascinated me. I entered it with joy, and I quitted it with reluctance. It was not, I admit, the superiority of the Omaha hotels that invited me to linger. Formerly the city could boast a very splendid hotel, the Grand Central, described as the finest between Chicago and San Francisco; but in 1878 this towering fabric was burned down; and only an ugly gap of blackened ground, with a cow or two ruminating among the cinders, between a drug store and the office of the *Omaha Republican*, remains to recall the glories of the Grand Central. The hotel history of Omaha is, moreover, not devoid of curious interest. The old Douglas House—a "frame" structure still

standing at the corner of Harnay-street, the main business thoroughfare—was the first "regular" hotel opened in the city. The earlier and irregular establishments were mere log cabins, kept by pioneer landlords of the rough-and-ready sort, and where board and lodging were combined with a good deal of whiskey-drinking and gambling, and, upon occasion, a little pistol practice. But the old Douglas House, built early in 1855, was a "high-toned" caravanserai, where shooting the bar-tender, if he declined to give credit for drinks, was deemed a gross breach of etiquette. The manager was Mr. Ignace Scherb, under whose superintendence the national anniversary of the 4th of July, '55, was celebrated by a grand "barbecue." Another leading house of entertainment for man and beast was the City Hotel, but this has since been converted into a private residence.

Then there was the Herndon House, so named after a Lieutenant Herndon, who, in 1857, was lost in a steamship while on her voyage from Panama to New York. The Herndon cost some sixty thousand dollars to build, was "run" for a while in magnificent style, and "claimed to be a mammoth undertaking;" but it proved to be too big for its average contingent of guests; and after passing to a succession of landlords, it fell at last into the hands of the sheriff, who sold it. There had been previously a sharp contest for possession between two litigant lessees, named respectively Mr. Allen and Mrs. Bronson. Weeks were spent by the parties in legal strategy and skirmishing, during which it was not unusual for Mr. Allen, on visiting the hotel kitchen in the morning, to find Mrs. Bronson's cooking stove installed in the place of his own, which had been "chucked" over the adjoining fence during the night; and not unfrequently were the guests in the hotel arrested in the midst of their breakfasts, while waiting, perhaps, for more buckwheat cakes, by the receipt from the waiter of the alarming intelligence that the cooking apparatus belonging to Mrs. Bronson, stove, griddle, and all, had just been "bounced out" by the incensed Mr. Allen. Eventually Mrs. Bronson triumphed: as the ladies always should do in matters where cookery is concerned. The Herndon House is now occupied by the offices of that tremendous corporation, the Union Pacific Railroad.

Finally, among the bygone hotels of Omaha must be cited the memorable Cozzens House, concerning which an old legend is current in the city. In the year 1867, Mr. George Francis

INDIANS AT A HIDE TRAPPER'S HUT.

P. 404.

Train was sojourning at the now disestablished Herndon House. One day in the dining-room he sat at a table close to a broken window, through which the wind was blowing in an inconveniently tempestuous manner. George Francis complained of the annoyance; and after exhausting every expedient to abrogate it, except that of putting in a new pane of glass, he paid a negro waiter ten cents a minute to stand in front of the window until he had finished his dinner. The most rapid Train then registered a vow that he would build forthwith a new mammoth hotel in Omaha; and that self-same afternoon he purchased ten town lots, and had men at work digging for the foundations of his projected structure. In sixty days the hotel was completed, at a cost of forty thousand dollars. Before it was finished Mr. Train let it to the Messrs. Cozzens, of West Point, New York, for an annual rental of ten thousand five hundred dollars. The Cozzens ran it for a year and then leased it to one Philo Rumsey at less than one half the original rental; but in 1871 Mr. Rumsey "closed it out"—the American equivalent for shutting up shop—and for the last nine years the Aladdin's Palace of George Francis Train, who at one period seemed about to become, by means of a Credit Foncier, the territorial Dictator of Omaha, has stood vacant.

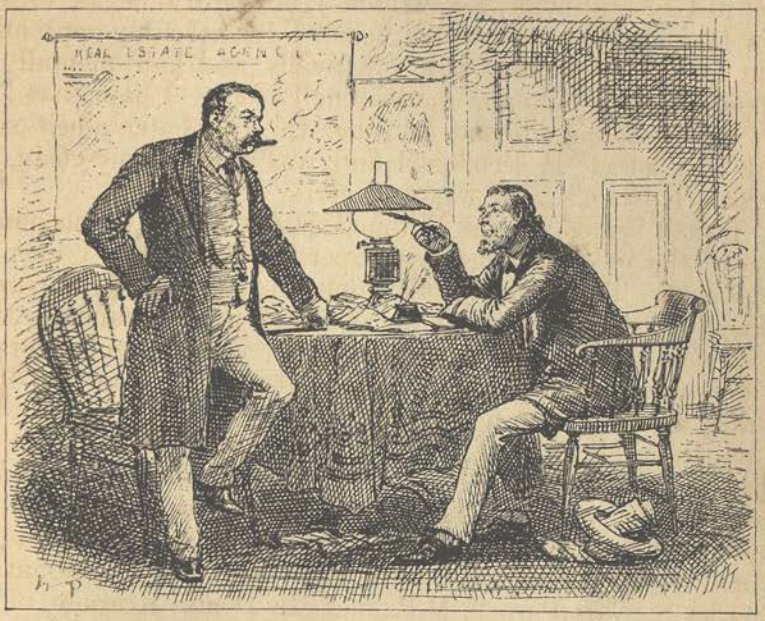
By this time you will have begun to perceive that Omaha was, in the outset, slightly too ambitious in the way of hotels. She wanted to run before she could walk, or even toddle. But she will come to the stage of advancing "by leaps and bounds" in good time. The burnt-down Grand Central is to be built up again, I hear, so soon as somebody can borrow the money to build it; and in a few years' time, when Omaha numbers eighty or a hundred thousand inhabitants, and mammoth hotels by the score can be counted within her confines, the history of her early caravanserais may be as interesting to her denizens as that of our old Tabards and Falcons is to us. The leading hotel at Omaha at present is the Withnell House. The proprietors, the Messrs. Kitchen, do the most they can for travellers; but the most does not amount to much. They put us into a bed-room the ground plan of which resembled a cocked-hat. Then they moved us to another the form of which reminded one of the case of a "bull-fiddle"—which is Americanese for a violoncello. There was a notification in this apartment to the effect that you were to touch the electric bell once if you wished to summon the "bell-boy," twice if you wished for iced water, and thrice if you

required the attendance of the chambermaid; but as nobody came in response to repeated ringing, it did not much matter how often or how long you pressed the magic button. When I was at Constantinople, some three years ago, I began to learn how to work the "type writer;" and I renewed my apprenticeship to that instrument half practically and half mentally by tapping the bell-button at the Withnell House. I hope that I did not do any damage to the instrument. The hotel, albeit small and "one horse" in accommodation, was scrupulously clean, and Messrs. Kitchen's clerk was very civil.

I shall remember the Withnell House chiefly on account of two of the most zealous newspaper reporters that I ever encountered. They were both young men; and, Talleyrand's admonition against zeal to the contrary notwithstanding, these gentlemen should surely attain eminence in the peculiar branch of the profession of journalism which they have adopted. They sprang upon me from a dark corner in the "sample room" of the hotel late at night; and one after the other made me the captive of his bow and spear. That is to say, they "interviewed" me half out of my mind. They wanted to know not only where I had been, and whither I was going—as if any man could tell where he was going—but likewise what I thought about Mr. Charles Stewart Parnell, M.P., and Mr. Dennis Kearney, of San Francisco; what were my opinions touching General Ulysses S. Grant and the Third Term candidature; what I had to say about the Inter-Oceanic Canal, the Monroe Doctrine, and Honest Money as against Greenbacks; and in what manner I had been impressed by the aspect of Omaha, its manufactories, its stock-yards, and its smelting works. They interviewed me so long and so loudly that I fancy the gentleman in the next room must have thought that we were having a heated political discussion which might haply eventuate in an appeal to the arbitrament of the six-shooter or the bowie-knife; for he knocked querulously at the wall, as though to signify he had had enough of this kind of thing, and that he wanted to go to sleep. I know that I yearned to assume the horizontal position, and that sorely.

The first interviewer went away rejoicing, having "short-handed me," as he put it, on several sheets of brown paper. The next gentleman had to apologise for his ignorance of the art of stenography; so he "longhanded" me to such length that the noise we both made incited the querulous gentleman next door to rap at the wall even more loudly than before. It seemed to

me that the second interviewer had brought his slippers with him, and was going to stop all night. Just as I was drifting into despair it fortuitously occurred to me that I could repeat by



heart the first chapter of Dr. Johnson's famous philosophical romance. The "whispers of fancy" and the "phantoms of hope" "fetched" him, and he "gave out" before I had got to "Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia." He gathered up his papers, and, in a hurried manner, bade me good night, pausing, however, on the threshold, to congratulate me, in a somewhat sarcastic tone, that "Mr. Rosewater had not got hold of me." Now who was Mr. Rosewater? I learned subsequently that the gentleman with the odoriferous name was the editor of an evening Omaha paper, renowned for the truculence, the "staying" powers, and the imaginative faculties of its reporters.

At the same time I might advise future travelling Britons, under dire stress of interviewing torture, to resort to the line of tactics which I adopted. If "Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia," fails, try Brougham's peroration in the case of Queen Caroline, "Such, my lords, is the evidence now before you." Don't try Patrick Henry's "Give me Death or Liberty" speech, or Lord Chatham on the employment of savage Indians in civilized

warfare, because every American knows these orations as well as he knows "The Isles of Greece," or "The boy stood on the burning deck." Seriously, I could not be angry with the two interviewing gentlemen. It was their vocation and they carried it out; nor, when I read their accounts of my words, my facial appearance, and my wearing apparel, in the Omaha papers the next morning, was I able to find any special fault with that which they had written. I was the more inclined to submit to the Inevitable as I was under considerable obligations to the proprietors of the two journals by the reporters of which I had been "interviewed." I shall not readily forget the two solemn gentlemen who received us at the depôt, conducted us to the Withnell House, and returned with an open carriage and pair, in which we were driven through and round about the romantic environs of the city. They showed us everything that was to be seen, and sent us away deeply impressed with a sense of their spontaneous and considerate courtesy.

Shall I tell you what fascinated me most in Omaha? It was not so much the spectacle of this baby city of twenty-five

A FAIR-HAIRED YOUNG AMAZON.

or thirty thousand inhabitants cradled in armour big enough for Goliath of Gath, but with a head and limbs promising to fill ere long the casque and cuirass and greaves of the giant. It was not the ravishing, albeit transient, view of a fair-haired young Amazon caracoling around on a sprightly steed, and arrayed in a black velvet riding habit, whom we met on a sand-hill—who was she, I wonder? The spouse of a Nebraskan Cattle King, the daughter of a smelting works superintendent, or the sister of a Pullman Palace Car agent? It was not, even, the weird and phantom-like vision of a waggon full of decrepit, dingy, copper-coloured men, women, and children shrouded in tattered blankets, of hues which had once been resplendent, and who, I was told, were Winnebago Indians. Deplorable Winnebagoes! Creatures more abject and wretched-looking I have seldom seen; and I suppose that there is not much to choose between them and the evanished Omahas and Iowas, the Pawnees and the Sioux. Well, the doctrine of the "survival of the fittest" must be carried out, I suppose, and the Red Indian does not seem to be fit for much in the Great West. Away from his "reservations" the whilom "Lord of the Forest" does

INDIAN WOMEN GATHERING WILD RICE.

not appear to be much better than a vagrant, a beggar, or a petty pilferer. He is certainly not nearly so interesting as the gipsy, of whom he seems to be the cast-off and disreputable cousin.

SOME CIVILIZED INDIANS ENCOUNTERED ON THE ROAD.

At least the Rommany man can clip horses, tinker pots and kettles, and play the tambourine. At least the Rommany woman can make baskets and tell fortunes. The poor Indian is only fit to hunt buffaloes, which have mainly disappeared, or to take scalps, the original proprietors of which entertain a natural objection to their scalps being taken. What the poor Indian may be like in the districts facetiously termed his "reservations" I do not know, not having visited him therein. Sympathisers with the Red Man declare that the white post-traders sell him poisonous whiskey, and cheat him in every conceivable manner, while the white squatter "crowds him out," by stealing

the land assigned for Indian occupancy by the United States Government. Meanwhile, those who do not sympathise with the Indian, content themselves with asserting that he has got "to move out of the way or take the consequences;" and that, I believe, is the opinion of so high an authority as General Sherman.

In the very infancy of the Western city which so fascinated me there was published a newspaper called the *Omaha Arrow*. The first number of this remarkable publication is dated July 18, 1854. It was a four-paged six-columned sheet, very widely printed; and immediately under the heading appeared the information that this was a "family newspaper, devoted to the arts, sciences, general literature, agriculture, and politics,"—its political opinions being of "a diffusively Democratic Stripe." Messrs. Johnson and Pattison were the editors and proprietors of this sheet. Mr. Johnson was the business man of the concern. He was a Mormon, and had three or four wives. He lived at Council Bluffs, and was engaged in several concurrent businesses. He practised law, ran a blacksmith's forge, was an insurance agent, carried on a "general merchandising store," and was altogether "a lively man on general principles." He left the neighbourhood in 1856, and went to Salt Lake City, where he still resides. Mr. Pattison remained in Omaha and married a Miss Redner, the nuptial ceremony taking place in the midst of a violent rainstorm under a large tree on the Elkhorn: Rev. Silas J. Franklin tying the connubial knot. There were only twelve numbers of the *Arrow* published, covering the period from July 28 to November 10, seeing that the publication occasionally skipped a week, probably when the supply of paper ran short—a not unusual occurrence in a pioneer printing office. Mr. Pattison, who to his functions as a journalist united the attributes of a lawyer and a real estate agent, was a writer endowed with considerable powers of imagination. The exordium of his "inaugural editorial" is worth quoting.

"Well, strangers, friends, patrons, and good people generally," he begins, "wherever in the wide world your lot may be cast, and in whatever clime this *Arrow* may reach you, here we are upon Nebraska soil, seated upon the stump of an ancient oak, which serves for our editorial chair, and, with the crown of our badly-abused beaver for a table, we purpose writing a first-class leader." Then he proceeds, surveying the sylvan scene around him: "An elevated table-land surrounds us. The majestic

Missouri, just off on our left, goes sweeping its muddy course adown towards the Mexican Gulf, while the background of the pleasing picture is filled up with Iowa's loveliest, richest scenery. Away upon our left, stretching far away in the distance, lies one of the most beautiful sections of Nebraska. Yon rich-rolling, wide-spread, and glorious prairie looks lovely enough just now, as Heaven's free sunlight touches off in beauty the lights and shades, to be literally certified the Eden land of the world, and inspires us with flights of fancy upon this antiquated beaver; *but it won't pay.* There sticks our axe in the trunk of an old oak, whose branches have for hundreds of years been fanned by the breezes that constantly sweep from over the ofttimes flower-

A LOG HUT IN THE WEST.

dotted prairie lea, *and which we intend immediately to convert into logs for our residential cabin.*"

Another of Mr. Pattison's effusions, entitled "A Night in our Sanctum," claims for him a place among the Minor Prophets of the secular order.

"Last night," he wrote, "we slept in our sanctum—the starry-decked heaven for a ceiling, and Mother Earth for a flooring. It was a glorious night, and we were tired with the day's exertions. Far away on different portions of the prairies glimmered the camp fires of our neighbours, the Pawnees, the Omahas, and that noble but often unappreciated class of our own people known as Squatters. . . . The new moon was just sinking beneath the distant prairie roll, but slightly dispelling the darkness which stole over our beloved and cherished Nebraska. We thought of distant friends and loved ones, stretched upon beds of downy ease. . . . Behind us was spread our buffalo robe, in an old Indian trail, which was to serve us as our bed and bedding. The night wore on, and we crept between Art and Nature—between our blanket and our buffalo robe—to sleep, and perchance to dream of battles, sieges, fortunes, and bankruptcies in the imminent breach. To dreamland we went. The distant hum of business from factories and machine-shops from Omaha reached our ears. The incessant rattle of the innumerable drays over the paved streets, the incessant tramp of thousands of an animated and enterprising population, the hoarse orders that issued from the crowd of steamers upon the river, loading the rich products of the State of Nebraska, and unloading the fruits, liquors, and other merchandise of other cities and soils, greeted our ears. Far away, from towards the setting sun, came telegraphic despatches of improvement, progress, and moral advancement upon the Pacific coast. Cars, full freighted with teas, silks, &c., were arriving from thence, and passing across the stationary channel of the Missouri River with lightning speed, hurrying on to the Atlantic seaboard. The third express train of the Council Bluffs and Galveston Railroad came thundering close by us with a shrill whistle that brought us to our feet, bowie-knife in hand. We rubbed our eyes, and looked into the darkness beyond, to see the flying train. It had vanished, and the shrill neighing of our 'lassoed' horses gave indication of the danger near. The hum of business in and around the city had also vanished; and the same rude camp fires gleamed around us. We slept again; and then daylight grew upon us and found us ready for another day's labour in negotiating for town lots and canvassing for advertisements."

This, as a sample of fine writing, may not be so polished as the "Vision of Mirza;" and to some readers Mr. Pattison's rhapsody may savour somewhat of the element called

"buncombe;" but it has certainly this advantage over the immortal essay of the Right Hon. Joseph Addison, inasmuch as the Pattisonian dream was one that came true, and more than true. The route which he had imagined from the Pacific to the Atlantic was evidently one through the South, by way of Galveston, Texas; and the great Texan line is being actively pushed forward. In a couple of years, they tell me, California may be reached overland without crossing the Rocky Mountains and the Great Alkali Deserts. But Mr. Pattison's vision did not embrace that which has long since become a living and palpable actuality —to wit, the overland route from Omaha to San Francisco by means of the Union Pacific and the Central Pacific Railways.

This, then, was the thing that really fascinated me in the city of whose growth the pioneer editor of the *Arrow* so graphically dreamed. Omaha has become a very bustling, thriving place, with an immense trade in grain and several important manufactures. The Omaha Smelting Works are said to be the largest

in the States; there are several important breweries and distilleries, extensive linseed oil-works, brick yards, stock yards, and pork-packing establishments, and the usual complement of churches, drinking saloons, restaurants, dry goods stores,

Masonic Temples, and debating halls. But all of these sink into insignificance before the "installation" of the Union Pacific Railroad, the vast machine shops, carriage works, and foundries of which occupy at least thirty acres of bottom land, adjoining the Missouri shore; while the offices of the Company are "located" in the disestablished Herndon House. On one memorable February evening did I pay a visit to these offices—totally unlike the premises of any railway company that I had ever seen. The main bureau, an enormous apartment, had been, I conjecture, the dining-hall of the old hotel. Now it was cut up into partitioned-off sections—dry docks, so to speak, of bureaucracy, where scores of clerks, at desks and tables, were scribbling away for dear life. Well, such

MAKING AN INSPECTION.

EXPLORING OLD WORKINGS.

a scene of clerkly activity you might behold at any London terminus—at Euston-square or at King's-cross, at London Bridge, or at Paddington. Precisely so; but you would not see *this* in England, nor in the whole of Europe. From one huge plate-glass window you look down on the grimy buildings of the smelting works. These works are being constantly enlarged in order to keep pace with the rapid increase of business. In the year 1875, the works in Colorado alone reduced $1,650,000 worth of ore and bullion. In 1874 the Omaha works reduced $1,135,000. In 1875 $4,028,314. In 1877 $5,500,000. In the years 1875-6-7 their lead manufacture amounted to 35,262 tons, or 70,354,000 pounds; so that Omaha now produces

about one-sixth of all the lead used in the United States. What a terrific killing power, to be sure, should another war—*absit omen*—ever break out! As for the passage of gold and silver into and through Omaha I learn that last year it amounted to $64,000,000, or two-thirds of the entire precious metal product of the country. Heretofore the lead had all been shipped east; but the new and extensive whitelead works in the city will use a large portion of the metal; and, in the near future, there is no reason why Omaha should not become one of the greatest lead-manufacturing markets in the world. This contingency was omitted from the Pattisonian vision: but have you not often noticed, with respect to prophets, that while their smaller and more detailed vaticinations are rarely realised to the letter, a surprising number of much more important events, which they never mentioned, come to pass? They err in particulars—*humanum est errare*—but in general they are wonderfully borne out by facts. They predict the tumbling down of a cottage, and lo, an earthquake comes and swallows up a whole city.

CORNISHMEN DRIVING A TUNNEL.

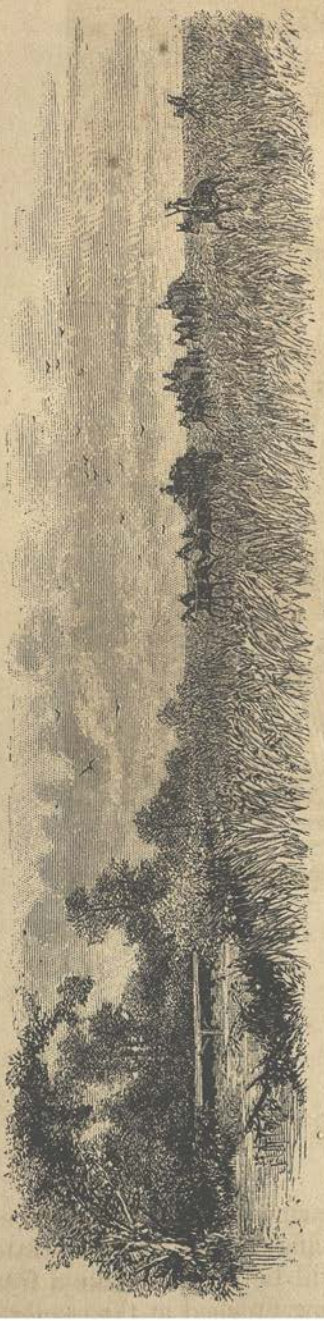
And then I withdrew my gaze from the smelting works, and looked back again into the office full of clerks. No, this could scarcely have been the dining hall of the old Herndon House, for, glancing at a guide book lying open on a table, I read that "the General Offices of the Union Pacific Railroad constitute a new and elegant building, which was completed in 1878, at a cost of $58,453." "The citizens of Omaha," it is added, "are very proud of this fine structure." Be it as it may, there are more things to be admired in the central bureau besides its architectural proportions and its army of diligent quill-drivers. There is something else here, in addition to ledgers and cash books, invoices, and bills of lading, blotting paper, pens and ink. Behold on every side specimens of the *fauna* and *flora* of Nebraska. This is not only the Cereal, but the Garden State of the Union. It boasts fifty-nine species of roses and eleven varieties of violets. There are four species of wild roses, one of

which, the *Rosa blonda*, is so abundant as to become a nuisance, its eradication being difficult from old formerly abandoned fields. There are twenty species of cactus; and I grieve to say that the nightshade family is represented by the Potato-Beetle weed (*Solanum rostratum*), which was introduced from the mountains by "freighters" across the plains. This is the original plant on which the abhorred Colorado beetle was accustomed to feed before the more luscious potato came in its way. On the other hand, three beautiful species of lily grow wild, and the variety

WHEAT HARVEST SCENE, NEBRASKA.

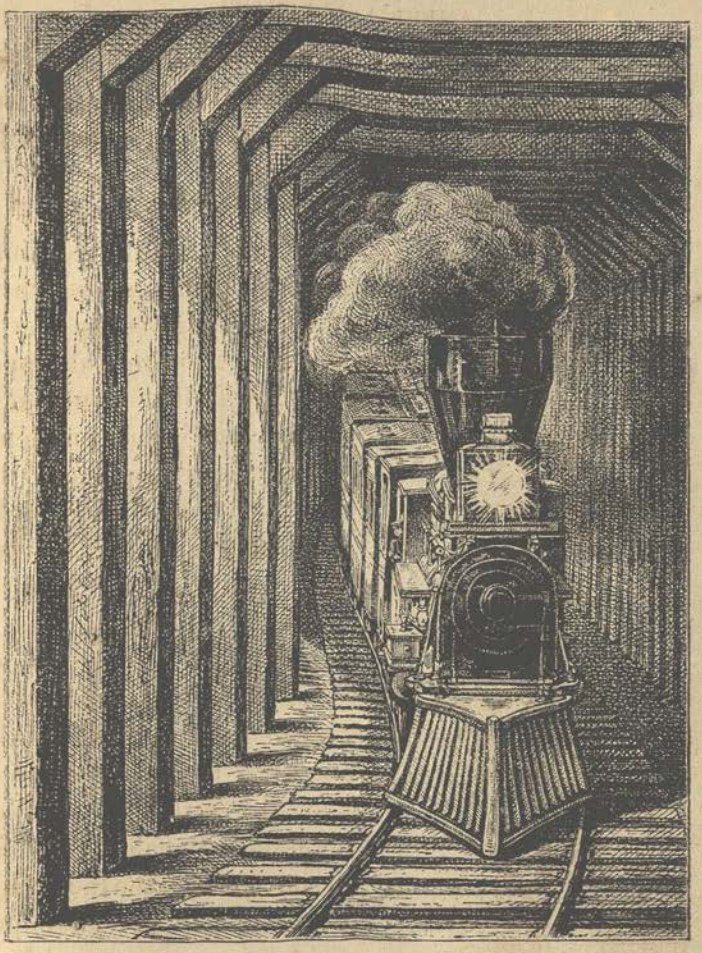
known as Solomon's Seal is almost universal throughout the State. One of the most peculiar of the vegetable species here is the so-called Soap Plant (*Yucca angustifolia*). It contains in its tissues a large amount of alkaline matter, and hence its popular name, it having been largely used by the early pioneers, in the absence of soap, for washing purposes.

As for the *fauna*, my eyes grow dazed as I gaze around at the stuffed specimens which convert the Central Pacific offices into a kind of Museum of Natural History. Huge heads and horns and hairy robes remind me that in Nebraska was once the empire of the buffalo. Of course, strictly scientifically speaking, the



BUFFALO PRAIRIE.

bos Americanus is a bison, and not a buffalo. No true buffalo, I am warned by the learned Professor Aughey, of the University of Nebraska, has ever a hump on his back. But the immense herds of buffaloes which once roamed at large over the State have all but entirely disappeared. What the Indian could not accomplish has been completed by the remorseless war waged by the white man, who has slaughtered the animal, not for food but for sport. Professor Aughey is of opinion that if the race is to be perpetuated it must be by domesticating the buffalo, and that he deserves to be domesticated. Already some tame bisons are to be found among the cattle herds of Western Nebraska. Buffalo robes, in the dressing of which the Indian squaws are very expert, are an important article of commerce; and buffalo's milk is considered a good substitute for that of the domestic cow. Buffalo flesh I have heard disparaged as "poor" meat, coarse and stringy; but I purchased at Ogden, in the territory of Utah, a buffalo tongue, very tender in texture, and delicious in flavour.



RAILWAY SNOW SHED NEAR CHEYENNE.

XXXV.

Still on the Road to Eldorado.

Very Far West, *Feb.* 26.

"Having rested, and visited the principal points of interest in Omaha," I read in Williams's "Pacific Tourist and Illustrated Guide across the Continent," "you will be ready to take a fresh start. Repairing to the new depôt now finished at the corner of North-street, you will find one of the most magnificent trains of

cars made up by any railroad in the United States. Everything connected with them is first-class. Pullman sleeping coaches

are attached to all express trains; and all travellers know how finely these cars are furnished, and how they tend to relieve the wearisome monotony of day after day on the journey from ocean to ocean. At this depôt you will find the waiting-rooms,

baggage-rooms, lunch stands, book and newspaper stalls, together with one of the best kept eating-houses in the country. There are gentlemanly attendants at all these places, ready to give you all information. If you have a little time, step into the Union Pacific Land office, and see some of the productions of this prolific Western soil. If you have come from the East, it has been a slightly up-hill journey all the way; and you are now at an elevation of 968 feet above the sea. If the weather be pleasant you may already begin to feel the exhilarating effect of Western breezes and a comparatively dry atmosphere. With books and papers to while away your leisure hours"—which are the hours that are not leisure ones, O Williams?—"you are finally ready for the start. The bell rings, the whistle shrieks, and off you go."

These, in a general sense, are the words of truth; but there are sundry particulars to be attended to before beginning a trans-continental trip which may have escaped the lofty purview of Williams. I had found time to step into the Land office of the Union Pacific Company. I had seen all the "productions of the prolific Western soil," including several specimens of auriferous quartz, argentiferous ore, cinnabar ponderous with quicksilver, buffalo skulls, elk horns, and a gigantic eagle, with outspread wings and menacing beak, stuffed, which Imperial bird I believe to have been the identical "bird o' freedom saurin" so frequently alluded to in the "Biglow Papers." The hour which I spent in the Union Pacific Land offices finally confirmed me in a long secretly nourished but wavering purpose. The time at my disposal in the States was wofully short. February was rapidly waning. Early in the Ides of March I was due in New York, fifteen hundred miles away; and on the 15th of the gusty month I was due, by arrangement long since made, in London. But here I was on the threshold of the Promised Land—at the Eastern terminus of the road to Eldorado. There was a Chance before me; and in all human probability I should never have such a Chance again. I would steal three weeks, I thought, looking wistfully into my wallet to see how many fifty dollar bills remained there. I would adventure on a journey two thousand miles further west. I would have a peep at California. Ten days on the rail, a week at 'Frisco, three days for divagations to Salt Lake and Denver City. The thing could be done in three weeks. So I wavered no more, but began to see about the provand.

And that "provand," so often and so affectionately dwelt upon by Mr. Ford in his hand-book of Spain, is, I assure you, a matter of the deepest consideration when you undertake an overland journey from Omaha to San Francisco. The Pullman hotel cars go no further than Council Bluffs; and after that you are at the mercy of the wayside refreshment stations. The *cuisine*, I was told, is at some of these establishments tolerable. In the territory of Wyoming, for instance, the name of Kitchen is great as caterers. Union Pacific passengers going East stop for dinner at Evanston, Wyoming, where, so the advertisement assures you, "you may rely on getting mountain trout;" but, adds the diplomatic announcement, "that you may not be disappointed about trout, inquire at the office as you go in." This seems to be conceived somewhat in the spirit of that piece of advice about "first catching your hare," which Mrs. Hannah Glasse did *not* proffer to her readers. Another Kitchen, hailing from the Desert House, Green River, Wyoming, issues an advertisement of a somewhat enigmatical nature. "Passenger trains," writes the Boniface of Green River, "going East stop here (breakfast), Trains going West ditto (supper). Chickens have not been known to cackle in hundreds of miles from this house since Eve plucked the apple; nor a cow to bellow in this vicinity since Adam was a little boy. Did you ever get a square meal at an hotel where they offer to feed you with all the market affords? Advertising is cheap, but good living costs money.—Truly yours, C. W. Kitchen." I can but regard this communication as a disquieting one to hungry folks. The "Desert House" has an unpromising sound to begin with; and if chickens do not cackle nor cows low in the vicinity of C. W. Kitchen's establishment, how do the travelling public stand in the matter of poultry, eggs, and milk?

In any case, I was warned to provide a commissariat of our own after leaving Omaha; and it was strongly hinted that a well-furnished luncheon basket would be about the best friend that we could have during our four and a half days' journey to 'Frisco. We took the warning, and profited by the hint; only in lieu of a wicker-basket we bought a stout canvas valise, with strong leather straps; this we bottomed with a half-a-dozen bottles of Extra Dry Verzenay, and over this, on the composition of a "sea-pie" principle, we carefully deposited successive layers of boned turkey and ham in tins, Huntley and Palmer's biscuits, sardines and anchovies, a pot of French

mustard, a bottle of Crosse and Blackwell's "chow-chow," and a quart flask of Eau de Cologne. Never omit the Eau de Cologne; and never mind how much you have to pay for genuine Jean Marie Farina. Frequently during our journey the water in the toilet rooms on board the car was frozen, and washing was an impossibility. In such a conjuncture the outward application of Jean Marie Farina to your temples, your wrists, and behind your ears, is the sweetest of boons. We may be good and happy, I am aware, without washing—the saintly anchorites of the Thebaid taught us that long ago; but that was in the days before Brown Windsor Soap and Bully's *Vinaigre de Toilette*. And there are other things besides water which you may use for lavatory purposes. Mohammedans praying in the desert are said to perform their ablutions with sand. I told you just now of the Soap Plant, which stood the pioneer laundresses in such good stead; and every lady knows that when soap and water are not procurable a gentle lubrication of the skin with cold cream and a skilful top-dressing of violet powder will result in a very presentable facial appearance. Did you ever wash your face and hands with a wax candle? I did once, acting under the advice of an eminent diplomatist, in a railway carriage, in Spain. It was early one morning in the depth of winter, between Alhama de Aragon and Zaragoza. Time pressed, the water was frozen, there was no soap, and I was invited to breakfast with a Great Personage. The wax-candle—it was a "short six"—did wonders, and I emerged from my toilet spruce, ornate, but somewhat shiny, and perhaps to a certain extent ghastly in mien.

Sardines, boned turkey, and other pretty little tiny kickshaws in the preserved provision line, are all very well in their way; still, it is clear that for a two thousand miles' journey something more substantial—something of the nature of a *pièce de résistance*—is required. So, at the buffet at Omaha I bought half a cold roast turkey. This generous bird fed us for two whole days. At Ogden, which is virtually the half-way house on the overland route, I laid in the buffalo tongue of which I spoke anon; and these, with the kickshaws in tins, enabled us to fare regally all the way to Sacramento. Save at that city, where there is a capital restaurant kept by a German, and where we breakfasted early in the morning of our last day's journeying, we never entered a refreshment house; breakfasting, dining, and supping in plenty and comfort in our cosy drawing-

room on board the car : thus avoiding innumerable contingencies of bad cooking, colds in the head, and that general friction of discomfort which is so terribly trying to the temper. Apples, oranges, and chocolate lozenges, are always obtainable on board; so we never lacked dessert. We had had the foresight to provide ourselves with two jugs of white stoneware—I observe

OGDEN AND THE WAHSATCH RANGE.

that Mr. Richard Grant White, in a recent number of the "Atlantic Monthly," reproaches English people for miscalling "a pitcher," "a jug;" as though a pitcher were not one thing and a jug another, and as though Englishmen were not perfectly able to discriminate between the two; *e.g.*, the water-pitcher goes to the well, the milk-jug remains on the breakfast table—and in these jugs our civil, patient, and smiling negro servant brought us, morning and evening, hot coffee and milk.

OGDEN RIVER.

The charge for either was a "quarter," or twenty-five cents (a shilling) a pint. When our dark retainer was unable to obtain hot milk, the engine-driver was so obliging as to warm the fluid under the boiler of the locomotive.

What more could you want? Bread? The African retainer was periodically "on hand" with loaves of the peculiarly light,

porous bread which the Americans affect for domestic use, and which, to my taste, is extremely palatable when new, but which becomes dry, crumby, and flavourless when it is more than a day old; or, better still, with hot rolls made of exquisitely white and fine flour, rivalling in sweetness and purity the famous *trigo* of the Asturias. Butter? Well; we brought half-a-pound of the "best fresh" with us from Omaha; but this "giving out," or becoming exhausted, at Ogden, we were content with a replenishment of "Oleomargerine," or some other substitute for the genuine article. Perhaps it was a preparation of animal fat. What does that matter? The weather was excruciatingly cold, and Sir Henry Thompson will tell you that it is good to eat adipose matter in high latitudes. As for tea, we had none of it, nor wanted any. Cold tea may be a highly-refreshing beverage to stockmen riding through the Australian bush, or "T. G.'s" hunting buffaloes—where there are any buffaloes left to hunt—on the prairies; but tea on board a railway car is simply a mockery, a delusion, and a snare. To begin with, your nerves are in a continuous state of jarring tension from the jolting of the train. Why aggravate nervous disturbance by uncalled-for potations of Flowery Pekoe or Young Hyson?

This account of the "provand"—which is drawn up simply for the benefit of future travellers overland—would be incomplete without the mention that our Ethiopian *valet de chambre* was always ready to lend us a couple of clean towels to serve as tablecloths; that for thirty cents we purchased a "remnant" of checked muslin, which tore up very neatly to serve as table napkins; that two plates—they were part of a "spoiled" batch of English crockery ware—only cost us seven cents; that two fine cast-iron knives and two forks—the latter good old-fashioned "prongs"—only cost seventy-five cents; that at one wayside station we secured what the vendor called a "chunk" of salt for ten cents; and that, finally, for the sum of four cents, or two pence, we became possessors of that which afterwards proved to be a priceless auxiliary, to wit, a tin pot, with a handle, and holding about three-quarters of a pint. We took some drinking-glasses with us; but they soon got broken. The trusty tin pot defied wind, weather, and the concussions of locomotion; it held coffee, champagne, shaving water, grog. It was ready for any emergency. The emigrant, the pioneer, the tourist, the soldier, the sailor, ay, even the convict's friend—what praise can be too high for the homely tin pot?

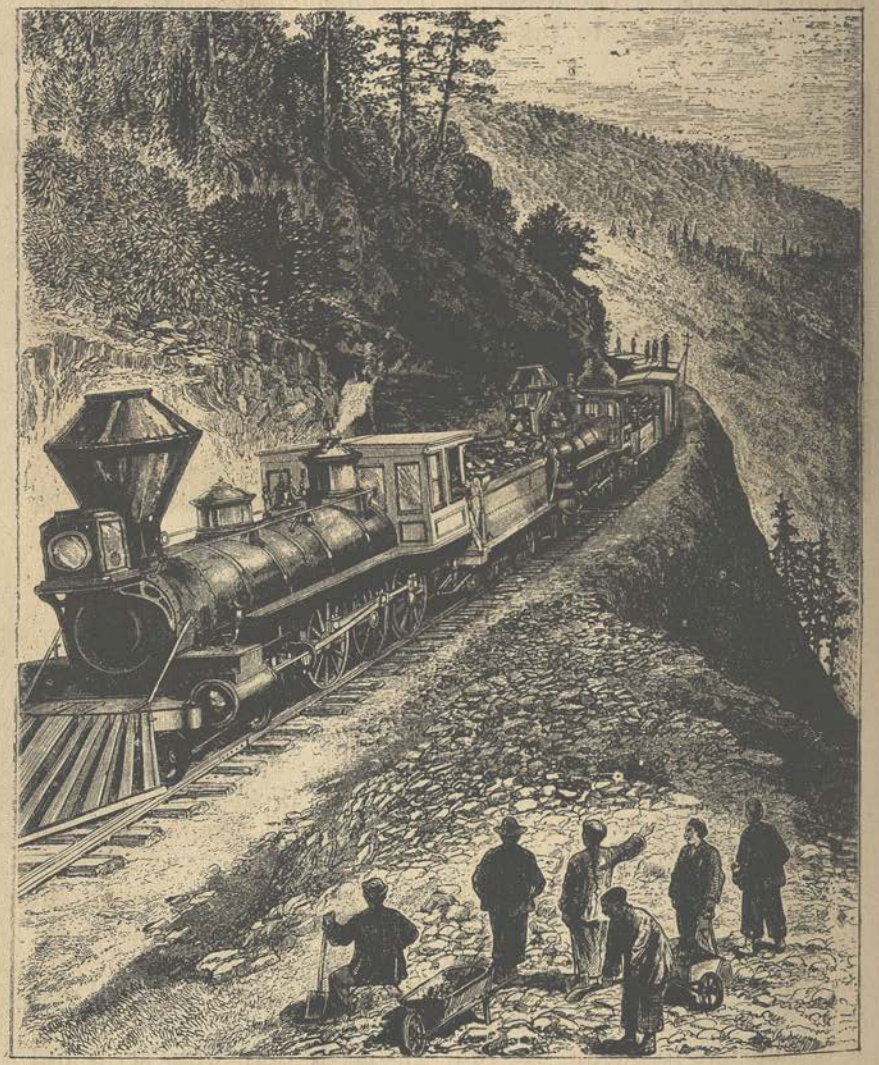
COALING AT WINNEMUCCA.

XXXVI.

At Last.

San Francisco, California, *March* 1.

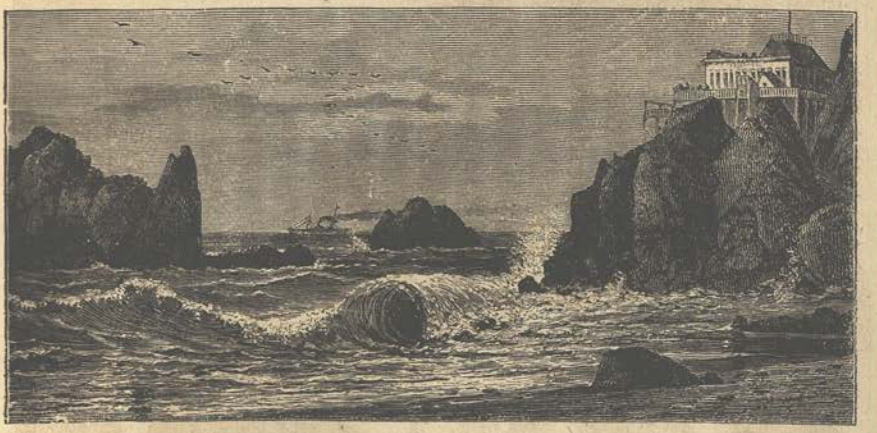
At last! Yes; at last the weary four and a half days' pilgrimage from Omaha has come to an end; the Rockies, the Alkalis, the Sierras Nevadas have been crossed; and I am in the City of the Golden Gate. Pardon my enthusiasm. I have just had a bath, and have assumed what Artemus Ward used to call "a clean biled rag." Under those circumstances a traveller has a right to feel exhilarated; and there is perhaps only one stage in life's journey at which you do not feel joyful and grateful for a bath and clean linen after long deprivation from both. That must be when you alight from the Black Maria, at the portals of a convict prison, and begin a term of penal servitude by being washed and reclothed all over.



THE PACIFIC EXPRESS ROUNDING CAPE HORN.

A man can never tell to what he may eventually come. His main business is to be grateful for present mercies, and humbly to hope for their continuance. For the present, I am located at the Palace Hotel, San Francisco. The chief clerk, Mr. George H. Smith, whom a quarter of an hour since I did not know from Adam, has received me like a brother, and assigned me a suite of apartments comprising four rooms, fourteen windows, and

seventeen doors.* The lessee of the Palace, Mr. A. D. Sharon, proposes, to-morrow, to take us out for a drive to see the Cliff



THE CLIFFS, SAN FRANCISCO.

Rock, the Sea Lions, the Pillars of the Golden Gate, and the Pacific Ocean. Ex-Senator Eugene Cassidy has just called to offer me the courtesies of the Pacific Club. Similar politeness has been extended to me by the Union and the Bohemian Clubs. The two leading photographers, Messrs. Taber and Messrs. Bradley and Rulofson, have left their cards, and hope that I am coming soon; and I have a box for the Bush-street Theatre to-night, where I hope to witness the six thousand and first performance of Mr. E. A. Sothern.

I have seen my old friend the accomplished comedian in question,† and he showed me a telegram sent him this morning by Mr. John Hollingshead, of the Gaiety Theatre, London, only six thousand five hundred miles away. The world, you will discover is not such a very large place, after all; if you will only have the nerve to buckle on your girdle, take up your scrip and

* The lessee of the Palace Hotel positively refused to take any kind of payment from us when I went away; and unless I had imitated the example of the good St. Nicholas, and had flung a bag full of gold five dollar pieces at the clerk's head (which would have been discourteous as well as foolish), I could not possibly have enriched the exchequer of the Palace Hotel, San Francisco.

† Alas! poor Edward Askew Sothern. The last time that I saw him was in a private box at the Princess's Theatre, London, on the occasion of Mr. Edwin Booth's first appearance in London as Hamlet. That night at the Princess's poor dear Sothern looked what the old hospital nurses used to call "marked for death." A few days afterwards he was dead.

AN EVENING AT THE BOHEMIAN CLUB.

staff, and tramp to the uttermost mundane corners. I feel a call within me to travel to Honolulu, to Fiji, to Corea, to the Yang-tse-Kiang, or to the Straits of Malacca. Acapulco in Mexico! British Columbia! Bah! they are only a few "blocks" distant. Pardon my enthusiasm, I repeat. The warm bath and the clean linen must be the cause of all this. A healthy hunger may have something to do with it, too. It was only seven this morning when we breakfasted at Sacramento City, the capital of the State of California. Our appetite has sharpened since then. I have been introduced to M. Harder, the renowned *chef* of the Palace Hotel, a past master of Delmonico's and the defunct Maison Dorée at New York, and who receives, they tell me, a salary of $5,000 a year at 'Frisco. M. Harder promises a succulent *déjeûner à la fourchette*. He speaks of fresh green peas and strawberries and cream, spring lamb, asparagus, and quails on this the first of March. Remarkable City of El Dorado! Beneficent *chef!*

No; the world is not so very large, after all. That is a verity—or a seeming verity—forced upon you as you grow older. "*Comme on se rencontre!*" a vivacious French baron observed to me when I met him two or three years since, valorously backing the red at Monte Carlo. I had met him at divers times

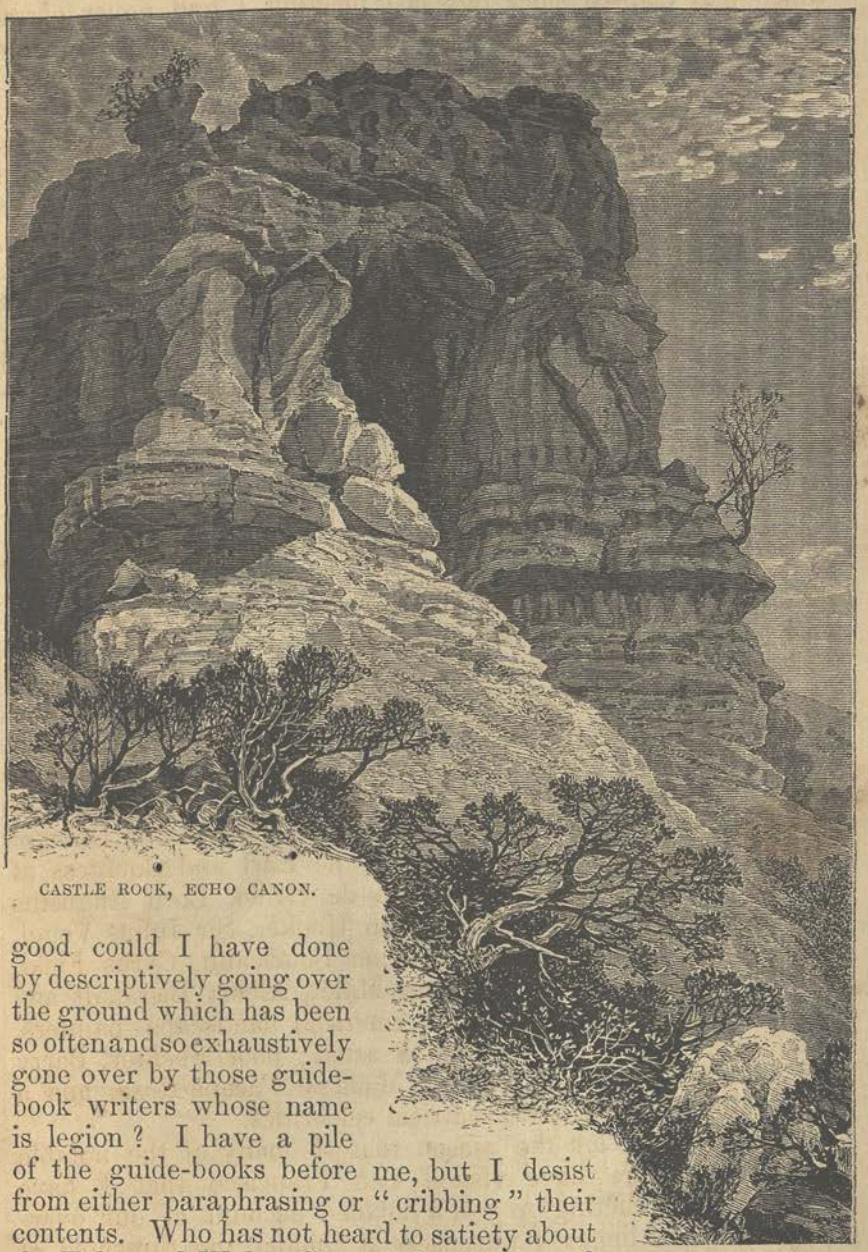
during a quarter of a century at St. Petersburg, in London, at Brighton, in Paris, at Madrid, at Algiers, at Hombourg, at Rome, at Vienna, at Constantinople; now promoting a railway, now negotiating for a tobacco concession, now managing a *bierhalle*, now giving morning concerts, now "running" a laundry, and now backing the red—sometimes ablaze in gold and diamonds, and with the shiniest of boots; sometimes closely buttoned up, and very white at the coat-seams, *et portant un pantalon dont les genoux montraient la corde*, but always vivacious. "*Comme on se rencontre!*" I should not be in the least surprised were I to meet that indomitable Baron B——, this afternoon in Montgomery-street, San Francisco. I should not be in the least astonished were he to tell me that he had made half a million dollars by judicious speculations in the Great Hoodlum Gold Mining Stock, and that he was inhabiting a palatial mansion on "Nob Hill," the popular name for the Belgravia of the Golden City; nor, again, would it amaze me to learn that he had lost every cent by imprudent operation in the Great Bogus Bonanza Salted Diamond Field Enterprise, and that he had become a "lame duck" hanging about "Paupers'-row"—the Californian equivalent for the purlieus of our Capel-court. Are you old enough to remember the "stags" of the railway mania of 1845? There are whole herds of them, harts of grease and stags of ten tyne, disconsolately shambling about the coverts of "Paupers'-row."

Comme on se rencontre! In the year of revolutions 1848 I was editing in London a little weekly periodical published in the Strand. My esteemed proprietor had a craze about a flying-machine which he had invented, and in 1849 he set sail for California to seek his fortune and further the interests of aërial navigation, leaving me the little periodical as an ante-mortem legacy. Thirty-one years afterwards I find him in San Francisco a prosperous gentleman of seventy-five, the proprietor of a weekly paper which has somewhat of the semblance of the tiny sheet which I used to edit when I was a boy; but a periodical grown fat and shiny, and saving a balance at its banker's. We had never a balance at ours; no, not a dime. My esteemed proprietor knows little about the United States usually so termed. He has only been once to New York. But he is "posted up" in the latest London politics and the latest London gossip, and he still believes in the practicability of the flying-machine. I may add that during the three decades

which had elapsed since our last meeting, I had never corresponded with and had indeed rarely heard of him. I remembered him as a man of great mental resources and presence of mind under difficulties:—at which times he would invariably recommend a glass of dry sherry. I walked into his office just now, and found him reading the last number of the "Nineteenth Century." "Ah!" he remarked, "you've come at last, have you? Everybody turns up here. They're bound to do it. And I'll tell you what; just write me a ten line paragraph about Parnell's speech at Chicago, and then we'll have a comfortable glass of dry sherry." The sherry was very dry; but I think there was some moisture in our eyes when we touched glasses, and drank to Queen and Country. So long ago—so far away from the Strand, W.C.; and yet it is not such a large world after all.

Not so large, you would agree with me, were you to turn over Messrs. Bradley and Rulofson's photographic album, and glance at the portraits of the celebrities who have passed through 'Frisco or who have made their fortunes here. Leland Stanford, Milton Latham, Jay Gould, Huntington, Sidney Dillon, James R. Keene, Sam Ward, Whitelaw Reid, Mackey, Fair, Flood, O'Brien: those are names more familiar to American than to English ears—names of power, names of purpose, representing untold millions of dollars; but after these the cosmopolitan traveller will turn with quickened interest to the effigies of Dom Pedro, Emperor of Brazil, Kalakua, King of Hawaii, Queen Emma of the Sandwich Islands, the Duke of Genoa, the Duke of Manchester, the Duke of Penthièvre, the Earl and Countess of Dufferin, Ristori and the Marchese de Grillo, Lord Augustus Loftus, Sir Harry Parkes, Sir Joseph Hooker, Sir Julius Vogel, Lady Sykes, Professor Agassiz, Dion Boucicault, Cyrus Field, Bret Harte, Mark Twain, Joaquin Miller, Albert Bierstadt and William Bradford, the famous American landscape painters, Félix Regamey, the noted French artist; poor Fechter, Barry Sullivan, Madame Anna Bishop, Madame Parepa-Rosa, and a whole host of musical and theatrical celebrities.

It is precisely for the reason that so many of the notable people of the age have visited San Francisco that I have refrained from inflicting on you a detailed account of our overland journey. I lingered purposely at Omaha, the threshold of my voyage, because I regarded it as the typical Western town—the keynote of a stupendous Song of Civilisation. But what

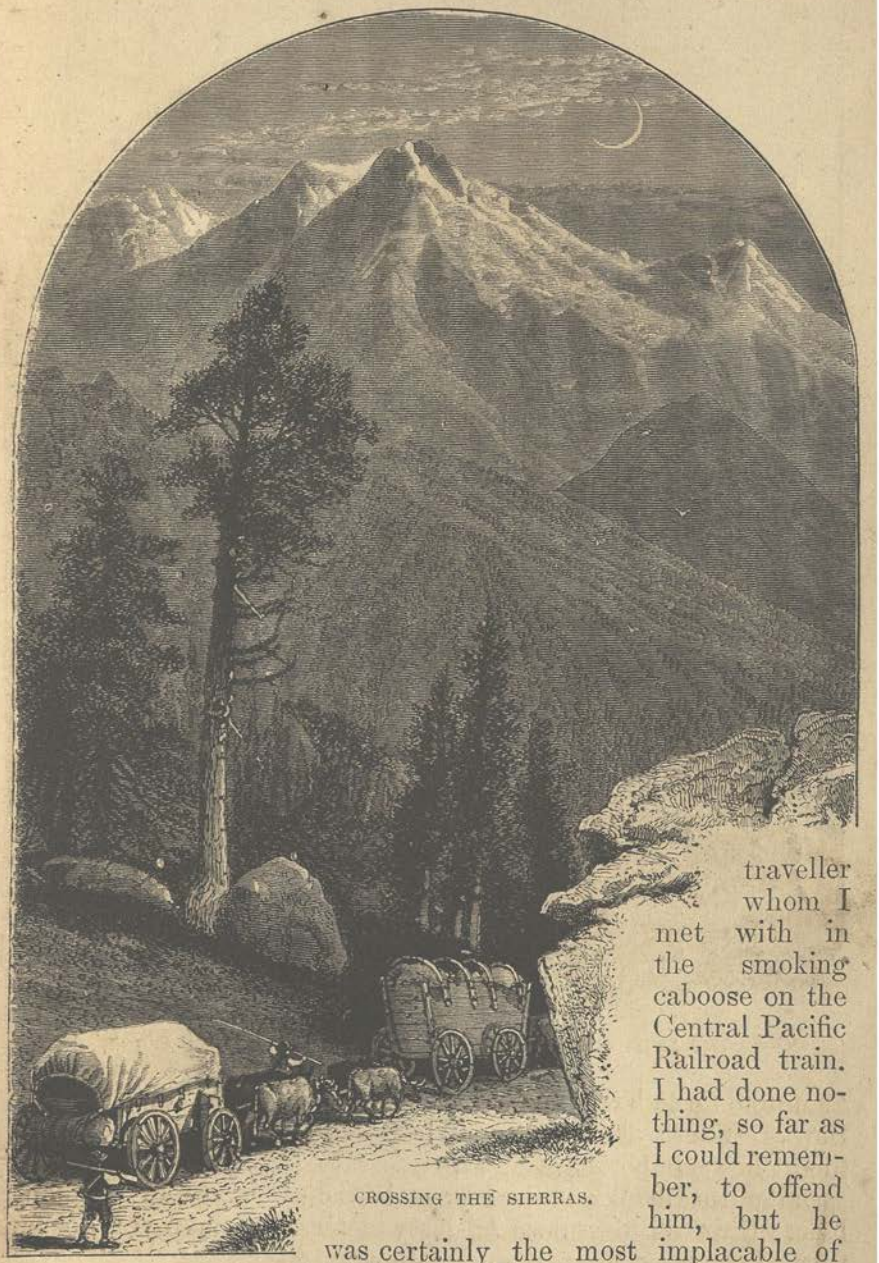


CASTLE ROCK, ECHO CANON.

good could I have done by descriptively going over the ground which has been so often and so exhaustively gone over by those guide-book writers whose name is legion? I have a pile of the guide-books before me, but I desist from either paraphrasing or "cribbing" their contents. Who has not heard to satiety about the Echo and Weber Cañons, the Castle and Pulpit Rocks—where Brigham Young preached a sermon to the faithful when leading them into the promised land—the

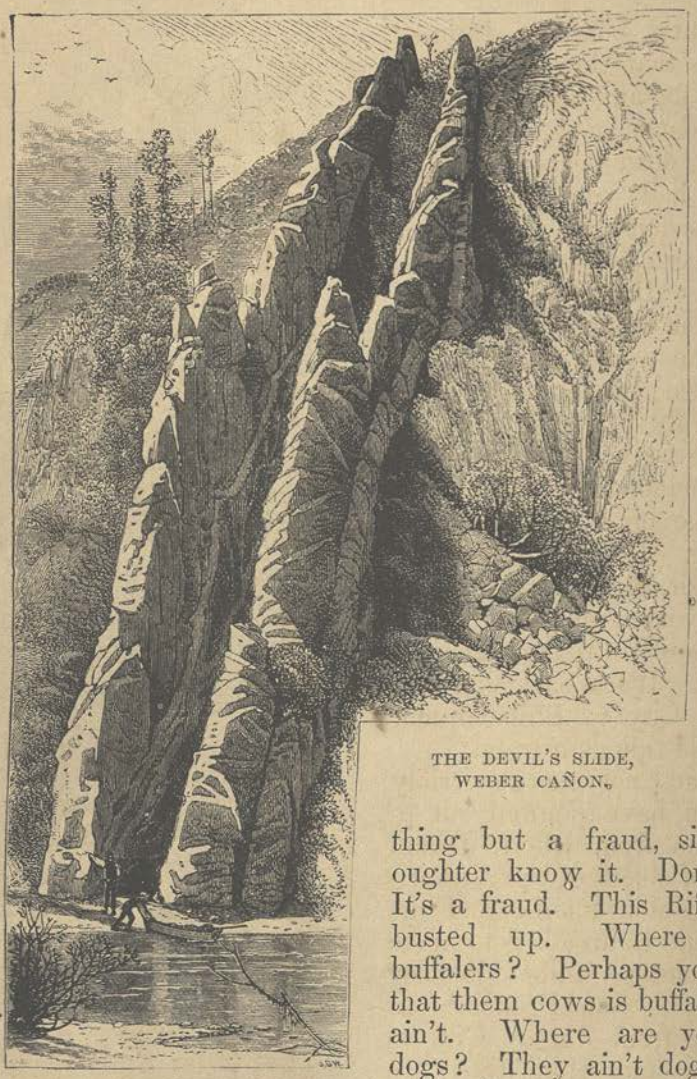
THE PULPIT ROCK, ECHO CAÑON.

Thousand Mile Tree, and the Devil's Slide? Is there anything new to be indited respecting the Divide and the Sierras Nevadas? I am again all the more strongly deterred from wearying you with an attempt at description of the scenery through which we passed, in consequence of a bitter personal attack made upon me by a fellow-



CROSSING THE SIERRAS.

traveller whom I met with in the smoking caboose on the Central Pacific Railroad train. I had done nothing, so far as I could remember, to offend him, but he was certainly the most implacable of tourists that I ever came across. He informed me that he came from Rhode Island, and he wore a



THE DEVIL'S SLIDE, WEBER CAÑON.

plaid Ulster and a Glengarry bonnet. He was altogether an ambiguous man. "What I say I mean," he would remark, bending, I know not why, his beetling brows on me. "There ain't no bottling up of things about me. This overland journey's a fraud, nothing but a fraud, sir, and you oughter know it. Don't tell me. It's a fraud. This Riñg must be busted up. Where are your buffalers? Perhaps you'll tell me that them cows is buffalers. They ain't. Where are your prairie dogs? They ain't dogs, to begin with; they're squirrels. Ain't you ashamed to call the mean little cusses dogs? But where are they? There ain't none. Where are your grizzlies? You might have imported a few grizzlies to keep up the name of your railroad. Where are your herds of antelopes scudding before the advancing train? Nary an antelope have you got fur to scud. Rocky Mountains, sir! they ain't rocky at all. They're as flat as my hand. Where are your savage gorges? I can't see none. Where are your wild Injuns? Do you call them loafing

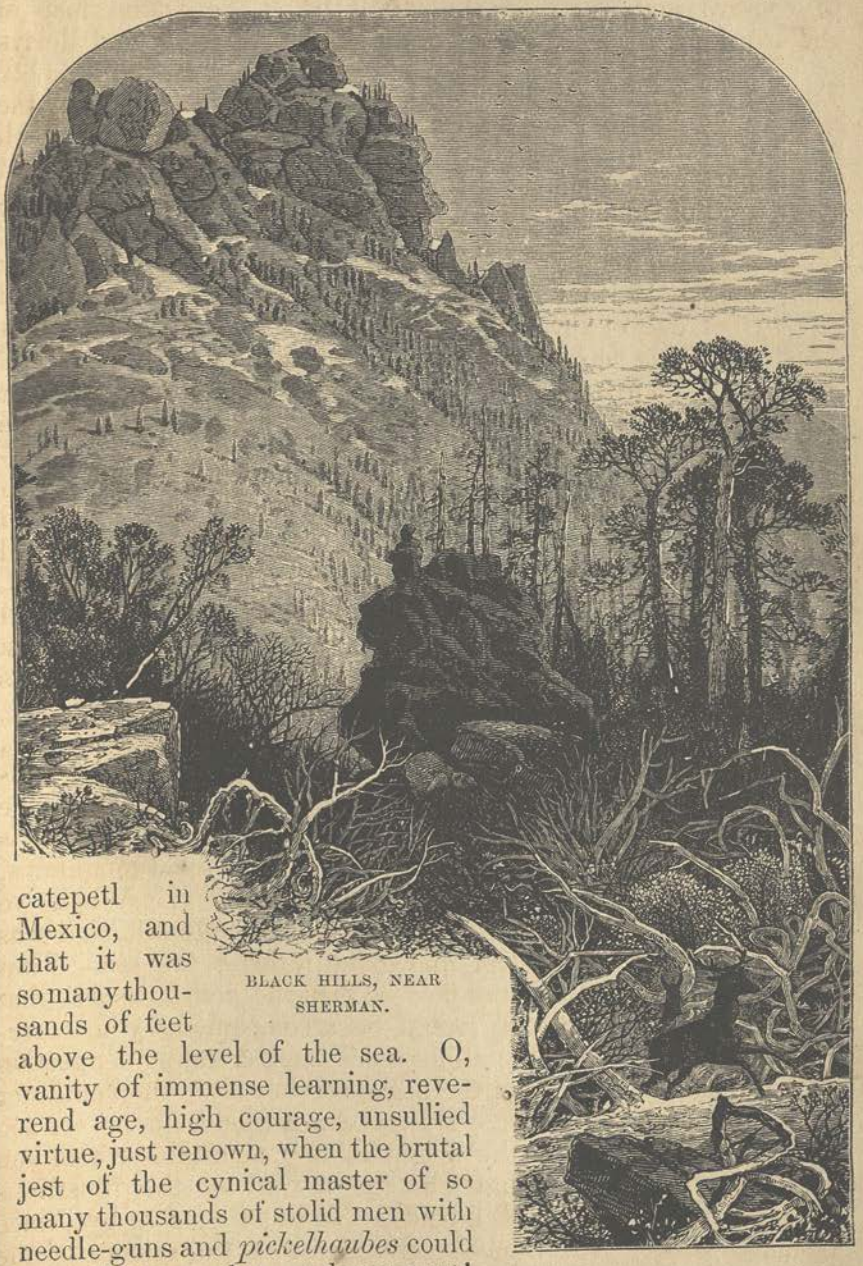
tramps in dirty blankets Injuns? My belief is that they're greasers looking out for an engagement as song and dance men. They're 'beats,' sir, 'dead beats;' they're 'pudcocks,' and you oughter be told so." I didn't know it; nor could I discern why I ought to be told so. But there was no pacifying the implacable man. Sometimes he would confront me with an open guide book, and, pointing sternly to a page, would say, "Where are your coyotes, sir? I'll trouble you for a pack of wolves as makes the night hideous with their howling. Did anything howl last night, sir, except the wind? Where are your pumas and your cougars? Show 'em to me. There's nothing in it. It's as easy as going from Jersey City to Philadelphia, and the whole thing's a fraud."

I might, had I not been so terribly afraid of him, have pointed out to the irate man from Rhode Island that the chief object of the authorities of the Union Pacific and the Central Pacific Railroads is to make the two thousand miles journey from Omaha to San Francisco as easy as one from Jersey City to Philadelphia, and that they are seconded in their efforts by the Pullman Palace Car Company, which run as far as Ogden: from which point sleeping accommodation is provided by the Central Pacific in their own Silver Palace cars. I might have pointed out to the angry man in the Ulster that there was a substantial guarantee

VIEW OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS RANGE.

of comfort and safety in the words which head the map of the overland route: "Avoid the sickness, dangers, and delays of the Panama Route. Secure speed, comfort, and safety by taking the Union and Central Pacific lines, which run the Miller Platform and the Westinghouse patent air-brake, which gives the engineer instant control of the train, and is the most perfect protection against accidents ever invented." This is explicit enough, and the promise is borne out by the performance; but had I submitted the statement to the infuriated remonstrant from Rhodę Island he might have opined that I was an interested employé of one of the railway companies. As it was, I cannot avoid a lurking suspicion that I was taken for a professional writer of or canvasser for overland guide-books; and thus he made me responsible for the somewhat glowing accounts of signs and wonders on the way with which the pages of those vade-mecums are embellished. I am bound to confess, for my own part, that in the course of our four and a half days' travel I did not see any buffaloes, nor any ground squirrels, misnamed "prairie dogs," nor any grizzly or cinnamon bears, any coyotes, nor any pumas, nor any bounding herds of antelopes. The Earl of Dunraven, no doubt, has beheld all these creatures, and many more; but then his lordship goes far afield, and when he comes to the West plunges into regions remote from the railway track.

When we crossed the Great Divide I was happily asleep. So have I crossed, mainly in a slumbering condition, the Simplon and the St. Gothard, the Semmering and the Splügen, the Brenner and Mont Cenis, over and over again. My business is with men and cities, and I have a horror of snow-clad mountains, save in the pictures of Mr. William Beverley. When we were at Sherman, the highest point of the Rocky Mountains, I was told that we were 8240 feet above the level of the sea. That geographical fact struck me far less than the consciousness that such an immense altitude would be accompanied by a corresponding rarefaction of the atmosphere; and, dreading congestion of the lungs, I hastily bade the negro servitor close the ventilator of our boudoir on wheels. My travelling friend, do not be too hasty in bragging about the height of the mountains which you may have climbed. What was the reward of the illustrious traveller Alexander von Humboldt? To be sneered at by Prince Bismarck as an old nuisance, pottering about the saloons of the Royal Palace at Berlin and wearying his Prussian Majesty's guests with the intolerable iteration that he had ascended Popo-



BLACK HILLS, NEAR SHERMAN.

catepetl in Mexico, and that it was so many thousands of feet above the level of the sea. O, vanity of immense learning, reverend age, high courage, unsullied virtue, just renown, when the brutal jest of the cynical master of so many thousands of stolid men with needle-guns and *pickelhaubes* could turn all into mockery and contempt!

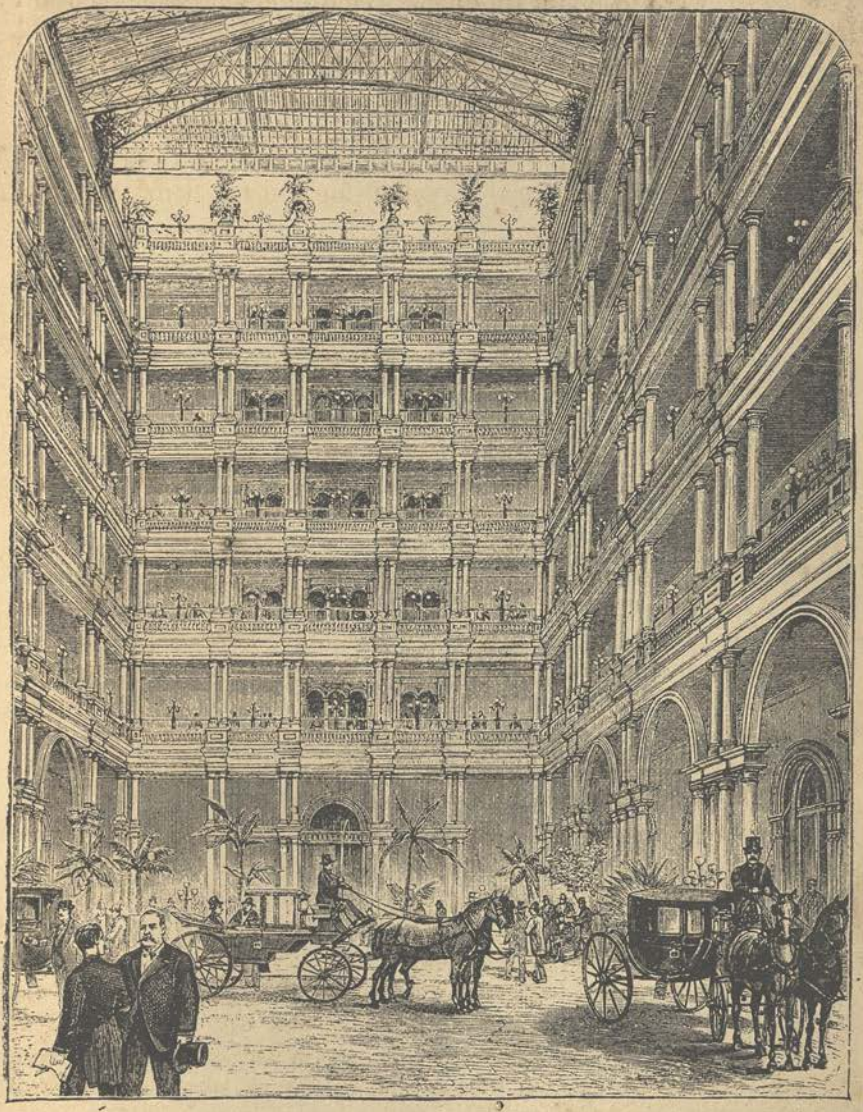
The sights we saw during our passage of the snow-clad

"Rockies" were no doubt sublime. What eloquent pages a John Ruskin, a Matthew Arnold might have indited about them! But there are irreverent as well as reverent, and unobservant as well as observant minds in the matter of mountainous scenery, as in everything else. The highest flight of poetry which I heard attempted between Ogden and Sacramento was on the part of a commercial traveller for a drug firm, who was never tired of singing:

Beautiful Snow!
Beautiful Snow!
Be-e-e-e-autiful Sno-o-o-w!
How I'd like to have a revolver, and go
For the Beast that wrote about "Beautiful Snow!"

The most candid among the prose commentaries which reached my ears was from a young man hailing from Brattleborough, in the State of Vermont. He looked from the window on to the immeasurable expanse of snowy plain and snowy mountain, and ejaculated, "*Well, this is a H— of a country, anyway.*" My own opinion on the subject I shall reserve for some occasion when I do not run the risk of being classed with that most intolerable of nuisances, the Rocky Mountain bore.

Meanwhile, I have been puzzling myself in my many-windowed and many-doored rooms at the Palace Hotel to convey to English stay-at-home readers some dim idea of what San Francisco is structurally and socially like. In the merest cut-and-dried parlance I may tell you that the chief city of California and commercial metropolis of the Pacific Coast is situated at the northern extremity of a peninsula which is thirty miles long and eight miles broad, and which separates the Bay of San Francisco from the Pacific Ocean. The city stands on the eastern or inner slope of the peninsula, at the base of a range of high hills of the most romantic form. Thirty-five years ago these hills were steep and cut up into numerous gullies, and the low ground at their base was narrow, save in what is now the southern portion of the city, where there was a succession of narrow ridges of loose, barren sand, impassable for loaded waggons. The sand-ridges have been levelled, the gullies and hollows filled up, and the hills in part cut down; and where large ships rode at anchor in 1849 there are now handsome, populous and well-paved streets. The first house was built in 1833, when the village was named Yerba Buena, meaning in Spanish "good herb," from some medicinal plant discovered in the vicinity of the



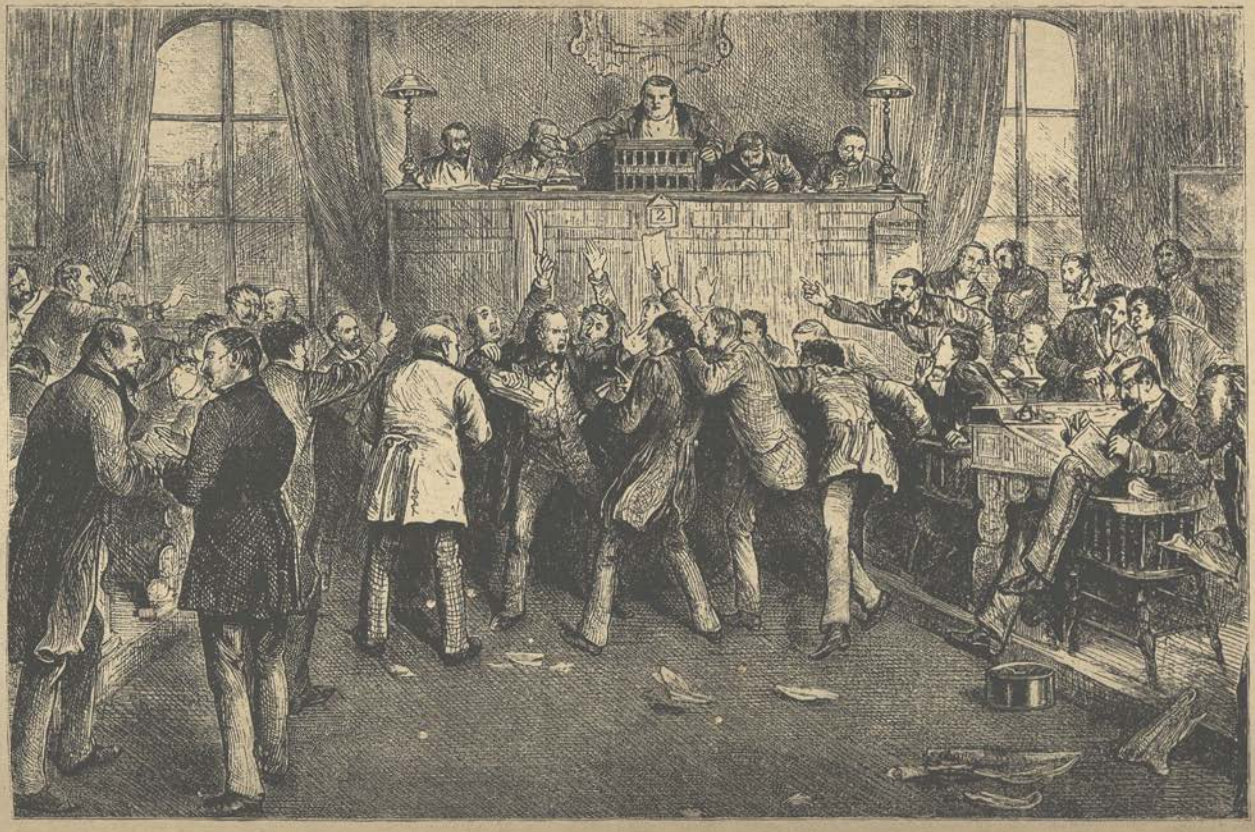
THE COURTYARD OF THE PALACE HOTEL, SAN FRANCISCO.

missionaries. In 1847 the Yerba Buena was changed to San Francisco, and in 1848, when gold was first discovered in California, the population had increased to one thousand souls. The influx from the East then commenced; and in 1850 the population was computed at 20,000. In 1878 it exceeded

300,000. Take breath a little. The commerce of San Francisco is immense. The chief articles of export are the precious metals, breadstuffs, wine, and wool; and of import, lumber, coal, coffee, rice, tea, sugar, salts, and every conceivable article of European luxury. The manufactures are important, including woollen and silk mills, and manufactories of watches, carriages, boots, and shoes, furniture, candles, acids, wire-work, iron and brass castings, silver ware, colossal fortunes, illimitable speculations, and sand-lot agitators. A truly wonderful city.

San Francisco is more regularly paved than Chicago, that last-named city resembling in one respect a Young Giant, splendidly attired, and wearing a very towering hat—that is the mansard roof with which he so much delights to crown his mansions—but who has not yet got his boots on, in the way of uniformly flagged granite side-walks. The roadways of 'Frisco are generally paved with Belgian blocks or cobble stones. There is the usual system of horse cars intersecting the city in every direction, and to some of these cars are appended curious canopied platforms on wheels, on which the surplus passengers find accommodation, and which are known as "dummies." A Chinaman, puzzled to discover the whereabouts of the motive power for these abnormal vehicles, thus described them: "No pushee, no pullee, go like hellee." The leading thoroughfare and most fashionable promenade in the city is Montgomery-street, which, at its northern extremity, extends to a hill so precipitous as to be inaccessible to wheeled carriages. There is a flight of steps, however, for pedestrians, and the summit affords a magnificent view of the city and bay. Market-street is the main business thoroughfare and the "Great Divide" of San Francisco; and in Market-street are some of the leading hotels and the finest retail stores, while Kearney-street is also a fashionable promenade. In California-street are situated the principal banks and insurance offices, and the offices of the jobbers and importers are mostly in Front, Sansome, and Battery streets. In Dupont-street there is a "Hammam," or Turkish bath, built by Senator Jones, at a cost of two hundred thousand dollars, and the luxurious appointments of which are fully in keeping with this more than Oriental city.

The junction of Montgomery and California streets is the great resort of the stock gamblers. All kinds and conditions of men, in all sorts of attire, from the zenith of splendour to the nadir of squalor, may be seen there between nine in the morning



A PANIC AT THE SAN FRANCISCO STOCK EXCHANGE.

P. 445.

and six in the evening, hovering about the "quotations" displayed on the bulletin-boards of the brokers, and gabbling about mines and "speculation centres" in mining shares. So rapid are the transitions of life in California, so continual is the shifting of the social scenery, and so soon does that which was brand-new the day before yesterday become antiquated and obsolete, that a few brief excerpts from the terminology of the old "diggins" may not be uninteresting. What do you think of Jim Crow Cañon, Red Dog, Jackass Gulch, Loafers' Hill, Rattlesnake Bar, Poverty Hill, Greaser's Camp, Lousy Ravine, Christian Flat, Rag Town, Dead Mule Cañon, Petticoat Slide, Short-tail Cañon, Bluebelly Ravine, Swellhead Diggings, Poodle Town, Gospel Swamp, Turn-up Flat, Puppy Town, Happy Valley, Devil's Basin, Deadwood, Ladies' Valley, Nary Red, Chicken Thief Flat, Hog's Diggings, Humpback Slide, Pancake Ravine, Nutcake Camp, and Paint-Pot Hill? Millions of dollars worth of gold may in the old times have been extracted from these gulches, and flats, and ravines; but the days of the

diggings are over; mining is now a steady, serious, systematic operation; and quartz-crushing machines and stamp-mills, for the "running" of which vast capital is required, have superseded the rough-and-ready tools of the old diggers. In twenty years' time philologers may be divided as to the precise meaning of the word "nugget;" even American journalists will be uncertain as to the precise social status in early Argonautic times of a "Pioneer Lady?" and the next generation may but darkly understand the metaphorical allusion conveyed in the term to "pan out"—a term borrowed from the technology of the early gold-washers.

The only governmental building as yet completed in San Francisco is the United States Mint in Fifth-street, near Market-street. The machinery here is believed to be un-

approached in ingenuity and efficiency. The United States Treasury is in Montgomery-street, on the site of "the Hall of Eldorado," the famous gambling-hell of early 'Frisco. The Mercantile Library has a collection of 47,000, the Mechanics' Institute of 30,000, and the Odd Fellows' Hall of 25,000 volumes. Thus in these three libraries alone we find a provision of 102,000 volumes for 300,000 people, which assuming that one out of every three San Franciscans cares about reading, gives a book and a fraction a head to the studious population, "free, gratis, and for nothing." At the same time I may be suffered very gravely to express—not perhaps without exciting horror and amazement in the minds of my readers—the heretical doubt as to whether free public libraries materially conduce to the real and healthy education of a people. The average American is certainly not very well read—in a scholarlike way. He skims too many newspapers in his brief hours of leisure to be able to devote much time to systematic study. Public free libraries in the United States literally swarm; and their multiplicity naturally excited the admiration of Dean Stanley. My own admiration for free libraries is qualified, when I remember that the massing of books together for gratuitous perusal materially injures the trade of the bookseller, and that works of real erudition are not the staple of the literature consulted by free library students. In England the chief demand in these libraries is for fiction, not always of the most wholesome kind.

There is an immense Roman Catholic Cathedral, dedicated to St. Patrick, in Mission-street, with a spire two hundred and forty feet high, and four or five more edifices for Catholic worship. Among these the most interesting to me is the original Mission Church of San Francisco, a little old structure of sun-dried bricks, and of last century architecture. In aspect it is thoroughly Mexican. Over against it is a long disused graveyard, with half-effaced inscriptions in Spanish and Latin on the tombstones; and adjoining the church, which has a most curious belfry, and a bell which looks old enough to have been cast in Mexico in the time of Hernan Cortes, is the mission house, embossed in a groove of semi-tropical vegetation, of the good old Spanish *padres*. Are there any venerable wearers of shovel hats yet extant who can remember when 'Frisco was Yerba Buena, and when the Mexican governor had a house with a Plaza de Armas before it at the top of Montgomery-street? The effacement of the Spanish element in New Orleans is remarkable enough; but

its disappearance in California is even more complete. The "*nombres de España*" only remain; the "*cosas*" thereof have entirely vanished. Thus, in the territories annexed from Mexico you find such Castilian names as Pueblo Rosita, El Moro, Santa Fé, Los Angelos, Maricopol, Santa Barbara, San José, San Diego: and in California itself Sacramento, Benicia, Puerto Costa, and Vallejo contending with such purely Anglo-Saxon sounding names as Emigrant Gap, Colfax, Auburn, Dixon, Gold Run, Newcastle, and Oakland.

In the city itself the Spanish term of "vara" is yet preserved as a measure of distance; while in the country districts a farm, notably a fruit-growing one, is styled a "ranch," a corruption of the Spanish *rancho*. Thus the notorious "Texas Rangers," the chief element of disorder in that "horsey and revolverish" State, may have been originally *rancheros*. The proper Spanish name for a farm, common throughout Mexico, is *hacienda;* but the American-Californians probably preferred "ranch" for shortness sake. I observed with horror, in one railway time table, that "San José" had been curtailed to St. Joe. Fancy St. Tom, St. Jack, or St. Sam! Mark Twain's "He has no savey" is also partly derived from the Spanish "sabe" although "savvey" is an old term in English slang. In the "Luck of Roaring Camp" Bret Harte speaks of "peons." The Mexican *peon* was a farm-labourer, or worse, a kind of serf or villein, compelled to work out a debt by manual toil. The Spanish *juez del campo* has been Anglicised, or rather Americanised, into a "judge of the plain." The "filibuster" is the Spanish "filibustero," although some would derive him from the Dutch "vly-boot," a fast-sailing clipper, a favourite craft with pirates. The *arriero*, or Mexican muleteer, has not survived nominally; he is in modern California only the "driver of a mule train." Nor is a string of horses any more called a *caballada*, or one of the mules a *mulada*. To the jackass the Mexican name of *farro* is still occasionally applied. The cotton wood sometimes, but rarely, retains its Spanish designation of *alamo*, but far more generally in use is the word *chapparal*, from *chaparra*, an evergreen dwarf oak, which name in its turn is said to be derived from the Basque. The Spanish derivation of "gulches" and "cañons," pronounced "canyons," is obvious. The Mexican word *placer*, as a place where gold is found lying loose, is becoming as rare as the fortuitous finding of gold itself.

STREET MARKET SCENE, SAN FRANCISCO.

XXXVII.

Aspects of 'Frisco.

San Francisco, *March* 4.

San Francisco has its "over the water" suburb in the delightful quarter called Oakland, just as New York has its Brooklyn, and New Orleans its Algiers and Gretna. Oakland is the chosen residence of a multitude of wealthy citizens, who transact their business and spend most of the day in 'Frisco itself. The site is highly picturesque, and the climate is much preferred by residents to that of the Golden City: the trade winds from the Pacific, which are fierce and rawly cold, and often heavy with fog, being much tempered in crossing the bay. This circumstance has attracted so many residents to Oakland that it is estimated about ten thousand passengers daily travel on the steam ferry boats, which cross every half hour. These steamers differ in no particular from the vessels of their

class plying in the Bay of New York, save that the imagination of the local artists has been let loose in the saloons, the panels of which are adorned by highly-coloured views supposed to be taken

THE GRIZZLY GIANT IN THE MARIPOSA GROVE, CALIFORNIA.

in the Yosemite Valley and among the "big trees" of Mariposa and Calaveras. Scaling the features of the scenery from the human figures and cattle occasionally introduced, the assumption is forced upon you that the altitude of "El Capitan" in the Yosemite is at least fifteen thousand feet, and that none of the "big trees" can be less than three hundred yards high; while

Niagara itself looks poor and puny in comparison with the Vernal Falls.

It may be hinted, indeed, that every patriotic Californian feels in duty bound to extol and magnify to the largest possible extent all and everything appertaining to the climate, scenery, progress, and resources of his beloved State and its renowned capital. "Eclipse first and the rest nowhere" is virtually his device. There were never, in his opinion, such strawberries, such cauliflowers, such green peas as are to be seen on the Pacific Slope. Château Lafite, Clos-Vougeot, and all the vineyards of the Rhine and the Moselle into the bargain sink into insignificance in the presence of the wine-growing districts of California; and the oranges of Los Angelos far surpass those of Louisiana and Florida in abundance of quantity and delicacy of flavour. As for the climate, it is, according to the Californians, perennial spring; but eulogy in this direction reached its acme when an enthusiastic writer declared the climate of California to be "eminently favourable to the cure of gunshot wounds." All this is natural and as it should be. What is the use of having a country if you are not proud of it, and if you are not ready upon occasion to magnify its very defects into virtues? "Look at our taxes," says Peter Pallmall, in the "Prisoner of War," proudly asserting the superiority of British institutions; and "What's your cold in the head to mine?" asked, with equally patriotic pertinence, one small boy of his rival. When I am a good number of thousands of miles from home I always maintain that the parish of St. Pancras is the most populous, the richest, the handsomest, the most intelligent, the most moral and religious parish in the world. I live there, you see. But when I have got back to St. Pancras I am apt to grumble at the rates, to disparage the vestry, and to speak evil of the dilatoriness of the dust contractors.

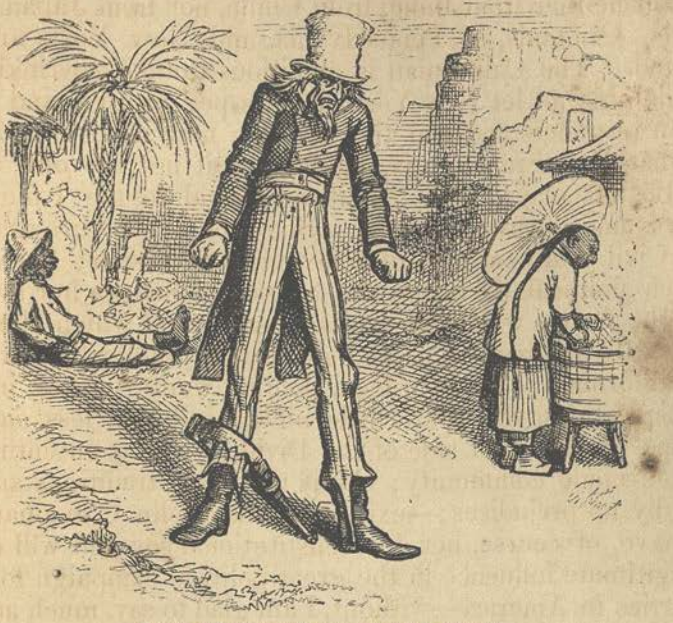
So with the Californian. If he "blows" a little, is somewhat given to hyperbole in "cracking up" things Pacific, who shall blame him? My belief is that the pardonable gasconading in which the Californians occasionally indulge is not altogether due to a desire to exalt their country in the eyes of foreigners. To the San Franciscan it is not only the European, the Asian, the African, and the Australian who are "foreigners." Frequently do you hear him speak in terms, now of gentle commiseration, and now of biting sarcasm, of the "Eastern papers" and the "Eastern folks." Those Oriental journals and these

folk hail neither from India, from China, nor from Japan. They are the Orientals of Pennsylvania and New York and New England. The Californian is ambitious to take a wrinkle out of Philadelphia, to let New York down a peg or two, and to give Boston to understand that the universe may have two "Hubs," and that San Francisco is the biggest if not the only "Hub," *vice* Boston played out. Politically loyal to the Union, California is and always has been. She would not throughout the great Civil War hear a word in favour of Secession; but with her staunch political fidelity to the Stars and Stripes her sympathy with the States which she calls Eastern and which the Southerners call Northern came and still comes practically to an end.

California has her own local politics, wants, wishes, interests, and aspirations, which are little understood, and less cared for, perhaps, on the other side of the Divide. She is an entirely new and self-made community; she is tied to no traditions and hampered by no prejudices:—except against John Chinaman. She will have, of course, her due constitutional say and will exercise her legitimate influence in the great political campaign for which all parties in America—without, I am glad to say, much acrimony of feeling—are now preparing;* but, beyond the necessity of the next Chief Magistrate being a sound Union man, I scarcely think that California troubles herself to any excessive degree about the eventualities of the next Presidential election. On the vexed question of currency her mind has been long and cheerfully but firmly made up. She is a gold and silver producing State; and she has resolved that gold and silver shall be her only recognised circulating medium. Truly, she will take greenbacks when they are at par and immediately convertible; but with greenbacks at a discount and inconvertible, as was the case throughout the weary years of the war, California would have no more to do than Canada would. Federal politics, when they form the subject of conversation in San Francisco, lack, in their discussion, the earnestness, the intensity, and the bitterness which characterise them in the older States.

On the other hand, all extraneous political considerations are swallowed up by the Aaron's rod of the Chinese question: subdividing itself as that question does into the equally vexed problems of unemployed white labour demanding high wages, and fiercely resenting the competition of the cheap labour of the

* This is an obvious reference to the struggle which ended in the election of the late General Garfield to be President of the United States.



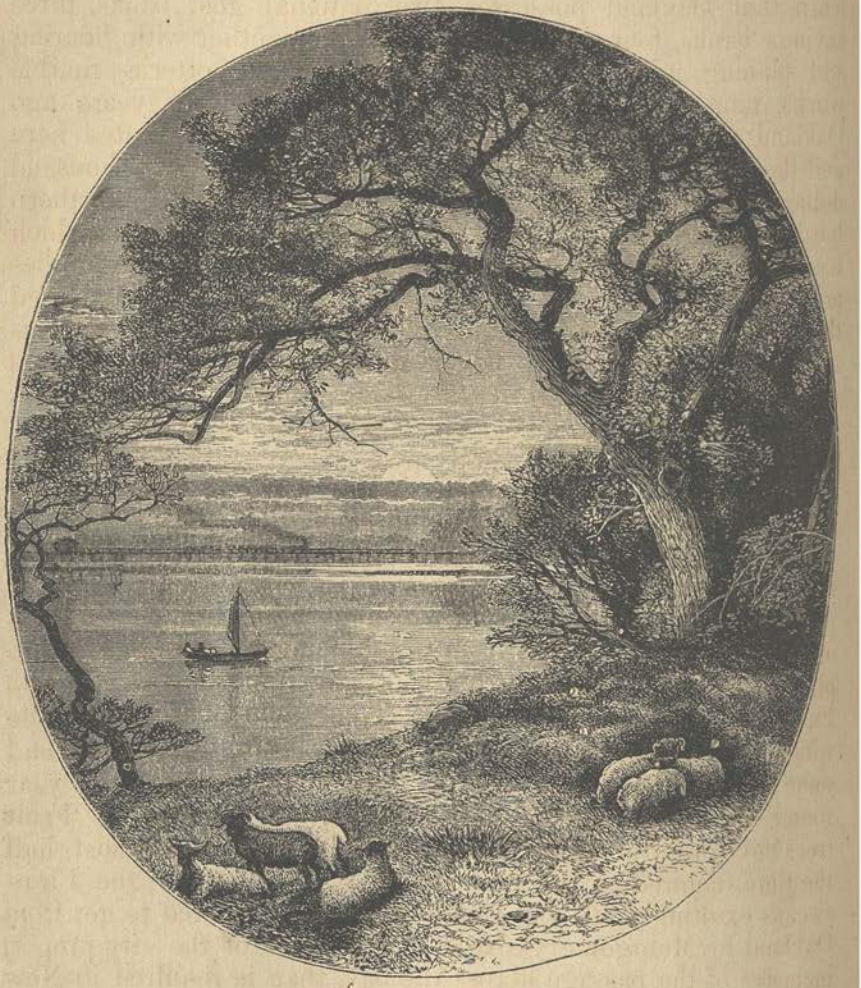
HARD TO PLEASE THE WHITE TRASH.

Uncle Sam—"I hate the nigger 'cause he's a citizen, and I hate the 'yellow dog' 'cause he won't become one."

immigrants from China; from which question branches off the dilemma of the immigrants from China being unwilling or incompetent to become citizens, and of their importing into a free country a modified but highly offensive system of slavery. The difficulties of California in this respect are aggravated and embittered by the fact that the Chinese question is likewise integrally and inevitably an Irish question, and that the abrogation of all and any treaties with the Chinese Government would not settle the Irish question, which is one chronic in outcomes of discontent, bad blood, and turbulence. The existing relations of capital to labour, and *vice versâ*, are scarcely more amicable in the New than they are in the Old World; but in California at the present moment they are actually hostile and belligerent. Law-contemning and mutinous Labour has been threatening to burn Capital's house over its head and to massacre its Chinese cheaply-hired labour; to which Capital has very sternly retorted that, if Labour does not behave itself, Capital has taken measures to shoot Labour down by the hands of State or of Federal troops, and, if need be, to hang Labour's "blatherumrskite" agitators,

on the very sandlots where they have preached incendiarism and bloodshed, higher than Haman. But more of this anon.

Hie we back, for the nonce, to smiling Oakland, the population of which last year was close upon fifty thousand. Two

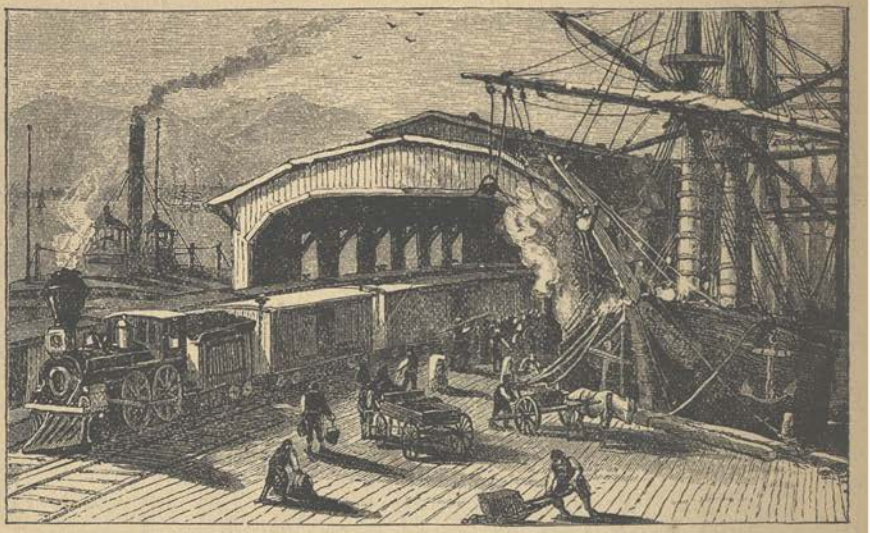


LAKE MERRITT, OAKLAND.

thousand new buildings were erected in Oakland in 1879; and I was proudly bidden to bear in mind, as a proof of the growing enterprise and prosperity of the town, that upwards of a quarter of a million dollars had been expended in building a new county gaol. On the principle, however, laid

down by the traveller who hailed the first gallows which he saw as a sign of civilization, I suppose that the county gaol which cost two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, must be accepted as a test of "enterprise and prosperity." It is pleasanter to learn that Oakland possesses two national gold banks, three savings banks, four lines of horse cars, together with flouring and planing mills, iron and brass foundries, potteries, marble works, tanneries, and jute bag factories. Thirty years ago Oakland was simply an expanse of sandy hillocks, dotted here and there with clumps of cactus. Oakland spends six thousand dollars a month upon her public schools; and on the Northern border of the city is the Berkley or State University, which has a direct ferry to San Francisco. Many affluent families are planting themselves round about the university, attracted thither not only by the beauty of the site, but by the educational and social facilities which it affords. The university is open to students of both sexes, of whom there are at present over two hundred, and—hear this, inhabitants of Harrow, Eton, and Dulwich—tuition is wholly free. By a special State law, the sale of intoxicating liquor within a two-mile limit of this university is prohibited under heavy penalties.

Let me add that this pretty suburb of 'Frisco also boasts twenty churches of different denominations and seven newspapers, three daily and four weekly. The inhabitants hasten to inform you that the climate is "semi-tropical," and point triumphantly to their "live" oaks, which, by their inclination to the East, show the strength and constancy of the summer trade winds. Geraniums, roses, fuchsias, callas, verbenas, and some tropical plants and flowers grow luxuriantly all the year round, never suffering from outdoor winter exposure. Fruit trees develop into bearing within a third or, at the most, half the time required on the Atlantic coast; and, finally, the Franciscans exultingly tell you that less time is required to get from Oakland to Montgomery-street, in the heart of the city proper, inclusive of the passage across the bay, than is required in New York to reach Wall-street from the Windsor Hotel; and that when Oakland is attained by the home returning 'Friscan, the merchant weary with the cares of the busy day, may find a home with a tropical luxuriance of fruit and flowers, almost the same in summer and in winter, and scenery scarcely less picturesque, than that of the Hudson River. The distance from the end of the wharf, where you are transferred from the cars



CENTRAL PACIFIC WHARF, SAN FRANCISCO.

of the Central Pacific Railway, to the ferry station at the foot of Market-street, San Francisco, is about three miles and a quarter, and the trip is ordinarily made in fifteen minutes. When the wind is blowing you are cautioned that none save the most rugged persons should venture to stand outside the cabin; but that, if it is practicable to enjoy the view, many points of great interest present themselves. The wind was not blowing with any excessive severity when we made the first trip from Oakland, yet I did not gain much by standing outside the saloon on the hurricane deck of the steamer, seeing that a dense sea fog was prevailing. The obliging "interviewer," however, who had boarded the train at Benicia—home of the valiant Heenan, I salute you—and who accompanied us to the ferry, cross-questioning me all the way, was so kind as to tell me that the Bay of San Francisco is big enough to hold all the navies of the world, and that it is beautified by a rare combination of island, mountain, city, and plain. On the right, near the wharf, is Goat Island, a military reservation belonging to "Uncle Sam," and from the shore of which, on the morning of our passage, a fog whistle and bell were considerately and constantly sounding. The Golden Gate is north, or to the right of the city, being a water way about five miles long and a mile wide. The bay is strongly fortified at various points. Alcatraz is a naval station on an island at the end of the bay, at the entrance to the Golden

SAN FRANCISCO, FROM GOAT ISLAND.

Gate, and commands the whole passage from the ocean. Angel Island is another military reservation, well fortified. North-west of this is visible on clear days the towering peak of Mount Tamalpais, the highest near the city.

There is one structural peculiarity of San Francisco which irritates the "Eastern folks" almost to the verge of exasperation, while it pleases, or at least amuses, Europeans. I suppose that there is no country in the world in which so much money is being spent on public buildings, churches, museums,

CITY HALL, SAN FRANCISCO.

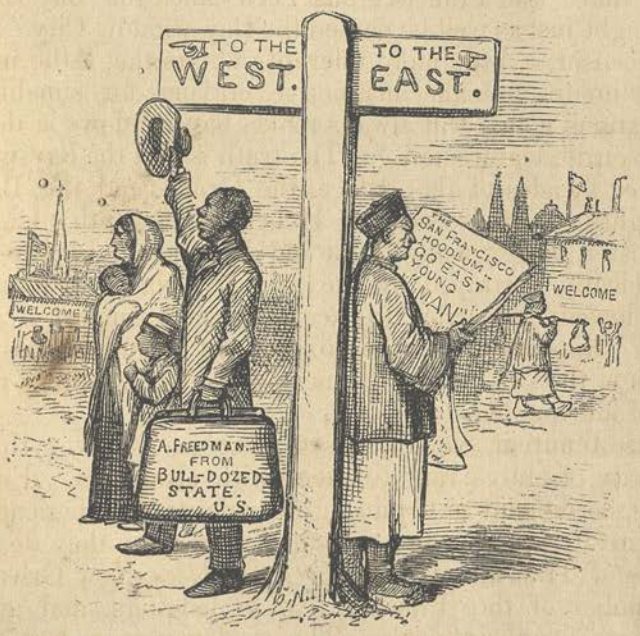
universities, gaols, city halls, State Capitols, and the like, as is expended in the United States; and there is certainly no country with which, in the course of thirty-five years' travel, I have been acquainted, in which the science of architecture, both religious and secular, is at so low an ebb as it is in America, chiefly I apprehend because there is no recognised standard of architectural fitness, not to say architectural taste, and because there is no central directing force of public opinion to control or to reprehend the vagaries of imperfectly educated architects. I think that Sir John Vanbrugh, could he come to life again, would do remarkably well in the States. The architect of Blenheim was nothing if he was not florid; and excessive decoration of the most florid character is the keynote of modern American architects. If you criticise the *ensemble* or the details of a building in progress you are curtly told that the marble or brown stone was brought from some far distant State, and that the building itself cost a quarter, or a half, or a whole million of dollars, and is reckoned to be "one of the finest edifices on this Continent." After this you are expected to "dry up," or to take refuge in abashed silence.

Prior, however, to their recent plunge into ultra-Byzantine, into exaggerated Italian-Gothic, and into turgid Renaissance, the Americans were very fond of what I may call the Packing-case style of architecture. In particular the big hotel of some fifteen years since was of the Packing-case order—a huge quadrangular block of brick or stone, pierced with so many tiers of narrow windows, destitute of any feature of portico, loggia, balcony, or parapet, and correspondingly bereft of any presentment of superficial light and shade.

Now San Francisco—delighted to be in most things non-political, independent, and un-Eastern, that is to say, un-American—takes seemingly infinite delight in embellishing its mansions with windows of the form which for so long a period have found favour in the eyes of the members of our Pall-Mall clubs. Few private houses in 'Frisco are devoid of one or more bay windows, and the most recently erected and the most magnificent of the hotels—the Palace, the Grand, and the Baldwin—have their whole exterior surface corrugated with bay windows—in Eastern opinion, "to the great comfort of their guests and equal defacement of their external appearance." One Eastern critic, falling into a spasm of sarcastic indignation, remarks that "San Francisco has been called the Bay City, but that it might just as well be named the Bay-window City"; while another censor, a little more tolerant, admits that "the mildness of the climate and the instinctive craving for sunshine are considerations which will always make bay windows a desirable and a favourite feature here." The truth is that the bay-window-corrugated façades of the Palace, the Grand, and the Baldwin, are delightful reminiscences of Henry the Seventh's Chapel at Westminster, and of many of the old Elizabethan manor-houses, so graphically portrayed by the late Mr. Nash. I grant that bay-windowedness carried to excess is apt to impart a slightly "crinkly" appearance to the frontage of a building, especially when, as is the case at San Francisco, the bay windows rise to a height of four or five storeys.

House tenure in San Francisco presents, like everything else in the city, features rare to meet with elsewhere. Furnished lodgings, so difficult to obtain in the majority of American towns, abound in 'Frisco to even a greater extent than they do in that Paradise of Transatlantic *chambres meublées*, New Orleans. A vast number of the 'Friscans live in lodgings, and go out to restaurants for their meals. The tendency to a less nomadic

mode of existence is, however, on the increase; and of late years a large number of private dwellings have been erected by building associations, as well as by private persons. The Real Estate Association, I have been told, build or sell, on an average, a house a day, and have done so these three years past. They build chiefly houses of six and eight rooms, and sell them for one-fifth cash and seventy-two monthly instalments, with a basis of nine per cent. interest, to compensate for the deferred payment. The houses are, as a rule, detached, this being considered safer should a fire break out. No great city can be exempt from the continued peril of widely-spread conflagrations; but San Francisco is said to be much more secure from the dangers of fire than the exceptionally modern nature of its outskirts would seem to infer. Owing to the spring fogs and the wintry rains, with the liability to earthquakes superadded, wood is considered to be the most desirable material for dwellings. The timber habitually employed is the *sesquioa*, or red-wood, so abundant in the Pacific Coast Range. This wood burns very slowly in comparison with timber from the East; and on this, as well as on the admitted efficiency of their Fire Department, the San Franciscans justifiably pride themselves.



TWO DIFFICULT PROBLEMS SOLVING THEMSELVES.

MURDERERS' ALLEY, SAN FRANCISCO.

CHINESE MARKET IN DUPONT STREET.

XXXVIII.

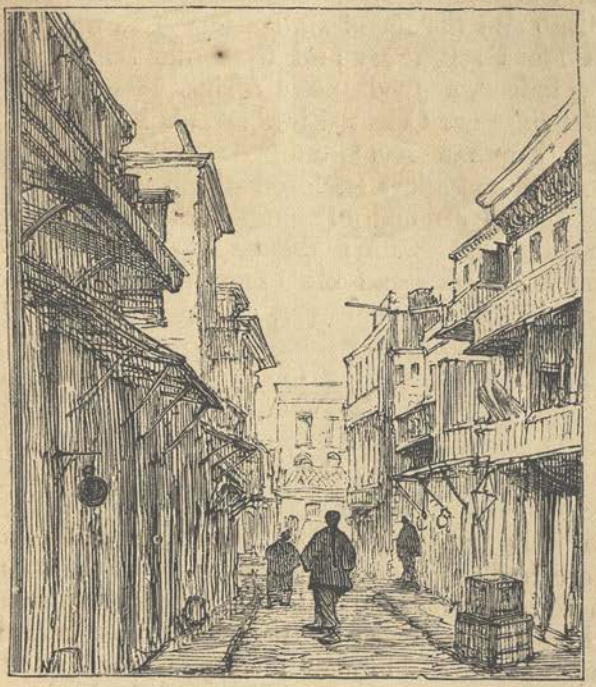
China Town.

San Francisco, *March* 6.

"Let it be fully understood," thus I read the day after my arrival here, and in a monthly magazine called the "Californian," "that there is a small but rapidly increasing province of the Chinese empire established on the Pacific coast, and that, in the very heart of the Californian metropolis, there is the city of Canton in miniature, with its hideous gods, its horrible opium dens, its slimy dungeons, and its concentrated nastiness of every kind." Harsh but pregnant words, these. I pondered over them thoughtfully as I proceeded to make enquiries as to the extent and population of the Pacific province of China, concerning which the vaguest and most extravagant notions are current in the Eastern States. Nor are such preposterous ideas confined to the East. They originated and still widely prevail on the Pacific Coast itself. In the address to Congress adopted at the famous anti-Chinese mass-meeting held in Union Hall, San Francisco, on April 5, 1876—a meeting organised by the Mayor of the city, and presided over by the Governor of the State—

it was boldly asserted that the number of Chinese west of the Sierra Nevadas amounted to 200,000, 75,000 of whom were settled in San Francisco. Reckoning from this basis, there would be about 400,000 "Heathen Chinees" in the whole United States—an assumption which by most sensible people is scouted as preposterous.

On the other hand, it has been pointed out by calmly reasoning statists that the Chinese quarter of San Francisco is



A STREET IN CHINA TOWN, SAN FRANCISCO.

certainly densely crowded in proportion to its area, but that the pigtailed multitudes occasionally visible there are not all permanent denizens of the district. China Town proper is six "blocks" in length (there are eight "blocks" to a mile, please to remember), running north and south on Dupont-street from California to Broadway streets, and two blocks wide from east to west on Sacramento, Clay, Commercial, Washington, Jackson, and Pacific streets, from Kearney to Stockton, crossing Dupont, which is the main Chinese artery, at right angles. Now, if English readers will be so good as to picture to themselves New

Oxford-street, London, W.C., as Dupont-street, and St. Giles's and the Southern portion of Bloomsbury as labyrinths of Chinese thoroughfares, some tangible idea may be gained of the topography and dimensions of the San Franciscan Canton; and it will be feasible to realise the fact that this Canton in miniature is literally "in the heart" of the magnificent capital of California. China Town is, in fine, as close to the palatial hotels, theatres, club-houses, banks, counting houses, and stores of Market and Montgomery streets as our amiable Seven Dials is close to the Garrick Club and the Royal Italian Opera on the one hand, and to Messrs. Meux's Brewery and the Soho Bazaar on the other. We have, indeed, a good many China Towns, in the British metropolis: only our Celestial immigrants hail from Connemara and Cork rather than from Canton.

The streets and alleys enclosed within the precincts which I have named are continually thronged with Chinese pedestrians; and especially on Sundays do these throughfares positively swarm with Ah Sing and his brethren. Closer acquaintance with China Town will, however, considerably modify early and hasty impressions as to the number of its sedentary population. The majority of the labouring Chinamen have a holiday on the Sabbath, and as they have no domestic life or homes in the Anglo-Saxon sense, and the Christian Sunday is not their day for worship, they are apt to wander about the streets when they are released from toil, simply because they have nothing else to do and nowhere else to go. After all, they may find sauntering in the sun pleasanter than being mewed up in the stifling bunks of their miserable sleeping rooms. On Sundays, likewise, crowds of Celestials come into China Town from Oakland, and other outlying suburbs for the purpose of seeing their friends, doing a little shopping, or patronising the Chinese gambling-houses and the theatres. Admitting that it is an extremely difficult task—verging, indeed, on the impossible—to calculate with exactitude the number of Chinese in the States, it is believed by the best informed American authorities—and the Chinese Consul-General, with the officials of the Six Companies, concur in the belief—that there are in San Francisco about 30,000 Celestials; and that, as the population of the city is about 225,000, every eighth man is a Chinaman. In other parts of California there may be some 30,000 more, making 60,000 in the Golden State, of whose population about one-twelfth would thus be Chinese. In the remaining Pacific States

and Territories—Nevada, Idaho, Montana, Utah, and Oregon, there may be 60,000 or 70,000 more Chinese; and yet a few more thousands are scattered about in States east of the Rocky

"DOES NOT A MEETING LIKE THIS MAKE AMENDS?"

"Hello, Niggy man! Youlee golee West—Melee golee East."

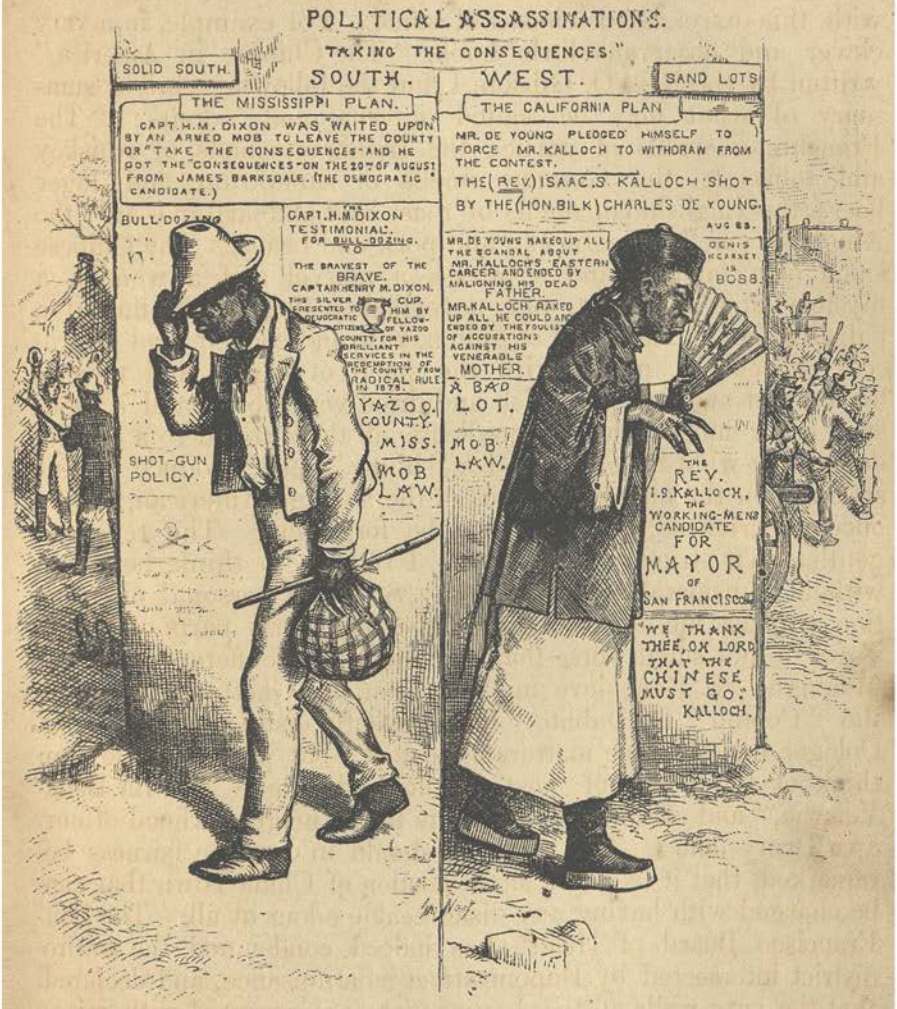
Mountains—in Massachusetts, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Tennessee, and Louisiana—in New York City, Chicago, Cincinnati, and St. Louis. According to the statistical report of Professor Porter, prepared for the Bureau of Education at Washington, there were, in 1870, less than one hundred thousand Chinese in the United States. Since that time, according to the returns of the San Francisco Custom House, about eighty thousand more have landed on the Pacific coast, and, deducting a fair percentage for deaths and returns to China, the present aggregate of the Chinese population in America may be taken as not more than one hundred and fifty thousand.*

I was solemnly warned by American friends, when I announced my resolve to explore the penetralia of the Chinese

* The official census, published since the above was written, gives the number as being much below this estimate, or 105,000 merely.

quarter, that I had best take a phial of aromatic vinegar or some other disinfectant with me, to counteract the effects of the horribly offensive odours with which my nose would be assailed. I cannot help fancying that the olfactory organs of the Americans are more sensitive than those of other people; but, on the other hand, it may be that prejudice has something to do with this excessive keenness of smell. For example, in a very clever and observant little book, "The Chinese in America," written by the Rev. O. Gibson, I find the following curious summary of what may be called international odours: "The Frenchman smells of garlic; the Irishman smells of whiskey and tobacco; the German smells of sauerkraut and lager beer; the Englishman smells of roast beef and 'arf-and-'arf; the American smells of corncake and pork and beans. The Chinese smell is a mixture and a puzzle, a marvel and a wonder, a mystery and a disgust, but nevertheless you shall find it a palpable fact. The smell of opium, raw and cooked, and in process of cooking, mixed with the smell of cigars and tobacco leaves, wet and dry, dried fish and dried vegetables, and a thousand other indescribable ingredients, all these toned to a certain degree by what may be called a 'shippy' smell, produce a sensation upon the olfactory nerves of the average American, which, once experienced, will not soon be forgotten." The reverend gentleman's strictures should not, I venture to think, be taken without considerable qualification. So far as personal observation entitles me to be a judge, the very worst parts of China Town do not smell worse than do the Rue Mouffetard and the Montagne St. Genevieve in Paris, than the Ghetto at Rome or the "Coomb" in Dublin. The seventy distinct stenches of Cologne have become matters of history; but pray what do you think of the odour of most of the back streets in "La Bella Venezia," and of some of the courts in the neighbourhood of our own Drury-lane? And, again, it should in common fairness be remarked, that it is only a small portion of China Town that can be charged with having any disagreeable odour at all. The San Francisco Board of Health has indeed condemned the entire district intersected by Dupont-street as a nuisance, and declared that the very walls of the houses were so saturated with miasmatic and malarious exhalations as to make the wholesale destruction of the houses inhabited by Chinamen a vital necessity. But the constitution of the Board of Health, whose members were elected on the notorious "working men's ticket,"

affords considerable ground for the suspicion that they were not altogether strangers to party prejudices and party influences, and that the condemnation of China Town as a nuisance was only a plank in the great "Sand Lots" platform, of which the basis is, "The Chinese must go."


POLITICAL ASSASSINATIONS.
"TAKING THE CONSEQUENCES."
SOLID SOUTH.
SOUTH.
WEST.
SAND LOTS
THE MISSISSIPPI PLAN.
CAPT. H. M. DIXON WAS WAITED UPON BY AN ARMED MOB TO LEAVE THE COUNTY OR "TAKE THE CONSEQUENCES" AND HE GOT THE CONSEQUENCES ON THE 20TH OF AUGUST FROM JAMES BARKSDALE. (THE DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE.)
BULL-DOZING
CAPT. H. M. DIXON TESTIMONIAL. FOR BULL-DOZING.
TO
THE BRAVEST OF THE BRAVE. CAPTAIN HENRY M. DIXON.
THIS SILVER CUP. PRESENTED TO HIM BY DEMOCRATIC FELLOW-CITIZENS OF YAZOO COUNTY, FOR HIS BRILLIANT SERVICES IN THE REDEMPTION OF THE COUNTY FROM RADICAL RULE IN 1875.
YAZOO COUNTY.
MISS.
MOB LAW.
SHOT-GUN POLICY.
THE CALIFORNIA PLAN
MR. DE YOUNG PLEDGED HIMSELF TO FORCE MR. KALLOCH TO WITHDRAW FROM THE CONTEST.
THE (REV.) ISAAC S. KALLOCH SHOT BY THE (HON. BILK) CHARLES DE YOUNG.
AUG 8 8.
DENIS KEARNEY IS BOSS.
MR. DE YOUNG RAKED UP ALL THE SCANDAL ABOUT MR. KALLOCH'S EASTERN CAREER AND ENDED BY MALIGNING HIS DEAD FATHER.
MR. KALLOCH RAKED UP ALL HE COULD AND ENDED BY THE FOULEST OF ACCUSATIONS AGAINST HIS VENERABLE MOTHER.
A BAD LOT.
MOB LAW.
THE REV. I. S. KALLOCH, THE WORKING-MENS CANDIDATE FOR MAYOR OF SAN FRANCISCO.
"WE THANK THEE, O LORD THAT THE CHINESE MUST GO." KALLOCH.

(FROM "HARPER'S WEEKLY.")

The Rev. Mr. Gibson, who was for several years a missionary in the Flowery Land, himself admits that, while in China the streets are narrow and without side walks for the use

of pedestrians, thus forcing burden carriers and foot passengers of every grade to walk in one narrow thoroughfare, jostling and crowding each other in strange confusion, in China Town, San Francisco, the streets are wide and well paved, and have commodious side walks like unto those of the other parts of the city. And herein lies one of the strangest features of China Town. In the structural aspect of the quarter there is nothing whatever that is either picturesque or Oriental. The pagoda as a building is wholly absent. A few old "frame" or timber

CHINESE HOUSES AT THE WATER SIDE, SAN FRANCISCO.

houses are still standing; but the majority of the buildings are of brick, two or three storeys high, and with cellars or basements, in which some kind of business is generally carried on. The architecture is thoroughly American in its tastelessness and monotony. A short-sighted person walking along Dupont-street in a hurry might imagine that he was traversing Clark-street, Chicago, or Chestnut-street, Philadelphia. It is only when his attention is attracted by the innumerable red and yellow sign-boards with quaintly painted and gilt inscriptions in mysterious hieroglyphics that he begins to realise the fact that he is in a section of the City of Canton, transported bodily to the shores of the Pacific Ocean.

I had the inestimable advantage of exploring China Town

in the company of a gentleman who knew China and the Chinese intimately, and he was good enough to translate many of the hieroglyphics just mentioned. He gave me, too, an introductory lesson in the intricate science of Chinese proper names. Of the variations in their personal nomenclature some idea may be gained from the following list of Chinese letters advertised in a single week as lying to be claimed at the San Francisco Post Office. Thus, there were communications for Ah Coon, Ah Chung Wo, Ah Kung, Ah La, Chang Sing, Ching Chung, Choy, Sam and Co., Chung Wo Lung, Chong, Ga, Tong, Do Foo, Eh Dare Loro, Tong Kee, Fung Lung, Gee Tang Hing, Gee Wo Sang, Hong Wo Hong, Hi Lo, Hong Faut, Hong Song, Lung, Jake Lung, Kee Hion, Kong Chong Ling, Quong Chong Lang, Quong On, Quon, Tong Song, Nat Loe, Lee Dao and Co., Lo Hing Kee, Sam Kiam Wo, Sing Cow Wo, Sing Quing On, Si Wo Lung, Soin Sing, Sang Wah, Sa Wo Lung, Sin Sing, Tun San, Way, Sion Gow, Wong Ung, Yee Ching Lung, Yin Wah Hong, and Ye Wah Sung. It may be mentioned that "Ah Coon" is equivalent simply to "Mr. Coon," "Ah" being merely a title of respect, and that Chinamen who have three names are usually of a higher rank than those who have only two. Some Anglo-Saxon nicknames, such as Tom, Sam, Jake, Nat, Abe, and so forth, are very common Chinese appellations. When, however, the American is uncertain as to the precise designation of the Heathen Chinee with whom he is conversing, he invariably addresses him as "John," and this practice is also adopted by the few negroes in San Francisco when talking to the yellow-skinned strangers from the Middle Kingdom.

On the second day of my stay in 'Frisco I assisted at a very curious and entertaining interview between a Mongol immigrant

and an American *citoyenne* of African descent. A youthful Chinaman, with a yellow face, high cheek bones, dark crescent eyes, tea-tray smirk, hooked finger-nails, clean white blouse, neatly braided pigtail, baggy galligaskins of blue serge, shoes with paper soles, and all, presented himself at our door, with a large basket, very early in the morning—and intimated that he had come for "one piecey washing." I am but imperfectly acquainted with "pigeon" English, but, after floundering about for a while in a labyrinth of "piecey," "catchee," "havee," "belongee," "savvey," "masky," "chop-chop," and "topside gallow," I thought that I understood the youthful Chinaman to say that he was employed in the laundry of the Palace Hotel—I

THE LAUNDRY OF THE PALACE HOTEL.

knew as a fact that some forty Chinese were at work there—and that he had been sent by his superior officer for our linen. So a washing list was made out. It happened that a bottle of ink had been broken in one of our portmanteaus while crossing the Rocky Mountains, scattering sable ruin all around; and the resources of my "pigeon English" were taxed to the utmost in endeavouring to explain to the Chinese laundryman that he must

procure some salts of lemon and do his best to efface the fearful ink-stains from the fronts of my best shirts. He was profuse in his ejaculations of "savvy" and "understandey," and I quite accepted him as a candid and upright young Chinaman.

But, alas! how deceitful is the heart of man, whether it be a heart Mongolian or a heart Caucasian! While the youthful laundryman was waiting, with his tea-tray smirk, all so childlike and bland, for the completion of the washing list, there entered the room one of the black chambermaids of the hotel. She was about sixty years of age, and wore a very large yellow turban and a pair of heavy gold earrings. Suppose we call her Aunt Sally. The first thing she did was to survey the smirking young laundryman with what is known as an "up-and-down" look. Apparently dissatisfied with the result of this scrutiny, she proceeded to ask him, in a tone in comparison with which vinegar would be dulcet and asafœtida delicious, "Who gib him leaf to come dere?" The youthful Chinaman's yellow cheek now assumed a faint chocolate tint, which may have been the Celestial substitute for a blush. He murmured something about "piecey" and "catchee" and "belongee." "But de washin' no belongee you, John," retorted, with austere dignity, Aunt Sally. "An' you no belongee to de hotel, an' you keep de profits away from de hotel by coming here when nobody sent to you."

The untruthful young laundryman wriggled about uneasily, shuffled his paper-shod feet, and folded his hands as though in deprecation of Aunt Sally's wrath. But that incorruptible *employée* of the Palace Hotel, San Francisco, was not to be conciliated, and she continued to reprove the guilty Heathen. "It was very wrong of you, John," she went on. "If I was to tell 'em in de Hoffice dounstars dey'd neber let you inter de hotel agin, John. It was right mean ob you, John," and at this conjuncture the stern and measured tone in which Aunt Sally had hitherto delivered her lecture rose to a shrill treble; "it was like your dam imperence, you cuss, wid a face like a punkin, to come smouchin' around here looking after de white folks' washin'." With which, I am sorry to say, she fetched the unhappy, albeit untruthful, Chinaman a sounding box on the ear. Gathering up the basket in which he had hoped to carry off his spoils, he beat an ignominious retreat, and I saw him no more. Poor, smirking Mongoloid!

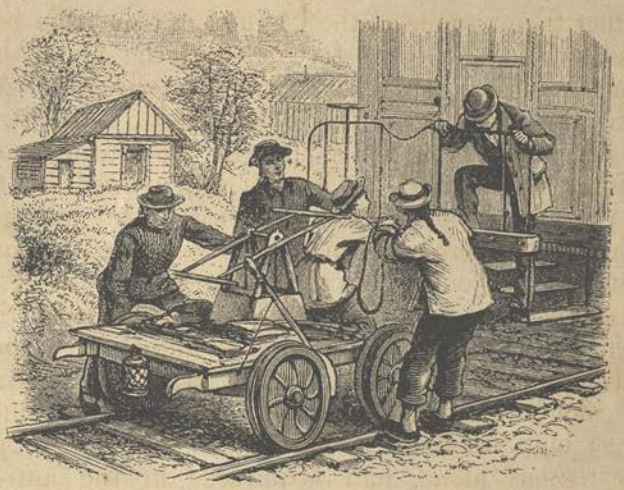
The corridors of the hotels, Aunt Sally hastened to explain to

us, are continually infested by outsiders—Free Lances of the wash-tub and Bashi-Bazouks of the mangle and box-iron—who furtively tout for custom, and surreptitiously strive to obtain possession of the washing which should be "done" in the hotel laundry. It is possible that "John" might have been a poor, but industrious, washerman, anxious to pick up a job and earn an honest penny, and this was the most charitable hypothesis to adopt in his case; but on the other hand, it was not by any means unlikely that the youthful Heathen was a "fraud," a swindler and impostor, and that had we trusted him with our linen we might never have beheld it again.

China Town, nevertheless, contains large numbers of Chinese laundries, very respectably conducted, and where

THE IRONING ROOM OF THE PALACE HOTEL LAUNDRY.

washing is done at a much cheaper rate than is charged at the hotels. It is, in truth, very difficult to decide what industries are not carried on by these indefatigably patient, laborious, and neat-handed immigrants from the Flowery Land. They will undertake the most toilsome and repulsive manual labour and the nicest arts and crafts. They will be railway navvies, waiters, mechanics, house servants—anything you please. They will be content to work for fifty or seventy-five cents a day, and will save money out of that slender stipend; while the newly landed Irish day labourer will scorn to handle a pickaxe or carry a hod for a dollar a day. The number of Chinese laundrymen is estimated at 3,500; and in the cigar factories of San Francisco there are no less than 7,500 Chinese workmen. More than 1,000 are sewing-machine makers. Then there are Chinese makers of soap and cigar boxes, of boots, shoes, and slippers, of saddles, whips, and harness. There are Chinese weavers and stonecutters, broom makers and coopers, watch and clock makers, tailors, milliners, and dressmakers. Add to these about 150 itinerant vendors of fruit and vegetables,



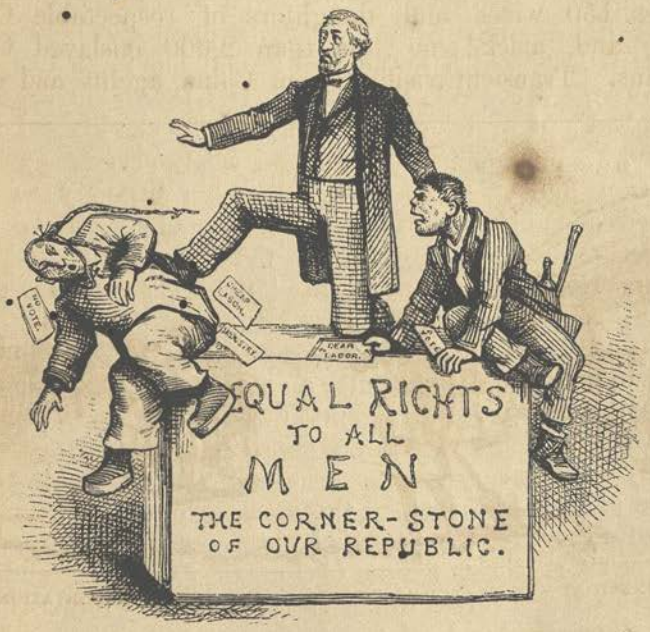
CHINESE RAILROAD LABOURERS BEING TOWED BY THE TRAIN.

5,000 merchants, traders, and clerks, 4,500 cooks and domestic servants, 150 wives and daughters of respectable Chinese families, and, alack! no less than 2,600 enslaved Chinese courtesans. Transient visitors from China, agents and officers

CHINESE AT SAN FRANCISCO CRUSHING SHRIMPS FOR EXPORTATION.

of various associations, with emigration agents, boarding-house keepers, crimps, smugglers, and general loafers, "hoodlums," cut-throats, and outlaws may "foot up" to about 3,000 more.

Whether the presence of the Chinese in California is a boon or a curse is perhaps the most vexed and the most "burning" of existing American questions; and the wisest of American statesmen may well be puzzled how best to settle it. When the late Mr. Seward, in the course of his journey round the world, visited San Francisco, he was importuned by the anti-Chinese party to inspect China Town that he might see for himself how unfit were its denizens to become citizens of the United States; but, curious to relate, the ex-Secretary of State was pressingly invited by the Chinese themselves to visit their quarter, in order to satisfy himself how industrious, how harmless, and how profitable to America was the character of Chinese colonisation. Mr. Seward cautiously declined both invitations; but, although the Republican section in California, for party reasons alone, had acquiesced in the anti-Chinese policy of the Democrats—the Irish, I may observe, are all Democrats, and all furiously anti-Chinese—the ablest Minister



of Abraham Lincoln afterwards protested against the policy of exclusion, and stoutly maintained that immigration and expansion were the natural, inseparable, and inevitable elements of civilisation on the American Continent, and nowhere more so than on

the Pacific Coast. It was the unqualified opinion of Mr. Seward that any attempt to stifle or to suppress the "invigorating forces" of foreign immigration would be a failure. Yet when the people of the State of California were recently polled to express their opinion on the Chinese question, 154,638 votes were found to be against Chinese immigration, and only 883 in favour of it.

The Anti-Chinese feeling is forcibly expressed in a speech made two years since by Mr. Sargeant in the Senate of the United States. "The Chinese," remarked the orator, "work for wages that will not support the family of a white labourer; while the Chinese themselves are more than well fed on a handful of rice, a little refuse pork and a desiccated fish, costing but a few cents a day, and, lodged in a pigstye, they become affluent according to their standard on wages that would beggar an American." And an able American essayist, Mr. J. Dee, discoursing on Chinese immigration in the "North American Review," remarks with caustic felicity, if with scant philanthropy, of poor John Chinaman, that it is precisely his "revolting characteristics" which make him formidable in the contest for survival with other races of men. His miserable little figure, his pinched and wretched way of living, his slavish and untiring industry, his indifference to high and costly pleasures which our civilisation almost make necessities—his capacity to live in wretched dens in which the white man would rot if he did not suffocate"—these, according to the writer in the "North American Review," are among the "revolting characteristics" of the Heathen Chinee. From Mr. Dee's showing, it is possible—paradoxical as it may appear—for frugality, abstemiousness, patient industry and ingenuity, and a capacity for "roughing" it, to be positively crimes against modern Caucasian civilisation.

From this point of view John Chinaman in California is assuredly a most atrocious criminal. It is a crime to be recorded against him that, in the long warfare of his race for the means of existence, his physical character has become adapted to the very smallest needs of human existence, and with a capacity for the severest toil. It is criminal in him to be a man of iron, whom neither heat nor cold seems to affect, and of that machine-like calibre which never wearies.* It is an additional

* It is in this that he differs most diametrically and constitutionally from the negro. "Is he an idle man?" asked an examining counsel of a sable witness as

piece of criminality on his part that "his range of food is the widest known among animals—embracing, as it does, the whole vegetable kingdom, and including every beast of the earth and creeping thing, and all creatures of the sea, from the tiny shrimp to the leviathan of the deep." Miserably criminal, abandoned, and depraved John Chinaman, who can subsist on anything and almost on nothing! He is clearly, in American opinion, out of place in a land overflowing with milk and honey, with tenderloin steak and Little Neck clams, with sweet potatoes and sugar-cured hams, with canvas-back ducks and gumbo soup, with scrambled eggs and buckwheat cakes, with hog, hominy, striped bass, turkey, tomatoes, and terrapin.

to the character of a "darkie" in trouble on a suspicion of spoons. "I wunt 'zactly say he's idle," replied the truthful witness on the stand; "*but I 'spect he was born naturally tired.*"

UNCLE SAM'S HOSPITALITY.

Keep off! You are so industrious and economical that our boys can't compete with you.

THE ALL-NIGHT SUPPER IN THE DRESSING-ROOM OF A CHINESE THEATRE.

XXXIX.

The Drama in China Town.

San Francisco, *March* 10.

The Golden City abounds in theatres, in the ordinary acceptation of the term—that is to say, roomy and comfortable establishments, well lit and well ventilated, elegant in their decorations, and not extortionate in their prices of admission, all these being features pleasantly characteristic of the great majority of theatres in the United States. I have already mentioned having had the advantage to witness at the Bush-street Theatre, San Francisco, the six thousandth performance of Mr. Sothern as Lord Dundreary; but it was shortly afterwards my privilege to behold a spectacle far more curious and remarkable than that even of "Our American Cousin," a piece which has been so repeatedly modified and modulated to suit the Dundrearyan idiosyncrasies that it may be said, in degree, to resemble those celebrated silk stockings of Sir John Cutler, which, according to

Pope, had been so frequently darned with worsted that little, if anything, of the original fabric remained. The peculiar performance which I am about to describe struck me as being the most extraordinary that, in a somewhat lengthened career of play-going, I had yet gazed upon. A nigger minstrel entertainment in the Theatre of Bacchus at Athens might satisfy most amateurs of the abnormal in lyric art; and three or four years ago, being at Constantinople, I was induced to think that I had rarely been present at an odder sight than that of "Les Deux Aveugles" at a music-hall at Galata, played before an audience composed of Franks, Greeks, Armenians, Turkish artillery officers from Tophané, and sailors of all nations. Between the acts those of the spectators who had any *medjidies* to spare adjourned to play roulette in a gambling den conveniently attached to the premises, and towards the close of the evening a cattle-dealer from Odessa was stabbed by a Maltese stevedore. A thoroughly cosmopolitan entertainment. But the merry memories of the Galata music-hall have been, in my mind, all but completely eclipsed by the humours of the Chinese theatres of San Francisco; nor, I apprehend, shall I ever again be so fortunate to see anything more out of the way in the dramatic or musical line; unless, some of these days, I should have the good luck to assist at the performance of "Box and Cox" in a balloon, or to see the "Pirates of Penzance" at the bottom of a coal mine.

My polite pioneers to the penetralia of "Canton on the Pacific" had resolved that I should "do" China Town thoroughly, both in its diurnal and nocturnal aspects; and one of the principal items in the programme arranged for me was a visit to the Chinese playhouses. There are two large establishments of the kind, both in Jackson-street, between Kearney and Dupont streets, on opposite sides of the road, and all but facing each other. The baneful effects of theatrical entertainments—if they have any baneful effects—on the morals of the people is in one respect counteracted here by the circumstance of there being next door to one of the Chinese theatres, and immediately over against the other, an unpretending brick building, of which the name in Chinese is "Foke Ham Tong," and in English the "Gospel Temple." In plainer English, it is a Methodist chapel, where zealous American missionaries labour for the conversion of the heathen.

The largest and most popular Chinese theatre is called the "Royal"—why, I know not. "Imperial" would have been a more appropriate name. The outside of the playhouse is in

nowise remarkable, and, in fact, it is ugly, dingy, and Anglo-Saxon looking enough to be easily mistaken for one of those Nonconformist places of worship of the last generation—they are much more tastefully built nowadays—which, with scant politeness, Sydney Smith dubbed the "brick barns of Dissent." There was but a single door, so far as I could make out, for the ingress and egress of the public—a structural circumstance which might well have attracted the notice of the San Francisco Fire Department; although, seeing that the entire district of China Town has been solemnly condemned as an incurable nuisance by the City Board of Health, its demolition is loudly demanded; and it might be thus scarcely worth while to take the inadequate *vomitoria* of the Theatre Royal, Jackson-street, into account. We ascended a short, narrow, and not over clean wooden staircase, until we found, ensconced behind a door and sitting at the receipt of custom, a personage of unmistakably Anglo-Saxon extraction, with a sandy "goatee," and wearing the typical Anglo-American "soft" hat. This was the money-taker, and he was good enough to inform us, in a sonorous Western accent, that "the show" was "in full blast." The time, I should observe, was just four o'clock in the afternoon; but there are nightly as well as daily performances at the Theatre Royal, Jackson-street, which is open all the year round, Sundays included. The English-speaking money-taker puzzled me somewhat. Was the "show," I asked myself, "run" by an Anglo-American speculator? I was subsequently informed that such was not the case. The place is under exclusively Chinese ownership and management; and it is possible that an American money-taker might have been appointed by the Chinese authorities to meet the convenience of the large numbers of English-speaking strangers who visit the theatres in Falcon-street as being among the most queerly interesting sights in San Francisco. A Chinese money-taker, you may say, would have answered the purpose quite as well; but it is worth while noticing that the number of Chinamen in San Francisco who can talk even "pigeon" English is, considering the vastness of their aggregate, surprisingly small.

Be that as it may, we paid our fifty cents as entrance money; and, crawling up a few more steps, found ourselves in the body of the house, which was already three-parts full. We had entered the house by the gallery, and looked down on an area, amphitheatrical in form, which might accommodate from eight hundred to a thousand spectators. This, in American playhouse

parlance, would be the parquette. With us it would be the pit. Casting your eyes downwards you looked upon a huge sea of black low-crowned hats. That is the all but universal headgear of the Heathen Chinee in San Francisco. When he does vary it he assumes a brimless *coiffure* of felt or silk, sable in hue, and in shape something between the *berretta* of a Roman Catholic priest and the "pork-pie" of an Andalusian *majo*. The grandees of China Town, among whom are personages of dignity approaching mandarin rank, wear the traditional and picturesque Mantchee head-dresses; but the Chinese mechanic, servant, or labourer abides almost invariably by the low black-crowned hat that I have noticed. I never saw "John" in a "stove-pipe" or a "soft" hat. In summer time it is his delight to array himself in a short jerkin and baggy trousers, scarcely reaching to the ankle, of spotless white jeans; but this is very early spring, and a chilly spring to boot, and the occupants of the "parquette" wore, as a rule, a jerkin and galligaskins of dark blue or black serge. Rarely does the Heathen Chinee wear boots. He affects his peculiar national shoes, with thick substrata of whitey-brown paper between the soles and the upper leathers; and it is with rage and envy that the white working men and women of San Francisco call to mind that the whole of the Chinaman's wardrobe—jerkin, galligaskins, shoes, underlinen, and all—is made by the Chinese themselves.

Not content with thus injuring the Caucasian, the crafty Mongol has taught himself how to make—and to make very well, too—boots and shoes and garments suitable for Anglo-American use, and he makes them in immense numbers, and for wages far inferior to those which a white artificer would condescend to receive. There is no end to the industrial turpitude of John Chinaman. He has even become a specialist in the cutting-out and confection of what the Americans discreetly term "ladies' fine under-wear"—dainty articles with frills and "insertion," and tucks and what not. The ladies declare his "underwear" to be exquisitely neat and of most durable workmanship, and his proficiency in this craft, of which he is rapidly acquiring a monopoly, is naturally and most bitterly resented by the white sempstresses, who would be glad to work their fingers to the bone for eighty or even for sixty cents a day, but who find to their anger and despair that "John" will work for fifty, and will save money even out of that wretched pittance. All these things add in an immeasurable degree to the exaspera-

tion against the Chinaman on the Pacific coast among those of the white race whose lot it is to labour. As for the employer of labour, he may theoretically dislike the incorrigibly indefatigable Mongol, but practically he does not cease to avail himself of the cheap services of a steady and handy craftsman. These are surely industrial facts, demanding serious and attentive consideration; and yet, I asked myself, looking at the eight hundred wearers of black hats—or, rather, the twelve hundred, for there were about four hundred more in the gallery—how came this great company of working people in a playhouse at four o'clock in the afternoon, and how could they, who are known to work for what the white man considers starvation wages, afford to pay fifty cents, or two shillings sterling, a head for admission?

I could not hope to solve the problem then, so I took to considering their pigtails. Those appendages, likewise, are, after a manner, mysterious. How much of the neatly braided queue is real hair, and how much silk? Are Chinese babies born with pigtails? Why do the men never wear whiskers? Why do only elderly men venture on a slight moustache, and what may be termed the phantom of a beard? I am told that those American writers are in error, who have stated that the few Chinamen in California who have been converted to Christianity as a rule discard the queue, and adopt the American style of dress. The missionaries, however, admit that probably one half of the Chinese in America might be induced, with or without conversion to Christianity, to cut off their tails and assume Christian hats and Christian pantaloons if a general move could be made in that direction. But the same argument might be employed in favour of the adoption by the ladies of America of the Bloomer costume. It is manifest that the dress reform proposed by Mrs. Amelia Bloomer—by the way, that estimable lady was lately living, if she be not still living, at Council Bluffs, over against Omaha—was a sensible reform tending to bring about comfort, cheapness, and the strictest of decorum in feminine dress; but, as it happened, there was no "general move" in the direction of ladies on either side of the Atlantic abandoning their trailing skirts for Turkish trousers; and the Bloomer movement came to nothing. And even more strongly is the dilemma caused by the absence of a general move in a given direction illustrated by the story of the ambitious gentleman Down East, who, jealous of the virtual monopoly en-

joyed by the States of Pennsylvania and Maryland, in the production of canvas-back ducks, essayed to acclimatise those delicious birds in his own Down Eastern State. He laboured long; he planted celery on the banks of a river; he brought multitudes of live ducks to the spot; but the result of his endeavour was lamentable failure. "There's the river," he was wont to say, gloomily; "there's the celery a-growin' wild; there's the ducks; but, —— them, *they won't eat it.*" That's where it is. There was no "general move" on the part of the ducks, in the direction of feeding upon the celery artfully planted on the banks of the Down Eastern river. As with the ducks, so with the pigtails. It is, I suspect, obstinately traditional conservatism that makes the Chinaman cling to his queue. He himself tacitly owns that it is an encumbrance, for when he is at work, in order to get the oscillating tail out of his way, he twists it round and round at the back of his head, when it forms a chignon, remarkably offensive and hideous to view.

The black-hatted occupants of the parquette wore their pigtails down; still that fact failed to make them look any the lovelier. The uniformity and the sombre hue of the garb gave them a convict appearance, and instinctively you looked to see whether there were any emblems of the Broad Arrow branded on their jerkins and trousers. Physiognomically they might be divided into two classes. The young Chinaman, although altogether too mock-faced and girlish, is not a bad looking fellow. The effeminacy of his features is relieved by the brightness of his bead-like eyes, and his sempiternal simper has a good deal that is naturally candid and kindly. As he grows older that simper will degenerate into the sinister smirk of the hypocrite, the loathsome leer of the habitual profligate, or the vacant grin of the downright idiot. Take him for all and all, the adolescent John Chinaman is a smart, spruce, knowing, and good-natured youth. But just look at his senior, or his apparent senior, for few things are so difficult to determine with accuracy as a Chinaman's age. Survey that attenuated body, that bent spine, those bony inert hands listlessly planted on the knees. Contemplate that yellow, withered countenance, those deep sunken eyes, the balls of which are bleared and glossy. The unhappy creature looks boneless, bloodless, nerveless—a mere sack of parchment holding a feeble framework of gristle. He looks stupefied, "played out." Unless I am very much mistaken his digestive organs are hopelessly impaired. Unless I am

very much more mistaken he is a habitual opium-eater. And then I recall that American definition of the "Chinese smell" which I touched upon in my last letter from China Town. Yes; there is a distinct, peculiar, and horrible Mongol odour—a perfume which dominates that of the cigars and the tobacco leaves, wet and dry; the fried fish and the dry vegetables; the tallow chandlery smell, the tan-pit smell, and the "shippy" smell. It is the combined odour of morphine, narcotine, thebaine and meconine. It is the Opiate Smell.

The eight hundred Chinamen, more or less, in the parquette —there is not a woman among them—and the four hundred Chinamen in the gallery are as silent as though they were twelve hundred quakers. Not the faintest sign of applause is audible as the play goes on. Once only, when the funny man is at the very apogee of his funniments, the faintest of titters ripples over the ocean of parchment-coloured faces. They are not all, however, wholly without motion. One-third at least, of the audience are smoking cigars or cigarettes, not impregnated with opium, as some travellers would make you believe, but made from very fair "domestic" tobacco; and these cigars and cigarettes they manufacture themselves, these incurably laborious heathens and aliens! Another third of the audience are eating something—goodness knows what it is; but it is something, no doubt, that the white man would consider nasty. During the performance slim Chinese boys, bearing napkin-covered baskets, elbow and shin their way between the benches, just as the old "cakes, apples, oranges, ginger-beer, and bill of the play," women used to elbow and shin their way through the several ranks of groundlings in the old times, when the Haymarket Theatre had a pit. The boys with the baskets dispense occult delicacies to their customers; and pray do not lose sight of this little fact. In this Golden City, in this superbly opulent and luxurious San Francisco, there is no coin of a recognised value less than a "nickel," or five cents. There are, unfortunately, a good many beggars just now in amazingly opulent 'Frisco: but you can't give a mendicant a penny as you might in London, if you had not been well schooled as to the sinfulness of indiscriminate almsgiving, and if you had not the fear of the Charity Organization Society before your eyes. In San Francisco you must needs give the beggar a "nickel," which is twopence-halfpenny, or nothing.

It follows then that not one of the delicacies vended by the

boys with the baskets was to be purchased for less than five cents; and as the eating portion of the spectators seemed to all appearance to be munching without intermission during the two hours that I remained in the theatre, each pig-tailed and low-crowned-hatted Celestial must have consumed to his own share "goodies" to the value of a considerable number of "nickels." How could they afford these luxuries? It may be that there are private importations of cowries and "cash" into China Town from Canton for exclusive circulation among the Ah Sings, Go Longs, and Rum Coons. Perhaps they have among themselves a paper currency of "chops"—ten to the cent possibly—with which they buy their own delicacies from their own purveyors. The composition of those cates is quite beyond my ken; but they may be much more inexpensive than, at the first blush, one might imagine. Dried slugs cannot cost much, pickled chestnuts should be a drug in the market, and spiders candied in molasses may be cheaply manufactured, I should say.

We were not entirely bereft of the society of the fair sex. Of the unhappy Chinese women, more than 2,000 of whom are, as I have already mentioned, detained in shameful and cruel bondage in California, no sign was visible; but, in a small side gallery to the left of the proscenium, there were between forty and fifty females and perhaps half as many children. Some ninety of the former, dumpy little dames, not by any means ill-favoured, with beautiful black hair and very richly-dressed, with a profusion of jewellery, chiefly consisting of pearls and garnets, were, so one of my obliging conductors informed me, real ladies—even "high-toned" ladies—being the wives of wealthy and respectable Chinese bankers, merchants, and traders settled in San Francisco. These possessors of the Golden Lilies, or Small-feeted Ones, were in many cases accompanied by their female servants. In almost every case they were smoking, either cigarettes or small reed pipes, gaily ornamented. At intervals between their smoking they munched—preserved snails, baked wasps, pickled bilberries, candied frogs?—"que sais-je?" and now and again they relieved the lugubrious taciturnity of the auditory by a brief but shrill giggle.

There were also three or four private boxes—literally "boxes," mere square bare wooden compartments, with a couple of uncovered and uncomfortable seats to sit upon—and to one of these boxes we were ceremoniously conducted. I thought at first that the Chinese management were showing us "the

courtesies of the house," which is the American euphemism for giving you an order for the play; but I found out afterwards, quite accidentally, that one of my pioneers had paid four dollars for our additional accommodation. Assuredly the Theatre Royal, Jackson-street, must be a paying concern. We had a capital view of the stage. Such a stage! It had no "flies," no "wings," no "flats," "drops," or "set-pieces," no curtain, green or otherwise, and, in fact, no shifting or permanent scenery of any kind. It was merely an elevated platform at the back of the auditorium, with two doors of entrance and exit in the wall to the right and left of the musicians, who sat on three-legged stools, and were placed, not in what should have been the orchestra, but in the centre of the stage behind the actors.

I think the appearance and performances of these Celestial "musicianers" would have slightly astonished Sir Julius Benedict, and have afforded Mr. Arthur Sullivan some food for cogitation. There was a grotesque guitar, something between a banjo and a Russian *balalaïka*, and there was an instrument resembling a hurdy-gurdy grafted on to a fiddle. There was an attenuated drum with a hole in the centre of the parchment, whether designedly or accidentally so made I am unable to state. I should say that the latter was the case, for I noticed that the yellow-faced gentleman at the drum attacked, not the top, but the sides of his instrument, using in lieu of drumsticks two articles which looked like elongated wooden spoons with the shanks straightened. It was the vocation of another to bang what seemed to be an Italian "gauffering" iron with a pair of tongs, while another threw himself heart and soul into the task of extracting out of a description of fife the most unearthly sounds I have ever heard since the old catcall and "scratcher" days of Bartholomew and Greenwich Fairs. One instrumentalist very much mystified me. He sate before a curious metallic "arrangement" on four legs, which bore the appearance of a miniature "kitchener," or cooking-stove. In the centre of the top of this weird machine there was a circular orifice with a metal cover, like a saucepan-lid, and at irregular intervals the instrumentalist lifted this saucepan-lid as if to see what was going on in the kitchener below. I fancied at first that he was the cook of the Theatre Royal, Jackson-street, and that he was busy preparing the company's supper; but I noticed that when he replaced the saucepan-lid he brought it down with a clang, and that the seeming cooking-stove thereupon emitted a sepul-

chral and ear-piercing shriek, such as, with a lively fancy, you might imagine to have been uttered by the Oracle of Dodona with a toothache brought on by a continuity of easterly winds. The chief instrumentalist, however, was a man with a gong, who contrived to keep up a perfectly diabolical din. There seemed to be some standing feud between him and the man at the kitchener, for, immediately after the latter had made play with his saucepan-lid, the presiding genius at the gong would frantically thump that instrument as though to drown the reverberations of his rival's apparatus, and as though to say to the audience, "Hear how much louder and beautifuller my noise is than the clatter of yonder conceited donkey with his saucepan-lid." It was a sad thing to suspect that such a sentiment as jealousy existed between these two accomplished artists. Let us be thankful—proudly thankful, my brethren—that no such envious rivalries are to be found among artists in Europe.

On either side of the performers on the stage there sat, stood, lounged, or loafed about a group of Chinamen, smoking and munching, even as their *confrères* in the parquette did. They would cross the stage from time to time in the most unconcerned manner, threading their way through the ranks of actors, of whom there might be as many as thirty on the stage at a time, and who, on their part, took not the slightest notice of these interlopers, who must have been in some way connected with the house, since every now and then they disappeared through the doors in the rearward wall, returning after a time to resume their loafing and lounging-places of vantage on the stage. Who were these hangers-on, cool as so many cucumbers, and yellow as so many bananas? Were they gentlemen amateurs, privileged to stand there at their ease, and mingle with the actors and stroll into the green-rooms and dressing-rooms at their pleasure, even as it was the privilege so to do of the French *noblesse* of the old *régime* when they condescended to patronise the Opera or the Comédie Française? No, they could scarcely be gentlemen amateurs, for they wore the same jerkins and trousers of dark serge, and the same low-crowned black hats, as did the twelve hundred silent Chinamen in the pit.

I noticed also that at each side of the stage there was a short flight of steps by which the mysterious hangers-on occasionally descended into a vacant area which should have been the orchestra. But no spectator from the body of the house—none that I saw, at least—ever presumed to ascend the steps leading

to the stage. Could these hangers-on at some period of the drama unwitnessed by me fulfil the functions of chorus? But I refrained from puzzling myself any more about them, remembering that the play was the thing, after all, which I had come to see; only, when it did begin I found myself more puzzled than ever. I frankly confess that of the drama enacted I could make neither head nor tail. Its outward aspect was somewhat as follows. You will understand that with the exception of a couple of very dingy striped curtains veiling the doors of entrance and exit the scene was absolutely barren of decoration. Stay, high up above, in the keystone of the arch of the proscenium, where in old theatrical times we should have inscribed "Veluti in speculum," there appeared a placard on which, in gaily spangled Roman letters—for the edification, no doubt, of the Outer Barbarians—there was written up the words—if my remembrance serves me correctly, for I dare not carry a note-book with me, lest the faculty should fail me altogether—"Quai min Yuen." But the management had forgotten or disdained to tell the Outer Barbarians what "Quai min Yuen" meant. One of my companions told me that the words implied "pleasure, or amusement combined with instruction." A very good motto, indeed, for a playhouse. It was the same obliging companion who, while we were walking to the theatre, translated the hieroglyphic signboard over a Chinese apothecary's shop as signifying "The Golden Temple of Ten Thousand Heavenly Harmonies." A queer people. Are they so very queer? Are they the only queer people in the world? I wonder, when a stray John Chinaman comes to England, what he thinks of the lions, unicorns, harps, and other strange emblematic devices over some of our shop doors—apothecaries', butchers', bakers', and candlestick makers', and what not, and to what extent he would be edified if any kind English guide, philosopher, and friend translated "Honi soit qui mal y pense," or "Dieu et mon droit," into Chinese for him.

But the play. The Chinese, I was told, are passionately fond of dramatic performances. The play generally represents some historical train of events extending through the entire dominion of a dynasty or an interesting national epoch. Little or nothing is left to the imagination of the spectator; and the literal text of the play does not develop the plot with anything like the rapidity which characterises a European drama. The Chinese play is emphatically a physical delineation of events

from their inception to their completion. Is there not a certain Greek trilogy, dealing with a certain Clytemnestra and one Orestes and an unfortunate gentleman by the name of Agamemnon, and sundry personages called the Eumenides, which, similarly pursues a train of events from their beginning even to their end? In a Chinese play the most trivial occurrences of life are portrayed, and the tragic business is relieved from time to time, as in our own miracle and mystery plays, by ribaldry and buffoonery, sometimes of a very coarse order. In these "comic scenes" almost as many varieties of devils as those who tempted St. Anthony are introduced. I think that in the play which I witnessed there were thirteen demons of as many hues and of astounding ugliness. In addition, there seemed to be an indefinite number of conspiracies, rebellions, battles, sieges, terrific combats of two, four, and six.

I was told that on certain afternoons astounding feats of tumbling, jumping, turning "cart-wheels," throwing somersaults, juggling, and knife-throwing were performed; but the entertainment of which I was an absorbedly interested spectator was purely lyrical and dramatic. The lyrical portion consisted of sundry songs given in a most abominable falsetto; yet, for aught I could tell, this hideous screeching may have been as delightfully acceptable to the ears of the Chinese audience as the notes of a Patti or an Albani are to ours. You may remember that when the shrewd and kindly Michel Sieur de Montaigne was playing with his cat he was not entirely free from the misgiving that while he was laughing at the antics of pussy the inscrutable feline might be laughing at him. So may it be with John Chinaman. The most mellifluous sounds—mellifluous, at least, to us—which the Messrs. Gye or Mr. Mapleson could provide to soothe his ears withal might seem to him so much barbarous cacophony provocative alike of his derision, his pity, and his disgust; whereas he may derive the most exquisite pleasure from listening to what to us is so much discordant squeaking and yelling and Punch-like "rooty-tooing," combined with the charivari of pokers and tongs, tinpots and saucepan-lids. By the way, one of the attributes of the man with the saucepan-lid was to bring it down so as to mark the rhythm of the recitative in which the dialogue appeared to be declaimed. For example:

Chung Rung Long Fong, Chang Ching, La Sing, Lang Com.
Bang! (with the saucepan-lid).
Rum (bang) Ching, Ching Ling, Tum Sung, Tum Ring, Tum Conn. Bang!

I fancied from time to time that I was listening to "To be or not to be" in Chinese. But that dreadful man with the gong persisted in slurring his rival's marking of a cadence, and all became a Chinese chaos again. The actors in the play seemed to me to be innumerable, but the majority evidently belonged to the "super" class. There were several female characters, but they were in all cases sustained by men, who, with their faces shaved and plastered and rouged and pomatumed up, seemed to us inexpressibly revolting. Well, our earliest Desdemonas and Ophelias were the young gentlemen of her Majesty Queen Bess's Chapel. I had been led to expect some very magnificent costumes at the Theatre Royal, Jackson-street, and I was told that the entire wardrobe of the company was insured for $30,000; but in a sumptuary sense I was wofully disappointed. Some of the leading actors wore robes of brocaded damask and velvet, embroidered with gold, which had once, no doubt, been handsome, and had cost a great deal of money; but the greater number of these dresses were faded, tarnished, and disgustingly dirty. Perhaps the splendid dresses are reserved for high days and holidays. I must come again in the evening, my companion said, to see the Chinese Theatre in its fullest bloom.

Meanwhile I take note of two concluding items. I noticed that when an actor was supposed to be killed in one of the innumerable combats represented, a "super." at once stepped forward and placed under the head of the corpse a small block of wood to serve as a pillow. At the close of the scene the deceased would arise, and with his wooden pillow under his arm coolly walk off the stage in full view of the audience, irresistibly reminding me of the admirable and lamented Mr. Compton as Whiskeranderos in "The Critic." Finally, I should tell you that from four to six months are generally consumed before the acts of a Chinese play are finished. The particular drama of which I saw a small portion began, I was told, a fortnight before Christmas, so that about the middle of next May it may be expected to come to a close. Shade of mad Nat Lee, who wrote a tragedy in twenty-six acts, how puny were the efforts which your patron, Sir Car Scroop, Baronet, thought so colossal; and in the presence of a Chinese drama six months long what French playwright will venture to boast of the amplitude of a "Monte Christo" or a "Reine Margot?"

CHINESE JOSS-HOUSE AT SAN FRANCISCO.

XL.

Scenes in China Town.

San Francisco, *March* 11.

Singular to relate, I had no sooner quitted the Theatre Royal, Jackson-street, than, right in the centre of the sidewalk, I met a Ghost. There is no absolute necessity, I conceive, that apparitions should be confined to those of the human species, such as the ghosts of Molly Brown, Mrs. Veale, Admiral Hosier, Hamlet's Father, Banquo, or "Old Booty." Macbeth saw the ghost of a dagger; the Bad Lord Lyttelton that of a white dove, and crazy William Blake, *picter ignotus*, imagined that he had beheld the phantom of a Flea. Everybody who has read Captain Marryat, or seen Mr. Henry Irving as Vanderdecken, is bound to believe in the spectral craft known as the Flying Dutchman; and if the ghost of a ship be feasible, why not the ghost of a house? The vision which rose up before me in Jackson-street was that of a theatre full six thousand miles away. All you who have travelled in Northern Italy will remember that peerless architectural inspiration, the Teatro Olimpico of Palladio, at Vicenza. I call it an inspiration, since, as has been cogently pointed out by Augustus von Schlegel in his lectures on the theatre of the Greeks, Herculaneum and Pompeii were

still undiscovered when Palladio raised his wondrous structure, and it is obviously extremely difficult to understand the ruins of an ancient theatre without having seen a complete one. Schlegel goes on to remark that although Vitruvius is, as regards accuracy of detail, the most valuable authority that could have been consulted by Palladio, the statements of the ancients have been twisted out of shape by architects unacquainted with the writings of the Greek and Roman dramatists; while, on the other hand, the classical scholars and philologers have blundered quite as sadly through their ignorance of architecture.

Even at the present day it is perplexing to determine the precise technical manner in which the strange fancies of Aristophanes were embodied before his audience; the learned Abbé Barthelemy's description of the Greek stage is very confused, and his annexed ground plan materially incorrect, while in attempting to describe the acting of a Greek tragedy such as the "Antigone" or the "Ajax," he goes hopelessly astray. Palladio worked more than two centuries before the days when Lübke and Guhl and Kohner, to say nothing of our Anthony Rich and our Donaldson, were to throw a flood of light on the minutest matters connected with the antique stage; and the illustrious Vicenzan architect seems to have evolved his idea of the Teatro Olimpico partly from his own consciousness of beauty and fitness, and partly from patient and loving study of the works of ancient authors. But you must have seen that marvellous theatre at Vicenza—you who in duty bound have "done" your Venice and your Padua, your Rovigo and your Verona. I have not, unfortunately, such a thing as a Murray's Guide to Northern Italy by me, else I would technically describe the features of the phantom that I beheld in Jackson-street; so, lest I should err in any points of detail touching the *cavea* and the *præcinctiones*, the *orchestra* and the *thymele*, the *proscenium* and the *pulpitum*, and confuse the attributes of the Odeon of Pericles at Athens with those of the theatre of Marcellus at Rome, I will merely remark that the seats in Palladio's theatre are amphitheatrically arranged, that there is a parquette and a gallery, that there is no curtain, that there are no shifting scenes, and that the permanent scene is merely the back wall of the stage, on which, in low relief and with wonderful power in deluding the eye, are represented a central building and two streets diminishing in perspective. In this wall there are three openings or portals. The central one is for the entrance and

exit of emperors, kings, high priests, and other grandees; the doors flanking the middle one are for citizens, mechanics, slaves, and others of the meaner sort. Such, broadly outlined, was the phantom that I saw; but I lack both the space and the capacity to picture in words the grandeur, the nobility, and the exquisite harmony in proportion of Palladio's masterpiece.

When, in the sunny afternoon daylight, this vision appeared to me the theatre was quite empty—as empty as it was when, wandering in Italy fourteen years ago, I first peeped, with wonder and delight, into the dusty shadowy place; but—would you believe it?—the visionary amphitheatre became suddenly peopled with humankind. There was a crowd in the *cavea;* there were actors on the stage. But it was no audience in toga or stola, in peplum or chlamys; the actors wore no masks, nor sock, nor buskin. Not the "Agamemnon" nor "The Seven before Thebes," not the "Adelphi" nor the "Andria" were they performing. Upon my word, although the theatre was still Palladio's, every inch of it—that is to say, the exact counterpart of an ancient *Theatrum Tectum*—the several masses of spectators were exclusively composed of Heathen Chinees; John Chinaman and his compeers were loafing, lounging, and smoking in the *præcinctiones;* they were Chinese actors who were mouthing and squeaking on the stage; and in front of the central entrance, reserved for kings and emperors and high priests, a Chinese orchestra were whacking and banging, hammering and clattering with their "Katzenmusik" of gongs and tongs, tin pots and saucepan lids.

And then this unaccountable vision faded away, and another portent passed before me. The sky was very blue, but it was the sky of Greece, not of California. And I saw a great multitude of rustics sitting on a hill-side. It was in the month Poseidon, the vintage time. The feast of the "Country Bacchus" was in full celebration; and the rustics were shrieking with laughter at the antics of a company of mummers, who, grotesquely disguised and their faces besmeared with wine lees, were disporting themselves under the leadership of one Thespis,* in a wagon. There was music. Of what nature? Woe is me! I heard the bang of that infernal Chinese saucepan lid; and Thespis and his merry men, the hillside and the laughing rustics all dissolved, leaving not a wreck behind beyond the profound and serious conviction that if the Chinese did not borrow their

* Θέσπις:—a divinely-inspired Prophet or Talker.

first rude notions of the acted drama from the early Greeks, those Greeks borrowed *their* notions of the acted drama from the still earlier Chinese. But whether the Argonauts voyaged to Canton or a Chinese junk visited the Piræus many centuries before the birth of Theseus, I am unable—my name being Davus not Œdipus—to resolve.

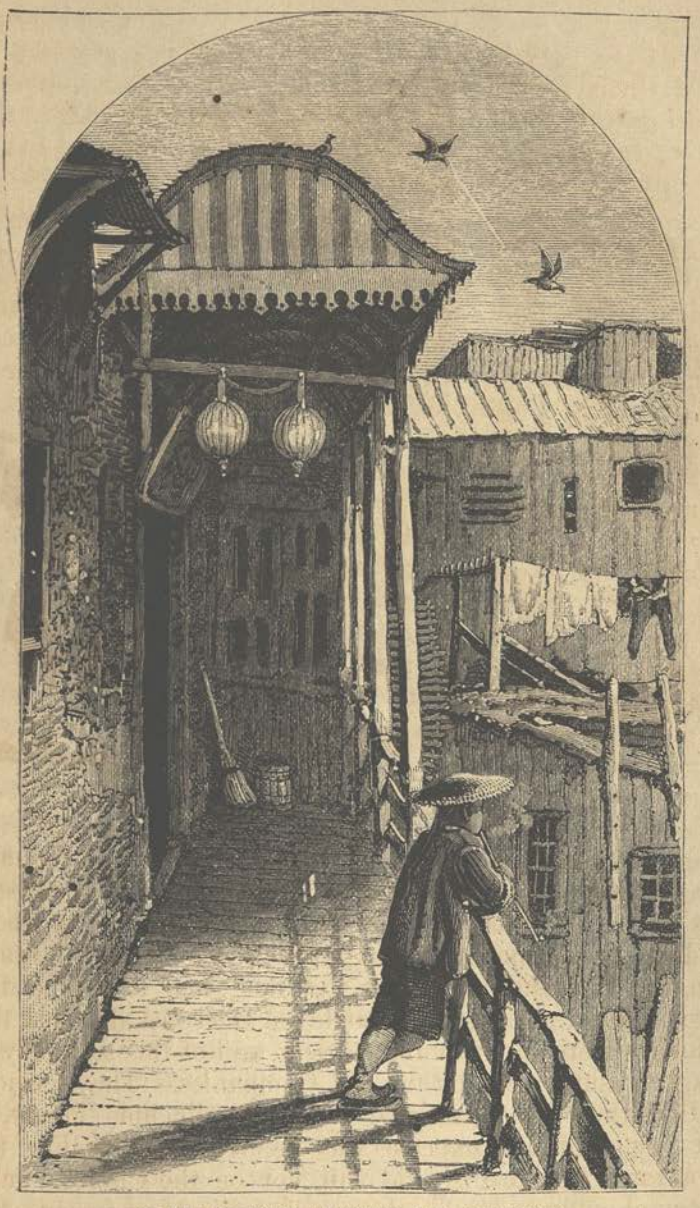
We had determined to "do" China Town by night, and there yet intervened a couple of hours between us and darkness. So we sent the lady of our party home to the Palace Hotel, our ultimate business being to explore dens which no lady could behold without shuddering. We did not, however, bid farewell to respectability until it was quite dark; and there were more plays to be seen in China Town than were enacted in the Theatre Royal, Jackson-street. First, I paid a visit of ceremony to the Chinese Consul-General, to whom I was introduced by Colonel Bee, a most intelligent and courteous gentleman, who has long acted as Vice-Consul for China in San Francisco. Colonel Bee's pro-Chinese sympathies, I heard it more than once hinted, are of too pronounced a type; but this is scarcely to be wondered at, seeing that he has lived among the Chinese for years; that he understands John Chinaman thoroughly—his language, his manners, his customs, and everything that is his—and that he has been a witness of the wicked misrepresentations and the cruel persecutions to which this unfortunate people have been subjected almost ever since their first arrival on the Pacific shores. The Rev. Mr. Gibson, an enthusiastic American missionary, who has long laboured for the spiritual benefit of this unhappy race, has graphically described their tribulations in California. Their first experience of man's inhumanity to man is when they land at San Francisco. They are jostled, pushed, and all but kicked from the gangway of the steamer into the Custom House. Then "John" is made to hold up his hands, while a Custom House officer manipulates him from head to foot, fumbling into every nook and corner of the ample sleeves and legs of his clothing. The Chinaman seems to consider this humiliating process as an integral part of the peculiar civilisation of America, and quietly submits to be searched. Sometimes a flash of the eye or a burning of the cheek tells that the indignity is distasteful even to a Chinaman, but not the slightest resistance is ever attempted. The Custom House authorities plead in extenuation of their rigour that the Chinese immigrants are the most persistent and the most cunning

smugglers ever heard of in the annals of contrabandism, and that in particular the quantity of opium which, notwithstanding a minute personal search, they contrive to smuggle into California is something enormous. John Chinaman might to this adduce the sur-rebutter that Americans as well as Englishmen smuggle every year immense quantities of opium into China.

The manipulation over, the newly arrived "John" gathers up his scanty effects—which rarely go beyond a few rags and a pot or a pan or two—and, under the guidance of friends who have come to meet him, or of the agents of the six companies, begins his journey to China Town. They crowd pell-mell into the carts provided for them, or, filling the carts with their baggage, they run behind or by the sides of the vehicles, keeping up with the wagons as closely as possible, lest the drivers should prove to be rascals and run away with their belongings, as the wicked young man did with poor little David Copperfield's half-sovereign, saying that he would "drive to the polis," but never coming back again. Sometimes they get through the city without much inconvenience; but too frequently they are attacked and maltreated in the most savage manner by the "hoodlums" or roughs of San Francisco—a class of whom I shall have to say something by and by. The wretched Chinamen, with their shaven crowns, their braided queues, their flowing sleeves, their peculiar pantaloons, their discordant speech, their piteous mien, and their utter helplessness, seem to present a positive attraction for the practice of those peculiar amenities of life for which the San Francisco "hoodlum"—especially the youthful one—is notorious. These scamps follow the Chinese through the streets howling and screeching, in order to terrify them. Then they pelt them with stones, mud, and brickbats, so that the unhappy heathen, coming by virtue of solemn treaty stipulations into a Christian land, arrive in the Chinese quarter of the Golden City covered with cuts and bruises. Sometimes the police have made a show of protecting the wretched aliens, but too often the show has been a sham, fully appreciated by the "hoodlums," who were in the joke, and enjoyed it immensely.

A few years ago the ill-usage of the Chinaman had become so systematic and so disgraceful that a number of private citizens of San Francisco organised a "Chinese Protection Society," of which the object was to do what the regular police force either could or would not do, and to secure the arrest and punishment of those who wantonly and unlawfully assaulted the inoffensive

strangers. This Society did actually succeed in bringing about the prosecution and conviction of a considerable number of villains of the hoodlum class; but in process of time the Society languished to extinction through lack of funds. Strangely enough, the Chinese themselves did not seem to appreciate to any great extent the exertions made on their behalf. Six thousand dollars were spent by the Society, and of this sum only 600 dollars were subscribed by the Six Companies. They seemed to think that they were protected by the Burlingame Treaty, and that if any additional expense was incurred in defending them from outrage, the cost should fall not on the Chinese but on American shoulders. As for the newly-arrived immigrants, those deplorable objects, so soon as their wounds and bruises were healed, possibly thought no more about the matter. It is their lot to labour and be beaten, and between bamboo in their native land, and brickbats and bludgeons in California, they may have



IN THE CHINESE QUARTER, SAN FRANCISCO.

discerned little if any difference. So they betook themselves to work, and at night slept the sleep of the weary in their crowded and filthy lodging-houses. To save rent they are packed closely

into bunks, tier above tier, and scarcely have more house-room on shore than they had in the steerage of the steamer which brought them from Canton. In every hole and cranny, from cellar to garret, wherever a breath of air can be coaxed to fulfil its life-sustaining purposes, there you are sure to find lively and apparently healthy Mongolians.

Sleeping where Americans would be smothered for the want of fresh air, the Chinaman, to all appearance, thrives. It has come to be a matter of grave doubt whether any atmospheric conditions whatsoever exist which the lungs of a Chinaman cannot readily convert into a vitalising air. So is it with his eating and drinking. He would relish and thrive on the poisonous pot-herbs grown in Proserpine's garden, "where naught but what was baleful grew." It is no uncommon thing to find in an apartment fifteen feet square three or four businesses, employing at least a dozen men, carried on. In rooms where the ceiling is high a sort of *entresol* is fitted up, and here a dozen or more Chinamen may be seen toiling at their various crafts, and eating and sleeping upon and beneath their benches and tables. Many of them sleep in underground holes, into which scarcely a ray of light or a mouthful of fresh air ever penetrates. Under these circumstances the maintenance of anything approaching domestic order and neatness is quite an impossibility; and the tenement and lodging-houses are simply dens of unutterable nastiness. It is marvellous, looking at the pigsties in which they wallow, that the Chinaman can come out of such a place looking so clean and tidy as he generally does. And, although able to exist in a kind of Black Hole at Calcutta by night, no people are more scrupulous than are the Chinese in California about enjoying pure, fresh air throughout the day. It will thus be seen that, even when the interesting hoodlum isn't hoodling, when the corner-loafer is quiescent, when the scallawag ceases to trouble, and the bummer refrains from casting brickbats, the life of the Chinaman in California is, on the whole, not a happy one.

We found the Consul-General—I have not the slightest remembrance of his name, nor, had I noted it, would it have presented any purport or significance to English ears—a most polite, agreeable, and well-informed personage. I did not understand one word of what he was good enough to say, nor did he, I fear, comprehend much of what I took the liberty of saying; but we "took it out," as the saying is, in mutual bowing and salaaming and smiling. He had, however, another Chinese

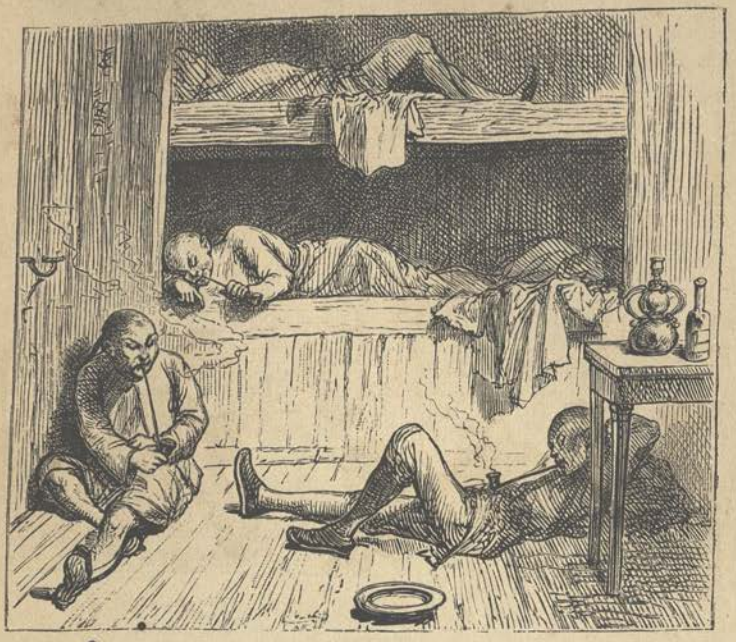
gentleman with him, a thoroughly well-bred and distinguished Celestial, who spoke capital English, and was well "posted-up" about England, as well as about the United States. He made quite a little speech in praise of my "honourable nation," to which I attempted to make the best reply in my power; and then we all bowed and salaamed and smiled all round. Both the Chinese gentlemen were very handsomely attired in their national dress. What their precise rank in China might be I hesitated to ask of the Vice-Consul; but, if urbanity and quiet dignity of manner are factors in the making of a gentleman, the Consul-General and his friend must have been persons of consequence in their own country. And I am told that there are hundreds of Chinese bankers and merchants in San Francisco as fully entitled to be termed gentlemen as any native Americans, engaged in similar pursuits, can be. I just mention this for the reason that the more virulent section of the opponents of Chinese immigration are accustomed to assert that the Chinese in California are composed almost exclusively of the lowest dregs of the boat population of Canton, and that there are few, if any, respectable persons among them.

Having visited a Chinese theatre, my conductors deemed that a visit to a Chinese temple might not be inopportune, so having taken our leave of the urbane Consul-General, whose residence was a pretty villa on one of the "foot hills" surrounding the city, and furnished partly in European and partly in Chinese style, we returned to Dupont-street, and made our way to the nearest joss-house. There are half a dozen temples of considerable size—one of them a disused Protestant church—in China Town, besides a crowd of smaller joss-houses. Each of the famous Six Companies, with the exception of the Yan Wo Company, owns or controls a temple. One of the principal joss-houses, called "The Eastern Glorious Pagoda," is owned and controlled by Dr. Lai Po Tai, a noted Chinese quack, who, it is said, has accumulated a large fortune by practising medicine, not among his own countrymen, but among native Americans of both sexes and of the credulous sort. In the central hall of this temple there is a trio of idols, the central one of which, known as "the Supreme Ruler of the Sombre Heavens," has control over all the northern gods. He is said to be "a whale at swamping fires," and is sometimes known as the "water god." He eats only vegetables. To his left is the god of war, called the "Military Sage;" and on his right is a calm-faced image

OFFERING UP A PRAYER IN A CHINESE JOSS-HOUSE.

who bears the title of the "Great King of the Southern Queen." This god is noted for his charity and benevolence. For the rest, one joss-house is very much like another joss-house. The one we visited reminded me very much of the Crystal Palace Bazaar —amiable old Crystal Palace Bazaar—gone mad, with all the fancy articles from the stalls piled one upon the other in inextricable confusion. There were "gods many and lords many," in wood, stone, ivory, ebony, jade, and terra-cotta, with a host of inferior goddesses and attendant divinities of the "one-horse" sort. There were incense burners and incense tongs, tablets with inscriptions in every colour of the rainbow, grotesque carvings richly gilt, gongs, cymbals, and triangles—fortunately there was nobody to make a noise with them—a very wilderness of artificial flowers, and a number of mysterious looking tubes which bore a suspicious resemblance to squibs and crackers of an ornate description.

The Chinese, I was told, have no congregational worship. There are certain festival days and birthdays of their gods and goddesses when large crowds throng the temples; but single straggling worshippers may be found in the joss-houses at all hours of the day. When we left the joss-house, which had put me in mind of the Crystal Palace Bazaar in a state of insanity, the shades of evening were gathering over Dupont and Jackson-streets. We concluded to take tea in a Chinese restaurant and then to begin our exploration of China Town by night.



CHINESE OPIUM SMOKERS AT SAN FRANCISCO.

XLI.

China Town by Night.

The restaurant to which our party proceeded was in the very heart of the Chinese quarter; but whether it was on Sacramento, or on Commercial, on Dupont, on Pacific or on Jackson-street, I am scarcely prepared, at this distance of time, to particularise. There were two large rooms on the first floor reserved for "high-toned" customers; and these apartments were tolerably clean and gaily decorated in the way of wall painting, cretonne hangings—they did not "run" to silk—coloured lanterns and carved bamboo furniture. We ordered tea; and when that refreshment was brought, tried very hard to "make believe" that we liked the tepid washy and pallid infusion of the herb which was poured by a simpering attendant into cups not much larger than those used for the reception of eggs. But we remembered the herculean efforts of the Marchioness in "The Old Curiosity Shop" to "make believe" that orangepeel and water were sherry wine; and at length we succeeded in persuading ourselves that of whatever form of tea—Bohea, Souchong, Congou, Flowery Pekoe or young Hyson: it

was assuredly not gunpowder—the mild and mawkish beverage was composed, it was a cup which could not inebriate, however it might fail in imparting cheerfulness to the heart of man. That it needed some kind of a fillip or zest to give it a "high tone" seemed evident enough from the assiduity with which the waiters pressed us to partake of some kind of spirituous liquor which was served in tiny porcelain cups. It was white, it is true, but more "milky white" than pellucid, and in consistency was slightly viscid: that is to say "ropy" or glutinous to the palate. I just put my lips to it, and found it faintly—very faintly—suggestive equally of newly distilled arrack, very bad whiskey of the celebrated "cocked hat" or "torch-light procession" kind: illicitly distilled Russian vodka, "gin wash" with a suspicion of the flavour of carraway seeds, Mexican *pulque* with the fine old original *haut gôut* of addled eggs, and the very worst Turkish raki feebly impregnated with turpentine. In any case I thought this festive cup intolerably nasty.

On the weakness and faintness both of the tea and the preparation of alcohol I dwell for the reason that such seem to be curiously conspicuous characteristics of a great many of the "Things of China" besides articles of food and drink. The flavouring of the Chinese *cuisine* is undeniably of the weakest. John Chinaman is fond of mincing up his viands into the tiniest of morsels, and mixing together ingredients which to us would appear of the most discordant kind. The cooking, however, if there were only a little backbone or strength in it, would not be by any means bad; and oddly enough, when the Chinaman emerges from his own quarter, and goes into service as *chef* in an American family, he does not in the slightest degree object to make use of the sauces and condiments employed in the Christian kitchen, and in a comparatively short space of time becomes what, from our point of view, would be considered a capital cook. *Chez lui* on the other hand, and in his restaurants, his predominant shortcomings of faintness and feebleness neutralise the other skilful preparation of his dishes.

In the "high-toned" Chinese restaurants, knives, forks, plates, table-cloths and napkins *à l'Européenne* are kept; and the proprietor will do his best, at a tariff of from two to three dollars a head, to provide a tolerable American dinner; but a genuine Chinese dinner should be eaten with chopsticks—the manipulation of which is to European and American exceedingly difficult—and many of the dishes are hideously distasteful

to non-Celestial palates, owing to the rancid oil or the "bosh" butter with which they have been prepared. The guests, too, have a horrible habit, when they have stripped a bone —always with their teeth—of flinging the bone itself on the floor; and this practice, in the "low-toned" cooks' shops in the Chinese quarter, gives them an indescribably filthy aspect. The Rev. O. Gibson thus describes a dinner of which he partook in a restaurant on Jackson-street in company with the Rev. Dr. Newman, Mrs. Newman, the Rev. Dr. Sunderland of Washington City, and Dr. J. T. M'Lean of San Francisco. "Dr. Newman took hold and ate like a hungry man; and when *I thought he must be about filled* he astonished me by saying that the meats were excellent, and that were it not that he had to deliver a lecture that evening, he would take hold again, and eat a good hearty dinner. Dr. Sunderland did not seem to relish things quite so well. But Mrs. Newman, relishing some of the meats, and failing to get the pieces to her mouth with the chopsticks, wisely threw aside all conventional notions; used her fingers instead of chopsticks, and, as the Californians would say, 'ate a square meal?'"*

We did not partake of a "square meal" *à la Chinoise*, but were content to limit ourselves to tea and rusks—the last covered with finely-powdered sugar interspersed with some seeds of a species wholly unknown to me, but not unpleasant in flavour. In the next room a very "high-toned" wedding supper was in progress. There were folding doors between this scene of festivity and the more modest apartment where we were sipping our tea; but no steps were taken to insure the privacy of the wedding party; nay, one of the simpering waiters very obligingly threw the folding doors even wider open than they had been before: doubtless with the view of the "Mellikans" being awe-stricken by the spectacle of a Celestial wedding feast. The gastronomic part of the entertainment appeared to have come to a close; but there was a good deal of drinking and smoking—as yet only of cigarettes and cheroots—going on. I missed the vapid odour of opium; and was informed that indulgence in that narcotic would not begin until a much later period of the evening and when the bride and bridegroom had retired. Meanwhile we noticed that more than half of one side of the room in which we were taking tea was occupied by a raised wooden platform,

* This was written in 1877. At present the term "square meal," to express a duly set and proper dinner *ab ovo usque ad malum*, is common throughout the American continent.

railed in with a fantastically carved balustrade, and surmounted by a canopy. This platform, or daïs, was occupied by a long low divan, covered with dark-green serge, and provided with a couple of pillows. Here, I was told, the opium smokers came with their pipes and pill-boxes, and enjoyed the fumes of the drug until they had reduced themselves to the required condition of idiotic beatitude.

It has been cogently observed that opium is the curse of the Chinese, just as strong liquor is the curse of Europeans and Americans; but an Englishman, I should say, can scarcely inveigh against the evils of opium-smoking among the Chinese without something like a burning blush of shame overspreading his manly cheek. How many thousand chests of opium do we annually export from India? and how many millions of rupees do we annually make out of the poisonous, demoralising, and abominable opium traffic? One of the most impudent pleas advanced in extenuation of this accursed trade is, that if the Chinese did not buy opium from us, they would obtain it by some other means and from some other quarter. By a parity of reasoning, a rascal who dealt in loaded dice, marked cards, and biassed roulette-wheels, might urge that if he declined to sell such palpable implements of swindling, his rivals in trade, the scoundrel over the way and the rogue round the corner, would be ready to supply any quantity of cogged dice, fraudulent cards, and unjustly biassed roulette-wheels.

We left the wedding party in the next room chattering, gambling, smoking, and drinking to the sounds of minstrelsy similar to that which we had heard in the orchestra of the theatre, and then we went downstairs into the cheaper department of the restaurant:—a huge room on the ground-floor, flaring with gas, and set out with long tables of plain deal in parallel rows. An aisle ran at right angles between the rows of tables, just as it does between the rows of seats in a railway car; and up and down this gangway the Chinese waiters were hurrying and scurrying bearing aloft towering piles of small plates, and uttering responsive yells to the shrieks of the customers, who were exclusively of the pig-tailed or male sex. As I have already remarked, a considerable portion of the wealthy merchants and well-to-do Chinese shop-keepers in San Francisco bring their wives and families with them from the Flowery Land; and many of these Celestial females are, to all intents and purposes, ladies; but Chinese women of the lower class are never seen in any place of

public resort. The poor creatures are imported by hundreds every year into San Francisco; but they are sold into a life of shame, and are the most miserable slaves imaginable.

What the customers in the lower hall of the restaurant were eating I could not well make out. Everything edible seemed to be minced and shredded and chopped up into "snips and snails and puppy-dogs' tails," so to speak. Of course the "hoodlum" class of Chinaman-haters declare that the Yellow Man eats not only dogs and cats, but also "rats and mice, and such small deer." It is certain that in the Chinese meat stores you see a number of scraps of meat of the "block ornament" order, the dubious hue of which—usually a dingy greyish purple, with streaks of drab fat—and fantastic shape of which are replete with all kinds of embarrassing suggestions; while in the grocery stores you are cheerfully shown an amazing variety of dried vegetables, pulse, and preserved poultry, fish, and fruit, which have been brought from the Middle Kingdom for the use of the Chinese denizens of 'Frisco. You never set eyes on these strange-looking esculents in the American quarter; but if John Chinaman chooses to patronise the products of his own Crosse and Blackwell, his own Elizabeth Lazenby (without whose signature none is genuine), and his own Huntley and Palmer, who is to gainsay him? Many of the extremely nasty-looking viands and vegetables in which the Yellow Man seems to take so much delight may have been popular in China thousands of years before Worcestershire Sauce, Anchovy Paste, the Yorkshire Relish, or Captain McPeppery's Real Nabob's Curry Powder were ever heard of; and, indeed, if Englishmen were to rally a Chinaman on the bizarre aspect and the curious odour of his *cuisine*, the Celestial—if he had lived in London and studied our manners—might retort that among all nations calling themselves civilised, the English were the only ones who ate venison and game in an absolutely putrid condition, and who concluded a grand banquet by swallowing scraps of red herring or of caviare instead of eating those appetisers as *hors d'œuvres* at the commencement of the repast.

The lower hall of the restaurant was indescribably dirty. Not so dirty, nor so reeking with complicated stenches as one or two low cookshop cellars into which we subsequently looked, and which, although it was now past ten o'clock, were all densely crowded. Here chopsticks were in universal use, and the culinary operations were carried on by means of an

American "kitchener," in a corner of the cellar itself. Into any of the gaming houses which abound in the Chinese quarter we did not penetrate: our guide dissuading us from such an expedition on the grounds, first, that it was not quite safe; the lowest and

GAMBLING DEN AT SAN FRANCISCO.

most ruffianly of the Chinese being among the frequenters of these places; and when they are excited with something stronger than *samshu*, that is to say with the very worst Californian brandy, being apt to use their knives; and next because a very severe municipal ordinance against the Chinese gambling houses had just been issued, which would compel the police, for a season at least, to use diligence in the suppression of these dens, so as to render it far from unlikely that while we were watching the gamblers at their devices a posse of police might swoop down on the *tripot* and carry off the whole company, croupiers, gamesters, and spectators, pigeons as well as rooks, to gaol.

We concluded our investigation of China Town by night by a visit to some three or four of the common lodging houses occupied by Chinese artificers and labourers. There was certainly nothing picturesque about them. You have only to think of a combination of Flower and Dean-streets, Spitalfields, Tiger Bay, George-street and Church-lane, St. Giles's, the "Coomb" in Dublin, the Rue Mouffetard in Paris, and as much as is left of the Five Points at New York, and perfume the whole

THE CHINAMAN'S PARADISE.

strongly with the reek of opium, and a legion of other equally malignant but even more offensive stenches, to be able to form a tolerably palpable idea of a Chinese lodging-house in the Golden City. There were scores of Chinamen in their narrow cribs extended on the filthy mats and filthier straw mattresses which served them as bedding, and who appeared to be in various stages of epilepsy, catalepsy, tetanus, and *delirium tremens*. They were only smoking opium; and that they did not set the rotten tenement in which they dwelt in a blaze, with the candles and paraffin lamps which they took to bed with them to kindle their pipes withal, was to me little short of a miracle. The spectacle was, on the whole, an eminently disgusting one; and I was glad to get away from it, and return to the Palace Hotel to bed. My dreams, I fancy, were of Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp; but there was a "transformation scene" of St. Giles's smelling very "loudly" of opium.

BLACK ROCK, GREAT SALT LAKE.

XLII.

From 'Frisco to Salt Lake City.

I read in Captain Richard F. Burton's excellent book of Western travel, the "City of the Saints," published just twenty years ago, these justifiably self-conscious words:—"I need hardly say that this elaborate account of the Holy City of the West and its denizens would not have seen the light so soon after the appearance of 'a Journey to Great Salt Lake City by M. Jules Rémy' had there been not much left to say. The French naturalist passed through the Mormon settlements in 1855; and five years in the Far West are equal to fifty in less (more?), Conservative lands." Thus wrote Captain Burton in 1862; and although in the way of increase of population and growth of material prosperity, the progress of the Territory of Utah in general and of Salt Lake City (not Great Salt Lake—the augmentative belongs to the Lake not the City) in particular may in the course of twenty years have been equal to a hundred years' progress in civilisation

in the Old World, there is not half so much to be said concerning Life among the Mormons at the present day, as there was at the periods when Jules Rémy and Burton explored what was then a mysterious, and to a certain extent a picturesque region. Since the completion of the Central and the Union Pacific railroads, and the development, almost to perfection, of the Pullman Palace Car system, the journey across the American continent from east to west has been made so swift and so devoid of discomfort that almost every tourist from Europe—who can conveniently contrive to extend his trip to the States three or four weeks beyond the time he had originally fixed for the duration of his outing—makes the "run" from New York or Boston to San Francisco, and "looks in" at Salt Lake City either on his way to, or on his return from El Dorado.

I scarcely think that many mere pleasure travellers leave England with a definite intent of visiting Utah. The poet tells us that the name still is of account, and that the river still hath charms of "Sir David Lindsay of the Mount, Lord Lyon King of Arms." Analogously it may be said that over the minds of untravelled or of moderately travelled Englishmen the bare name of the Rocky Mountains still exercises a potent spell. Charles Dickens used to say that of all the wearisome people to be met with in society the Rocky Mountains bore—the man who had seen the Devil's Slide, passed "Summit," scaled the Sierras Nevadas and descended the Pacific Slope—was the most intolerable. The great novelist possibly thought such a traveller a *fâcheux* because he himself had never crossed the "Rockies." Similarly Prince Bismarck has,—in terms of almost brutal coarseness, stigmatised the illustrious Alexander von Humboldt as a bore of the first magnitude because the great traveller used frequently to talk about Mexico, and the two famous mountains, Popocatepetl and Istclasiwatl. According to the impatient German chancellor Humboldt was continually drawing the shadow of a cypress tree of ennui over the tea-table conversation at the Royal palaces of Berlin and Potsdam by shrill references to "Popocatepetl, seven thousand seven hundred and twenty feet above the level of the sea." If Prince Bismarck had been sent as Minister Plenipotentiary to Mexico instead of St. Petersburg, and had seen the snow-clad Popocatepetl and its sister peak Istclasiwatl "the Virgin in White Reclining" he would, probably, not have thought Alexander Von Humboldt such a very desperate bore, after all. I remember once, at Brighton,

listening to a monologue lasting full twenty minutes delivered by General Ulysses S. Grant exclusively on the subject of Mexico and having chiefly reference to Popocatepetl, of which giant volcano the general had made a partial ascent. General Grant is usually accounted the most taciturn of mankind; but he talked fluently and even eloquently about matters with which he was intimately acquainted; and, not for a moment, did he bore me; seeing that I had been to Mexico, and preserved in my mind's eye a vivid picture of that strange country.

Utah, to my thinking, is no longer a "strange" country. The Great Salt Lake valley is certainly as picturesque as any valley in Switzerland, which is saying a great deal; but tourists and landscape painters from Europe have not yet devoted themselves, alpenstock or sketch book in hand, to climbing the peaks of the Wahsatch Range, or exploring the passes of the Oquirrh mountains. The most prosaic of railway lines conveys you from Ogden, the junction of the Central and Union Pacific lines, to Salt Lake City, which in its external aspect at least, is as plain-sailing, downright, straightforward, unpoetical and ugly a place as any other "Gentile" American town of from twenty-five thousand to thirty thousand inhabitants. As I have said, English tourists when drawing their cheque in payment for a return ticket per Cunard line, do not often contemplate a journey to California, and a "branching off" from Ogden into Mormondom. About the name of the "Rockies" there yet lingers a dim suggestion of grisly bears, savage Indians, and not much less savage "Jims" and "Moses" and "Outlaws of Poker Hats," "Booters of Shanghae Cañon," "Moonshiners of Blood Boult Gulch," and the like. Before I undertook my second journey to the States, I had read all about the "bhoys" and the bar rooms of the Great West, the "hoodlums" and the "heathen Chinee" of San Francisco in the books of Mr. Bret Harte and Mr. Mark Twain. Of course I thought that I should

very much like to go to California before reaching the rapidly approaching stage when I should not go anywhere save to Kensal Green; but I did not, on leaving England, harbour any hope of being able to penetrate further west than Chicago, or, at the very utmost, St. Paul's, Minnesota. Besides, I had a dear companion whose views as to traversing the American continent, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, might not accord with mine; and finally there was the question of expense (by no means an unimportant one) to be borne in mind.*

It is when the tourist reaches Chicago that the temptation (as I have more than once hinted) to cross the "Rockies" first takes a tangible shape and becomes at last irresistible. So far as I am concerned I found travelling in California and Utah so ridiculously easy that I felt (and still feel) to some extent ashamed of having done so little. I remember standing in the balcony of the Clifton House at the Golden Gate, San Francisco, and peering far beyond the Seal Rock, far over the blue Pacific and murmuring to myself, "Why not be bold—why not go to Honululu, to Hakodadi, to Hong Kong, to Sydney?" Having got so far, why halt? I had got the ship—an ocean steamer was to start on the morrow—I had got the money, too. But I remembered, ruefully, that to lighten our *impedimenta* we had left trunks, portmanteaus, dressing bags, despatch boxes, rugs, and furs at divers hotels along the line of route; and that it would only be in accordance with the commonest dictates of prudence to pick up these articles on our way back. So I "concluded" not to come home by the way, either of Japan or of the antipodes; but to content myself with remembering that "Faith never rides single, but ever has Hope on a pillion," and indulging in the (perhaps fond) hope and belief that I should see Japan and the antipodes before I died.

So, bidding a long, but, I hope, not a last farewell to friendly San Francisco, in due time a Silver Palace Sleeping Car on the Union Pacific Railway, returning from Eldorado, deposited

* Our journey covered four months and a half. I earned by letter writing (paying my own expenses) nine hundred and twenty pounds; and I spent between the end of November and the middle of April just one thousand and thirty-five pounds. I may add, first, that we lived as economically as we could, and that our consumption of wine at dinner (for two) never exceeded a pint of claret or of champagne; and next that we travelled twenty thousand miles, of which about nine thousand were, through the courtesy of the railway companies, "gratuitous transportation." But in the article of Pullman cars I must have spent at least two hundred pounds.

us at Ogden in the territory of Utah, whence the Utah Central Railway, connecting with the Union and Pacific lines, makes the *détour* to Salt Lake City. The distance from Ogden to the City of the Saints is only thirty-seven miles. You will thus perceive that the question of reaching the heart of Mormondom is mainly a matter of mileage, and that—abating a good deal of dust in summer, and in winter a few "cold snaps," which, the elaborately heating appliances of the cars notwithstanding, occasionally freeze the apparatus for washing, and renders congestion of the lungs a far from remote contingency if you open too frequently the ventilators in your state-room—the run from New York, on the one hand, and from San Francisco, on the other, to the Mormon Mecca, is "as easy as a glove," and as "plain as a pike-staff." Not the slightest honour or glory for endurance or resolution on the part of the traveller attaches to the successful accomplishment of the enterprise. In degree, you have no more trouble in getting to Salt Lake City than you have in getting to Tunbridge Wells. In the last-named case, a branch of the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway lands you on the Pantiles. In the first case, you branch off at Ogden, and, an hour and a half afterwards you may be eating buckwheat cakes with maple syrup at the "Walker House" in Main-street, Salt Lake City.

You approach Ogden through scenery really magnificent and nearly approaching the sublime; but the landscape is, on the whole, perhaps finer on the eastward than on the westward side. Nearing Ogden by the Weber and Ogden cañons you pass along a route winding through tortuous turns, reminding the European traveller of that famous railway over the Semmering, between Vienna and Trieste—the line which has been indifferently termed the "zigzag" and the "corkscrew" railway, and of which a tourist, somewhat given to the abuse of hyperbole, once observed that "it twisted and turned so that, more than once, he had been able to see the nape of his own neck." As you reach Ogden the rock-ribbed mountains, bare of all foliage save a few stunted pines, and snow-capped, rise in awe-striking grandeur on either side. I say awe-striking for the reason that I am fain to admit—not, perhaps, for the first time in print—that mountains terrify me, and that I hate them. I have travelled less in Switzerland (in which, to my mind, Basle and Geneva are the only tolerable towns) than the ordinary run of tourists, with their detestable "Regular Swiss Round," simply because I wholly

lack the faculties of appreciation and admiration for mountainous scenery. I never could get up any admiration for Mont Blanc. There is not a stone in Pompeii that has not a sermon in it, for me; but I have beheld Vesuvius unmoved, and the only interest awakened in my mind by the first sight of Stromboli was in connection with the fine old crusted ghost-story of "Old Booty," who, you will remember, was seen by several trustworthy mariners, running stark naked out of the frowning cavities of Stromboli at the precise moment of time when, as it afterwards appeared, he was giving up the ghost at his own house in Wapping.

Ogden itself is a flourishing "village"—I am not at all sure that it may not call itself a city—of some six thousand inhabitants. The town is situated on a lofty mountain plateau, and like all the new towns of the West is built with strict regularity of plan. The streets are very broad, with running streams of water in nearly all of them. There is an ugly but commodious brick court house, three churches, and a Mormon tabernacle, a sprinkling of handsome private residences, and two hotels, besides another and excellent one at the railway depôt. Here also are the machine and repair shops of both Pacific railroads. Of course Ogden has its daily newspapers. There were at least two in my time (March, 1880), one of them the *Daily Junction*, described as "a small seven by nine sheet," and edited by a Mormon Bishop, who is assisted in his journalistic duties by a Mormon poet. The *Ogden Freeman* was, and probably is, an Opposition or Gentile print. There is an immense quantity of fruit grown about Ogden, and, indeed, the Utah apples, peaches, and pears are said to be finer in size, colour, and flavour than any grown in the Eastern or Middle States.

As regards the hotel at the railroad depôt, I may hint that it boasts a refreshment buffet which, next to the one at Omaha, I hold to be the very best to be found in the whole United States. We had fortunately been, thanks to the kindness of our friends, at the Palace Hotel, San Francisco, so bountifully and toothsomely provided in the way of "provand," that on returning to Chicago we had little need to trouble the railway refreshment buffet at all, save for hot bread, milk, hard boiled eggs, and coffee (all good save the last, which was execrable) for breakfast. I preserve, nevertheless, a vivid remembrance of the refreshment buffet at Ogden, not only on account of a most savoury buffalo tongue which I there purchased, but also in connection with the fact

that on the depôt platform there was a stall—the "installation" of which might slightly have astonished Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son—at which I bought first "Punch's Almanack" for 1879, secondly a quantity of Indian "curios" worked in fine straw on cloth and embellished with wampum, and finally a copy, the first I had ever seen, of "The Book of Mormon," an account, as the title page sets forth, "Written by the Hand of Mormon upon Plates taken from the Plates of Nephi, Translated by Joseph Smith, Junior, and divided into Chapters and Verses, with references by Orson Pratt, Sen."

As the business of Mormon proselytism is systematic and continuous in London, and probably also in Liverpool, there are I should say, in England, more than a sufficiency of places at which the Lying Evangel, founded by Mr. Joe Smith, on the lines of a quasi-religious romance, written by one Sidney Rigdon, may be bought. There is thus no reason for giving any detailed account of the farrago of trash of which the Book of Mormon is composed, and which, even as a travesty of Biblical phraseology, is infinitely inferior to Archbishop Whately's "Historic Doubts on the Existence of Napoleon Buonaparte," (a parody written with the most pious of motives) and is not nearly up to the standard of the curiously humorous albeit irreverent political satire in scriptural language, called "The New Gospel of Peace," which was published during the American Civil War. I will, however, just remark, that while travelling from Ogden to Salt Lake City, and turning over the bundle of blasphemous rubbish, called "The Book of Mormon," I came, at Chap. iv. verse 6 of "The Book of Jacob," on the following: "Behold the Lamanites, your brethren, whom ye hate because of their filthiness and the cursings which have come upon their skins, are more righteous than you, for they have not forgotten the commandment of the Lord, which was given to their fathers, that they should have, *save it were one wife*, and concubines that they should have none." To this passage there is a reference to Chap. ii. verse 24 of the same book, whereat I find, "Behold, David and Solomon had many wives and concubines, *which thing was abominable before me, saith the Lord.*"

The Mormon casuists have been able, no doubt, to explain away, to the entire satisfaction of their dupes, if not of themselves, this direct prohibition of polygamy. I suppose too that modern doctors of Mormon theology (save the mark!) have long since accounted for another little inconsistency on the part of

Joe Smith. On the twelfth of July, 1843, the "Prophet" received what he professed to be a new revelation. When it was first mentioned it caused great commotion among the Saints, and many rebelled against the newly revealed ordinances. A few Elders attempted to promulgate the "revelation;" but, so fierce was the opposition, that, at last, for the sake of peace, Joe Smith issued in his Church paper an official proclamation against his own decree. The edifying document ran as follows :—

"NOTICE.—Whereas we have lately been credibly informed that an Elder of the Church of Latter Day Saints, by the name of Hiram Brown, has been preaching polygamy, and other false and corrupt doctrines, in the county of Lapeer and State of Michigan. This is to notify him, and the Church in general, that he has been cut off from the Church for his iniquity; and he is further notified to appear at the Special Conference, to be held on the 6th of April next, to answer to these charges.

"JOSEPH SMITH,
"HYRUM SMITH, } *Presidents of the Church.*"

In less than three years after the publication of this sanctimonious ukase, the Mormon leaders were living in flagrant and undisguised polygamy. It has been cogently asked whether a Prophet who had received a True Revelation would afterwards repudiate it, denounce and punish his followers for observing it, and then practise its pseudo-commands for his own private use and benefit. But the Mormon system of ethics is, like Mormon theology, peculiar. Among the hymns used in their Church services are to be found such verses as the following :—

"The God that others worship is not the God for me,
A church without a Prophet is not the church for me,
The hope that Gentiles cherish is not the hope for me;
It has no faith nor knowledge, far from it I would be.
The Heaven of sectarians is not the Heaven for me."

As an agreeable alterative to such stuff as the above might be preferred the last verse of a prayer supposed to be uttered by a dying Israelite. Who wrote the poem, or where I first lighted upon it (it was many years ago), I have not the faintest notion; but here it is—

"I know not if the Christian's Heaven
May be the same as mine;
I only ask to be forgiven,
And taken home to Thine."

I learned from a fellow-traveller on the cars that the Ogden central railroad is the "Pioneer railway" of Utah proper. Early in May, 1869, the Union Pacific and Central Pacific lines were

completed, the junction by which the two extremities of the continent were brought in connection, being made at a point named Promontory, some fifty miles west of Ogden. One week afterwards work on the Utah Central began. A company had been organised in the March of the same year, with Brigham Young as President. An immense quantity of building materials had been left on hand at "Promontory" station when the Union Pacific was finished, and this was purchased by the Utah Central Company. Brigham Young had previously entered into a contract for "grading" the former road from the head of Echo Cañon to Ogden, and successfully accomplished the work. Brigham sub-let his contract to John Sharp and Joseph A. Young, the latter a son of Brigham. The work was "crowded on" with all possible speed, and, I have heard it said, not without a vehement suspicion of task-mastership, of the fine old Egyptian Pyramid building pattern, being exercised by the sub-Prophet's overseers. At all events, in less than eight months from the first breaking of the ground for the new line, the last rail was laid; and on the tenth day of January, 1870, the first through train from Ogden arrived in Salt Lake City.

The guide-books state that the cars on the Utah Central Line are "elegantly furnished." The one in which we bestowed ourselves was not "up to much" in the way of elegance; and the weather, although brilliantly sunny, being piercingly cold, the stove-heated atmosphere was slightly oppressive; but the carriage was scrupulously clean, which is not always the case in trains where there are no first-class cars. It chanced that our only fellow-traveller in addition to a commercial gentleman "doing" Utah for a Chicago firm, was a small girl-child, seemingly about ten years of age, who had come by herself all the way from St. Louis, whence she had travelled chiefly by "emigrant" trains (the cheapest mode of land conveyance) to Chicago, and so by Omaha across the Rockies to Ogden. She had an extraordinary assortment of chattels and other "needments" with her—bags and bundles and baskets, an old tin kettle, a three-legged stool, and a very shabby looking-glass, with half the quicksilver rubbed off the back. We spoke her fair; and she answered us with that entire self-possession and *aplomb* not at all uncommon among small children in the States.* She

* At the Ballard House, Richmond, Virginia, we met two little girls, one about thirteen, the other certainly not more than nine, who had travelled from very far down South, and were bound according to their showing to Washington to join their

was going to join her "people" in Salt Lake City. Her parents? No; she was an orphan. She was only going "cousining." Expect she didn't know where she should settle

"mammy." The coloured head waiter at the Ballard House smilingly described them as "Wonders of de World." For my part they struck me as being two of the sauciest little minxes that I had ever seen. The elder girl played the pianoforte very cleverly, and the younger one had a clear fresh voice and sang hymns most pathetically; and for a few days they were the cynosure of admiration among the frequenters of the ladies' drawing room; but after a while it was more of a suspicious than of an affectionate interest that the ladies of the Ballard House began to take in these Infant Phenomena. They had arrived with very little luggage; the account which they gave of themselves was extremely vague; and altogether it appeared to be somewhat doubtful whether their "mammy" in Washington was a veritable maternal parent or a myth. It was delightful nevertheless to hear the youngest sister, who was always the first to come down in the morning (the elder occupied an inordinate time in "fixing herself before meals"), order her breakfast from the obsequious but grinning coloured waiter. "I would like some pork steak, scrambled eggs and fried sausages." "Yas, missy." "The hominy yesterday was burnt, and right mean. Let it be better." "Yas, missy." "I should like to have some milk toast; and mind you don't forget that I want English breakfast tea." "No, missy," and so on.

During the day they would play about like ordinary school-girls, on the covered wooden bridge connecting the Ballard House with its sister hotel, the Exchange House; and the eldest was a remarkably skilful adept in skipping; but between three and five o'clock in the afternoon they were wont mysteriously to disappear, and it was afterwards discovered that they used to make the rounds of the principal stores of the town, soliciting subscriptions for some newspaper, to be started at some period not named, by somebody, somewhere. The *abonnements* to this phantom journal were payable strictly in advance; and I was assured that they contrived to extract a considerable number of dollars from the merchants and store-keepers of Richmond. I have never concealed my opinion that the Americans are at once the shrewdest and the most simple-minded people to be found on the face of the earth. The Phenomena were even seen hanging about the State Capitol, button-holing the senators and representatives as they entered the halls of the legislature, and seeking subscriptions to the shadowy paper which was to be published some day, somewhere, by somebody. At length the bubble burst. They had run up a very long bill at the Ballard House; no letters ever arrived for them; and the chief clerk peremptorily requested them to "settle." The eldest girl made a tender, quite coolly, of about a third of the amount due, adding that beyond the sum which she offered they had just enough money to pay their railway fare to Washington. The chief clerk was highly indignant at this financial statement which, as he put it, "didn't mean business, no how;" but Colonel Carrington, the generous and courteous proprietor of the Ballard and Exchange House, good-naturedly let the children off the remainder of their indebtedness, observing, with a laugh, that "he was glad they had had such a good time." So they departed quite calmly and cheerfully. A crowning act of impudence marked their disappearance. At the depôt the elder girl took tickets, not for Washington but for Petersburg, saying that she had heard that at Washington the small pox was raging. But could she have had the heart to abandon her "mammy?" I wonder whence those children had come originally, and whither they were going:—possibly to the Penitentiary.

down for good. But there were no traces of grief, no expression of loneliness in the girl's face. Had there been, I should have fancied that she was a very recently made orphan indeed; and that the tin pot and the kettle, the three-legged stool, and the looking-glass, with the rest of her poor little rattletraps, were the last remaining vestiges of a broken-up home. She told us that she had got through her journey without much trouble; only that at some station the Rockies, a gang of "road agents" —Western for roughs who are closely akin to highwaymen—had boarded the cars and plundered the passengers right and left. From the little girl who was going "cousining" the rascals had stolen a couple of blankets. The conductor of the train between Ogden and Salt Lake City was very kind to this little "maiden all forlorn" and despoiled into the bargain, and had lent her a very ragged and mangy old buffalo robe, wrapped up in which, and looking at you with her blue wistful eyes (she was almost as pretty as the child in Mr. Millais' picture of "Cherry Ripe"), she presented a highly comical aspect,—so comical, indeed, that it behoved you to begin to laugh as soon as you possibly could lest you should feel yourself inclined to cry. I noted, too, that the commercial gentleman from time to time furtively supplied her with apples and molasses candy; I think that, had I known the article in which the commercial gentleman travelled, I would have given him an order on the spot, cash down.

It is just after crossing a short distance from Ogden by a light and graceful iron suspension bridge, the Weber river, that you first catch sight, to your right, of that which has been called the Dead Sea of America—the Great Salt Lake. Then the train rattles away due south, following the base of the "foot hills" or lowermost acclivities, which form the first line of the Wahsatch Range. These "foot hills" are always associated, in my mind, with an absurd Californian story of a mythical animal, called the "prox" which is said (*pour rire*) to possess the faculty of drawing up both legs on the near side, so as by the means of its fore and hinder off legs to be able to "spin it over the foothills" all the faster. As far as Kaysville the country seemed to me a very close imitation of the Great American Desert, which, not long since, we had traversed; but there was a good deal of snow about: not only on the distant mountain peaks, but on the ground; and that circumstance may have partially accounted for the desolate aspect of the locality. Desolation is indeed a con-

spicuous characteristic of all American scenery out of California, some parts of Pennsylvania, and one or two of the New England States. The generally unswept, ungarnished, and slatternly look of the land may be due first to the substitution of wooden palings and fences (usually thickly besmeared with advertisements) for our own green and trimly kept hedges, next to the absence of any appreciable number of gentlemen's estates and parks, and finally to the huge extent of the *terrain*. For all her fifty millions of inhabitants who, in the course of another quarter of a century, will number, I suppose, a hundred millions, the most cursory glance at the map will be sufficient to show that the United States are yet, happily, a very thinly populated country. I say "happily," because if ever the two dreadful problems of how to extinguish pauperism in England, and how to pacify Ireland are to be solved, the blessed solution can only come by means of some vast *International* scheme of Emigration of the rural and labouring classes of the United Kingdom to the inexhaustibly fertile regions of the Great West.

A few farming settlements of the roughest and rudest kinds, gladden the eye about Kaysville, which is sixteen miles from Ogden. Kaysville is becoming "quite a place." It has a telegraph station, whence I wired to my dear friend W. H. Hurlbert, Editor in chief of the *New York World*, to tell him that thus far into the bowels of the Mormon Land of Goshen we had advanced, and were getting on very nicely; and I was told that Kaysville also possessed three blacksmiths' forges and a "Zion's Cö-Op." store. The next station was Farmington, which is the "county seat" of Davis County, and boasts, not only smithies and stores, but also a court-house for the administration of justice and the transaction of general county business. The country round Farmington seemed to be very well cultivated. The land slopes gently down towards the Great Salt Lake; and the soil is said to be warm and rich, producing, when properly irrigated, luxuriant crops of grain, fruit, and vegetables of abnormal size. The Farmington water melons are in particular reputed to be "powerful sized." After leaving Farmington the road draws close to the Lake shore; and you reach Centerville, twenty-five miles from Ogden and situated in the midst of very pretty orchards. Wood's Cross is in a most fertile district, although here and there towards the shore are patches of "sand drift," that is to say desert, spotted with the wearisome sage brush. It is not so intolerably

wearisome, however, as the eternal cactus and prickly pear, the "maguey" and the "nopal" of the Mexican desert. There are plenty of cosy farmhouses in the neighbourhood of Wood's Cross; the landscape in summer must verge upon loveliness, and the farm-buildings and ricks speak of a thrifty and thriving community. In a few minutes after leaving Wood's Cross the southern terminus of the road, thirty six miles from Ogden, was reached, and the train drew up at the platform of the depôt of Salt Lake City.

A PARTY OF MORMONS AT OGDEN CAÑON.

MORMON EMIGRANTS AT CASTLE GARDEN, NEW YORK.

XLIII.

Down Among the Mormons.

It was on the twenty-second day of July, 1847, I believe, that Orson Pratt having gone on ahead to "spy out the land" in the interest of the advancing host of Mormon emigrants, rode with a few followers over the Salt Lake Valley, and returning to the main body, gave an account of his "prospecting." On the morning of the twenty-fourth, the Mormons arrived at the summit of the hill, overlooking the site of the present City, and the valley beyond, and were enchanted by the scene. They gave

vent to their feelings in ejaculations of joyful praise and thanksgiving, firmly believing that they had found the Land of Promise, which for them would soon flow with milk and honey, and the "Zion of the Mountains" predicted by the ancient prophets. It is certain that the view of the Salt Lake Valley, as we subsequently saw it from the heights of Camp Douglas, is a very enchanting one. The Great Salt Lake glitters like an immense sheet of silver in the sun; and the towering peaks of the mountain ranges would satisfy, in their steepness and their snowiness,

VIEW OF THE GREAT SALT LAKE.

the most aspiring member of the Alpine Club. It happened, nevertheless, that on the forenoon of our entering the City of the Saints, the weather, for all its sunniness, was so bitterly cold; and I was so exceedingly hungry, that the towering peaks, snow-caps, and all towered in vain, so far as making any impression on my imagination was concerned. So we made the best of our way to the principal hotel of the place, the Walker House, Main Street.

The Walker (a name to which I shall hereafter have occasion to recur, in connection with the Saints), is a four-storeyed structure of brick with over a hundred and thirty bed-rooms. It is, I believe, a Mormon house. Another first-class hotel is the Townsend House, at the corner of West Temple and South Second-street, and its façade is embellished with a comfortable shady piazza. The Townsend is, I am given to understand, a Gentile establishment. I went, by preference, to the Walker, because I was told that it belonged to a Mormon proprietor; but I failed to discover any copies of the Book of

Mormon lying about the ladies' drawing-room, or the bed-rooms, or the bar. Perhaps, after all, I went to the wrong house; but, be that as it may, I found the Walker House a very comfortable caravanserai indeed. Abating the circumstance that, the house being full to repletion, they were compelled (with many apologies) to put us into a bed-room resembling nothing so much as a violoncello case of exaggerated proportions, I can remember but few hotels out of the great American cities where so much comfort, not unattended by elegance, could be enjoyed by the traveller. I don't think the tariff for board and lodging exceeded two dollars a day; and for a small sitting-room which was placed at our disposal as an annexe to the exaggerated violoncello no additional charge whatever was made. The whole house was handsomely furnished and the restaurant luxuriously so. Immaculate cleanliness reigned throughout the establishment; and the bar was altogether free from "loafers," "shysters," and "beats." Indeed Salt Lake City as a whole seems singularly and happily destitute of the "hoodlum" element. The Mormons are apt proudly to boast that no such curse as the Social Evil exists among them. Bar-rooms and drinking-saloons are also very rare in the city; and an almost prohibitive tax is levied in the shape of onerous licence duties on these places.

That there were people in the city who know something about the Mammon of Unrighteousness was only faintly suggested to me on one occasion when, in a quest after some really enjoyable cigar —the cheap cigars vended throughout the States as "domestics," are terrible weeds—I came upon a store in one of the main thoroughfares, the proprietor of which emporium asseverated in several staring chromo-lithographic placards that he vended the very finest brands of Cabaña, Guttierez, Muria, Villar y Villar, and Alvarez, to say nothing of the "Figaro," the "Opera," and the "Henry Clay" brands. As it turned out, the tobacconist, who was as genial a German Jew as you would wish to meet any day at Frankfort or Hamburg, sold me for twenty cents apiece —rather a stiff price—some fairly smokable "planters." He was very proud of his chromo-lithographic display, which comprised an effigy of Pocahontas, Princess of Virginia, smoking the calumet of peace; and a portrait of Miss Ada Cavendish of "the Royal Theatre, England," displaying with energy suggestive of the patriotic enthusiasm of Joan of Arc, a snow-white banner emblazoned with an advertisement of Somebody's short-cut chewing Tobacco. One polychromatic placard, however, the genial

tobacconist did not show me. I "saw it for myself," as the saying goes, and inspected it uninvited. It was merely the framed and glazed announcement in highly ornate tinselled letters that "cards, dice, faro-decks, croupes, roulette wheels and all kinds of sporting tools," were always on sale within. But of course it is the wicked Gentiles, and not the pure-minded Mormons of Salt Lake City, who buy the dice and the faro-decks, the roulette wheels, and the other sporting tools.

The Far Western *cuisine* (at the hotels, I mean), is sometimes rather rough, but, as a rule, it is fully equal and very often superior to the cooking in the Northern and Middle States, while it is infinitely preferable to the detestable culinary outrages of which the traveller is the victim everywhere in the South, save at two or three restaurants in New Orleans.* The general goodness of Western cookery is perhaps to be attributed to the preponderance of Germans among the cooks. In the Eastern States nine-tenths of the cooks are raw young Irishwomen, who can boil a potato, make tolerable oyster soup, and perhaps concoct a tolerable clam chowder; but who roast badly and fry abominably. A model of a beef-steak fried (she rarely attempts broiling) by Biddy, with its black fat embellished with cinders by way of gravy, ought to be a permanent exhibit in a Museum of Wretched Cookery. I suppose the poor dear soul is too much absorbed in her duties of going to mass and confession, subscribing to the Ladies' Land League, and bedizening herself in cheap finery, to bestow much time on the study of the culinary art.

One had an opportunity of criticising the German style of cookery, side by side with that of France, at the Walker House, Salt Lake City; and the culinary mode of many other nations, to boot. I have rarely seen a more cosmopolitan *carte;* nor, for the matter of that, a more cosmopolitan hotel. The baker in the basement was German; the bar-keeper was a Scandinavian—whether a Swede, a Norwegian, a Dane, or an Icelander, I could not well make out. The head waiter was a Dutchman, and the "baggage-smasher," or luggage-porter, an Italian. Only, in the entrance hall, the clerks behind the counters looked the very keenest of Down East Yankees, or the hardest of Western

* The Creole cookery in private houses is, on the other hand, exquisite. The question whether Life be worth Living for can be immediately answered in the affirmative after you have partaken of white mulligatawny pepper-pot and turkey with plantain sauce; and the New Orleans "drip" coffee is the most aromatic and most succulent preparation of the beverage that I know.

men. The nationality of the chambermaids I did not ascertain; but I was given to understand on good authority that the young lady in a printed calico frock, and with a most monstrous chignon, and amber-coloured hair—or jute—who made our bed, was a Welshwoman. The confusion of nations in Utah gives by no means an imperfect suggestion of the manner in which the Mormon Theocracy is worked. The great body of the community are a "scratch lot" of various nationalities: people from Scandinavia, from Wales, from Lancashire and the Midlands, and from suburban London (principally South-Eastern London) predominating among them. The bulk of these people are poor and ignorant, and they work cheerfully and unremittingly. On the other hand the Theocrats who "boss" them—the Elders and Bishops and what not—are, with scarcely an exception, native born Americans. It is the poor and ignorant Cosmopolitans who have converted the valley of the Great Salt Lake into a land of milk and honey. It is the Mormon Bishops and Elders who "boss" the Mormon rank and file and who live on the milk and honey, and flourish thereon, exceedingly.

The architectural lions of Salt Lake City are not numerous; nor, architecturally, are they very interesting. On the south side of South Temple-street is the Museum, the curator of which is Professor Barfoot; and here are arranged specimens of ore from the mines of Utah; precious stones from the desert; pottery ware, wampum and obsidian from the ruins of ancient Indian villages; the first boat ever launched by white men on the Great Salt Lake; home-spun cloths and silks, indigenous birds (so called) of the territory; a scalp from the head of an Indian brave; Indian blankets, hatchets, and mocassins. There are some odds and ends, too, from the Sandwich Islands. Formerly there was a menagerie of living animals; but some anonymous scoundrel (possibly a too zealous Gentile, or else an unscrupulous man of business connected with the wild beast show interest) poisoned most of the specimens. At present the only living occupants of the menagerie are a prairie dog (which is not by any means a dog) and some small owls which burrow with him; a large horned owl, and a few other birds and reptiles.*

* The so-called "Prairie dogs" are conspicuous among the "little goaks," as Artemus Ward might have called them, of the Great West. Their "villages" may often be seen by the side of the railway tracks: and ladies clap their hands, while children shout with glee at the sight of the antics of these merry and cunning little creatures. The ostensible Prairie dog is a pretty little animal, graceful in

On the other side of Temple-street, behind a high wall, is the far-famed Tabernacle. It is a monstrous structure built of timber, with the exception of the twelve huge ugly pillars of sandstone which support the immense dish-cover-shaped roof. In form it is a long oval, inside and out; and the interior will seat, the janitor told us, fifteen thousand persons. It was used, he added, for worship, sermons, and debates. In the church service, I was informed, no one knows until the speaker of the day arrives, who is to preach from the pulpit, or what may be the subject of the discourse. The texts for the sermons, exhortations, and homilies, are of an astonishingly miscellaneous character. Sometimes the sermons are on bee-culture, or on the manufacture of "sorgham" molasses; then will come addresses on infant baptism, and on the best manure for cabbages; upon the pious perseverance of the Saints; upon the wickedness of skimming milk before bringing it to market; upon the best method of cleansing water ditches; upon the prices of town lots; upon the bathing of children; upon the most efficacious poison for "chintzes" or bed-bugs; upon the martyrdoms and persecution of the Mormon Church; upon olive oil as a remedy for the measles; upon the ordination of the priesthood, and the character of Melchisedek; upon worms in dried peaches; upon abstinence from tobacco; upon chignons, twenty-five yard dresses, and plural marriages: all these being mingled with fierce denunciations, comminations, and invocations of wrath on

shape, generally very plump, and about sixteen inches in length. The colour of the creature is a greyish red. It has a short, sharp, yelping cry, somewhat resembling the bark of a fractious puppy. The mounds or burrows in which the animals dwell are dug in a sloping direction at an angle of forty-five degrees to the ground surface, In the same hole with the Prairie dog is frequently found the burrowing owl. In some of the holes rattlesnakes have been found. Some authorities hold that these oddly dissimilar creatures dwell together in perfect harmony—what a "Society" Journal they might get up between them could they only write!—while others maintain that the owls and the serpents are uninvited guests, and repay the hospitality reluctantly extended to them by devouring the young of their hosts. As for the adult Prairie dog, he seems to be quite able to hold his own, and is remarkably tenacious of life. He gives the hunters great trouble, and, unless shot through the head, generally succeeds in scampering away into his hole. Attempts have been made to tame the "dogs," when caught into pits; but they rarely live long in captivity, and have a troublesome penchant for biting people's fingers: their teeth being very sharp. They are strict vegetarians, and live only on the roots of grasses. The Indians call the Prairie dog the "Wish-ton-wish;" and they and the trappers eat the flesh, and declare it to be very good eating. Of course, he is not canine at all, but a kind of marmot. In addition to the owls and the rattlesnakes, tortoises and horned frogs are sometimes found in the burrows.

the heads of Gentile enemies of the Mormons. As a matter of fact every subject is sacerdotally discussed which the president deems it expedient to dilate upon for the material, as well as the spiritual benefit of his flock. Here is the "Pulpit in the Household," with a vengeance. The Mormon preachers had need, as will presently be hinted, to have something cogent to say touching "chignons," and "twenty-five yard dresses," for the "fashions," with all their pomps and vanities, their follies and frivolities, seem to be making steady way in Salt Lake City, and threaten, ere long, to undermine feminine Mormonism altogether.

The organ of the Tabernacle is one of the largest in America. Some kind of musical box may be reckoned upon with tolerable certainty as an accompaniment to sectarianism of the holloaing and shouting kind; and the huge musical box of Salt Lake City plays, I have no doubt, an important part in the devotional exercises of the Saints. At the Sunday school celebrations which periodically take place within the Tabernacle walls, "voluntaries" on the organ, I was told, are sometimes varied by spirited recitations of "Marco Bozzaris," and the singing of "Home, Sweet Home!" On these festive occasions the gallery fronts are decorated with gay mottoes, among which the following is conspicuous: "Utah's best Crop:—Children." The organ itself is, like the majority of things structural among the Mormons, intensely ugly—indeed, if anything of an artistic or æsthetic nature entered into their religious culture, Mormonism, I take it, would very soon become as harmlessly effete as Johanna Southcotianism or Walker-separatism has become in London. For a couple of thousand dollars or so, the organ pipes might have been placed in a tasteful case; but the tasteless designer has reared at the angles of his instrument monstrous fasces of pipes surmounted by squat cupolas: so that they resemble nothing half so much as hundred ton guns "sot on eend," as a Down-Easter would say.

At the opposite extremity of the Tabernacle there is a succession of wooden benches and enclosed stalls, disposed in semi-amphitheatrical fashion, reminding me of a very big Dissenting chapel, somewhere in Moorfields, which I remember to have visited nearly forty years ago, on the occasion of a public meeting being held to protest against the Maynooth Grant. How the speakers thundered against the Pope of Rome, to be sure! On the whole I think a platform with benches upon it is a better place to thunder from than a pulpit. If you stamp your foot, or, suiting the

action to the word, trample down the Pope, or the College of Cardinals, or the Scarlet Woman, in a pulpit, nobody can see the action of your lower limbs; and action in oratory is everything. But of all rhetorical points of vantage, the Tub, I should say, must be the finest. In fact, unless I am mistaken, the original theological rostrum in Wesley and Whitefield's Moorfields days was a tub.

The acoustic properties of the Tabernacle are remarkable. If, when in the organ loft, you utter a few words in the lowest of tones, but very slowly, they will be distinctly audible to a person standing in the graded amphitheatre at the other end of the building. It is in this amphitheatre that sit, higher or lower, according to their hierarchical degree, the President, the Bishops, and the Elders of the Church. These acoustic properties are not however more extraordinary than those possessed by the amphitheatre at Pompeii, and by the whispering gallery at St. Paul's, and which were possessed by the alcoves of old Westminster Bridge, of which it has been remarked: "So just were their proportions, and so complete and uniform their symmetry, that if a person whispers against the wall of the alcove on one side of the bridge he would be plainly heard on the other side; and parties might thus converse (fancy the wrath of lovers and the redintegration of love being carried on in opposite alcoves), without being prevented by the interruption of the street or the noise of carriages." From the roof of the Tabernacle hang a multitude of ingeniously interlaced festoons, whether of natural dried flowers or of imitation paper ones I am unable to say; but the effect was certainly curious and almost pretty. Of other attempts at decoration nothing was visible; and these faded, dusty festoons make the one oasis in a Desert of Ugliness more appalling than the Sage Bush Desert, and the Dried Mud Desert, and the Desert of Deliquescent Salt, with which I had lately been made familiar.

A little to the east of the immense and intolerably unsightly Tabernacle, and within the same high boundary wall of stone, you see the still unfinished (the American Gentiles confidently predict that it never will be finished) Temple, by which the Mormons, with equal confidence, intend to replace the timber tabernacle: if all things go well, and Mormonism, lock, stock, and barrel, be not, ere long, happily "bust up" by the joint action of the government and legislature of the United States. So much as can be seen to have risen from the foundations of

the new Temple is of grey granite, brought, I was told, from far off New England; and the cost of the completed edifice is estimated at not less than ten millions of dollars. I bought an engraving of the architect's design. Its colossal proportions and the solemn and Titanic-looking material of which it was composed—marble fascinates, but granite positively awes you—would of necessity, were the Temple brought to consummation, be, to a certain extent, imposing; but the outline of the building, with its gawky turrets surmounted by spiky pinnacles, is simply hideous.

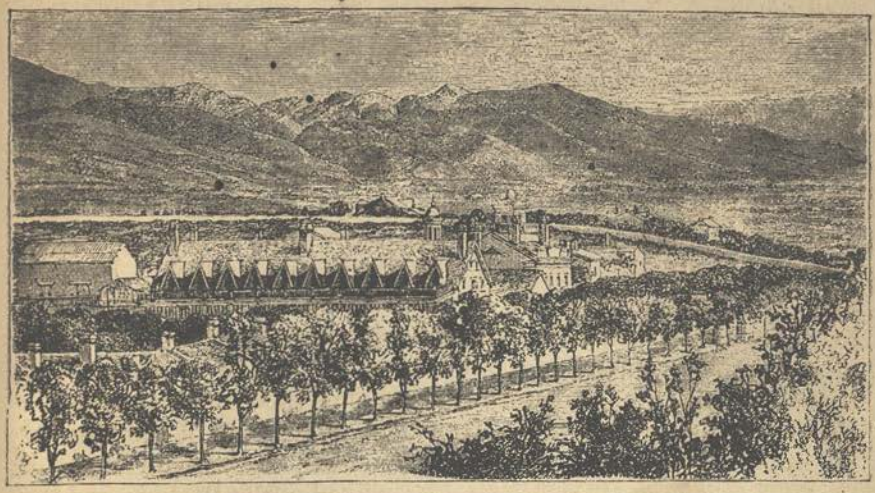
It is sham Gothic "perpendicular" run, not mad, but mean, squalid, and bare; and, indeed, in all my wanderings in this vast continent I have seen but very few examples of really grandiose and tasteful architecture. The mansions of Fifth Avenue at New York, of "Thieves' Row" at Philadelphia (the epithet is not mine: it is a local and graceful reference to certain "financeering" operations, by means of which some of the capitalists in the Quaker City made their fortunes), of the Lake Shore at Chicago, and of "Nob Hill" at San Francisco, are large enough and grand enough, in all conscience. In every American city there are "First Methodist," Presbyterian and Baptist Churches—the Americans utterly scorn our modest word "chapel"—which put our poor "brick barns of dissent" to shame; they beat us, on the whole, in the bigness and redundant Corinthian or renaissance "fixings" of their hotels, their banks, their dry-goods stores, their militia armouries, their masonic halls, and their Young Men's Christian Association buildings. They have a plenitude of marble, of granite, of sandstone, and of brown stone. Their stonemasons are excellent carvers; and the business of an architect is, I should say, a highly prosperous and profitable one in the States. With all this I am unable to see that elegance, harmony, and good taste—to say nothing of absolute beauty—are at all characteristic of architecture, either civil or ecclesiastic, in America.

Likewise within the wall which circumscribes the Tabernacle that is and the Temple that is to be—or may be—is the mysterious Endowment House into which no Gentile is permitted to set foot; where the chief business of the Mormon theocracy is transacted, and where the marriages, either monogamous or polygamous, of the community are celebrated. I have heard a great many more or less extravagant stories about these nuptial rites, but seeing that there is a lady living who is intimately acquainted

with all the mysteries of the Mormon Mecca and this Latter Day Saints' Mosque of Eyoub I had much better refer my readers to Mrs. Stenhouse's book* if they wish to attain any trustworthy information concerning the inner secrets of the Endowment House. The structure itself is a lowering, forbidding-looking building of "adobe" or sun-dried brick. On South Temple-street, east of Temple Block, is what the old Roman builders would have termed an "insula," but dubbed by the practical Saints "Brigham's Block." A high stone wall surrounds it. Here is first the Tithing House, into the yard of which we were permitted to drive, and in which I discerned several barns full, I was told, of corn, and potatoes, and apples, and nuts and molasses, and beans and salt. The enclosure of Brigham's Block also contains the Beehive House, and the Lion House, and the offices of the *Deseret News*. Brigham himself lived in the Beehive and the Lion House; for, notwithstanding Sir Boyle Roche's dictum in the matter of the bird, it is practically possible for a polygamous Mormon to be, matrimonially at least, in two places at once. At the sign of the Lion, and at the sign of the Beehive resided a good many of Brigham's wives: some people say twenty; but, according to the "Englishwoman in Utah" the Prophet never had, at one time, more than nineteen duly Endowment House married spouses. Nearly opposite the block — the peaked gable-ends of the wives' houses peep curiously above the stone wall— is a spacious and highly ornate stone edifice surrounded by an iron railing. It is three storeys high, with a stately portico and verandah and a high-pitched mansard roof. You may see plenty of such expensive-looking villa residences on the largest scale above the Central Park at New York, and especially along the Lake Shore at Chicago; but to the simple-minded Mormons

BRIGHAM YOUNG.

* An Englishwoman in Utah: The story of a life experience in Mormonism. An autobiography by Mrs. T. B. H. Stenhouse.



RESIDENCE OF BRIGHAM YOUNG, SALT LAKE CITY.

the highly ornate pile which is perhaps the least hideous among the architectural features of Salt Lake City is a great deal more than a villa. It is popularly known as "Amelia Palace," as having been the residence of Brigham's favourite wife, Mrs. Amelia Folsom Young, who stands number Thirteen in the Prophet's list of wives.

Once for all it may be noted that there is no certain test by which a stranger can ascertain the extent to which polygamy actually prevails in Salt Lake City. Mrs. Stenhouse's book (I met her husband at San Francisco) is regarded by the opponents of the Mormons as a work of unimpeachable authority, and as absolutely damning to any claims which the Saints might put forth to be considered a community given to the practice of morality and virtue; but it is not unlikely that were Mr. George Q. Cannon, the Delegate for Utah in the United States Congress, "interviewed,"* he might (did he choose to enter into detailed explanations) give a very different account of Mormon

* Mr. George Q. Cannon of Salt Lake City is an Englishman from Liverpool, and is about fifty-five years old. At an early age he emigrated with his parents to the United States; received a good common-school education; learned the art of printing, and subsequently adopted the profession of journalism. He was one of the earliest settlers in Utah, and in 1862 was a leader in the movement the aim of which was to bring about the admission of Utah into the Union as the State of Deseret. Mr. Cannon has been frequently a member of the Legislative Council of Utah, and is Chancellor of the Deseret University. He is, I am told, a very accomplished and intelligent gentleman.

institutions from that furnished by Mrs. Stenhouse. Even as regards the precise number of the recent Brigham's wives, it seems difficult to arrive at an exact conclusion; for while the "Englishwoman in Utah" repeatedly states that the aggregate was nineteen, at least half-a-dozen ostensibly credible persons in Salt Lake City told me that the real total of the Prophet's wives, inclusive of Mrs. Eliza-Ann-Webb Dee Young, (number Fifteen) and generally known as "the *Runaway*," was twenty-nine. A catchpenny pamphlet circulated some twenty years ago used to credit the Prophet with ninety wives; and really, *à la longue*, I don't think that it matters much whether, what with "spiritual" wives, wives "sealed" to him "for eternity" (the old rascal!), and "proxy" wives, the man had nine or ninety, or as many wives, in fine, as King Solomon.

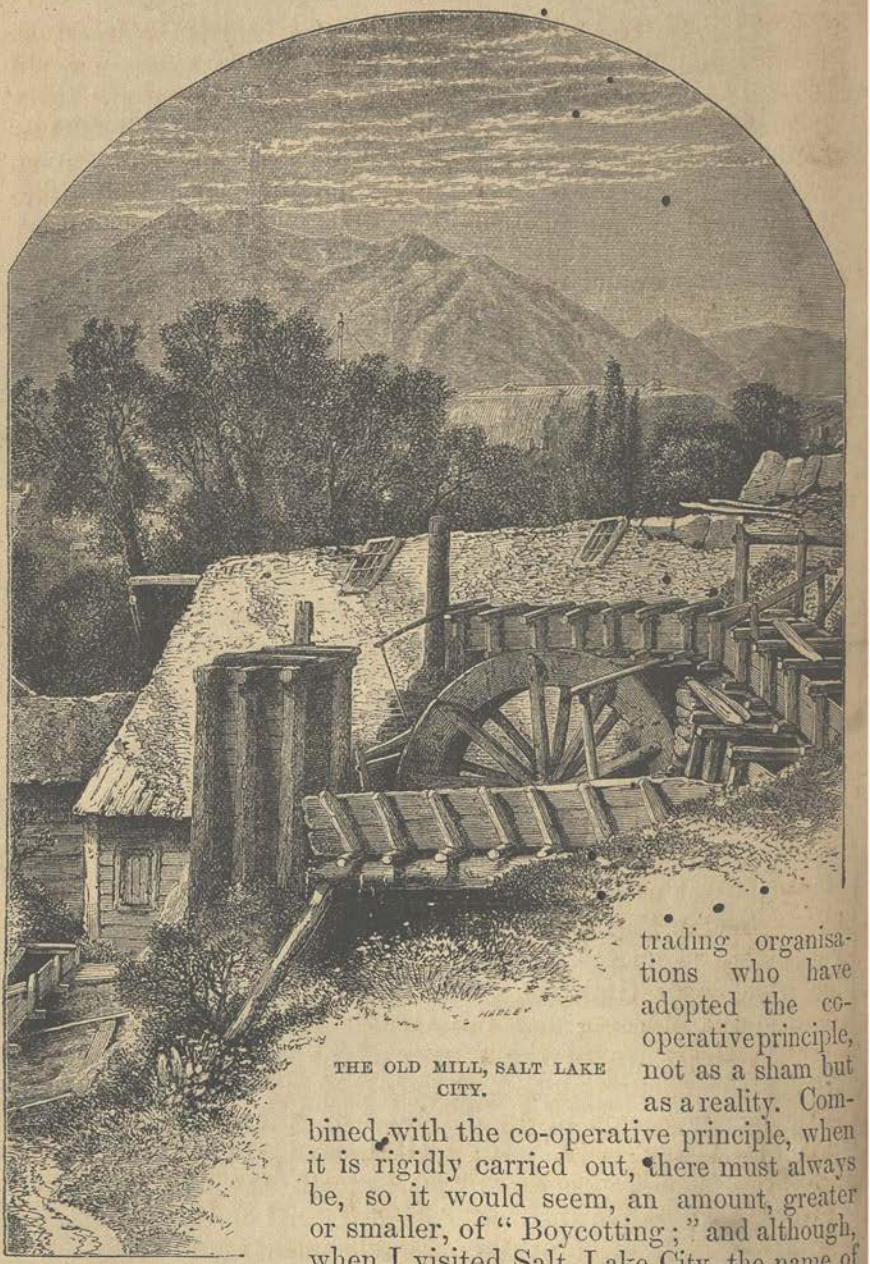
For the rest, I was told in Salt Lake City that it was always feasible to estimate the numerical strength of the seraglio of a Mormon Elder by the number of front doors, with

A MORMON FAMILY OF THE POORER CLASS.

windows to correspond, of his house. The largest number of doors with windows to match which I counted on the façade of a single dwelling was thirteen; but it would be of course imprudent to accept this as a sure test. In some cases there may not be a wife for every front door: in others there may not be a front door for every wife. Many of the Mormon harems are

associated ones, and the inmates are said to live in tolerable peace and harmony together. When the poorer class of Mormons are polygamists (which is not very often), they keep their two or three wives under one roof. But the great pluralists in the way of spouses are the Mormon Bishops and Elders, many of whom are very wealthy. I do not think that I am wandering very far from the truth in making the general statement that the rank and file of the Mormons are a most laborious, peaceable, law-abiding, and deservedly thriving community, and that they are kept in a state of spiritual subjection by a select ring of "nasty" old men who, by the aid of a cunningly-devised theocracy and a preposterous theological humbug, are enabled to fill their purses, and to gratify with impunity their libidinous propensities. The Elders who molested Susanna live again in the governing Saints of Salt Lake City.

Captain Burton, in his description of Salt Lake City in 1862, remarks of Main-street that "it is the centre of population and business, where the houses of the principal Mormon dignitaries, and the stores of the Gentile merchants combine to form the city's only street which can be properly so-called. It is, indeed," he adds, "both street and market; for, curious to say, New Zion has not yet built for herself a bazaar or market-place." This deficiency has long since been made good. Main-street and Temple-street at present abound with lofty and showy-looking edifices, either of sandstone or brick. There is a City Hall, which cost sixty thousand dollars, and in the rear of this structure is the city gaol. Another big and highly decorative building is the Deseret National Bank at the corner of East Temple and South First-streets; and in East Temple-street itself stands an immense dry-goods store of an essentially theocratic character. Throughout the territory of Utah the traveller is enabled to discriminate between the Mormon and the Gentile stores by the presence over the doorways of the former of an *affiche* or signboard, bearing the counterfeit presentment of a Human Eye from which radiate beams of light, and with the inscription above "Holiness to the Lord." In Salt Lake City the inscription is made very manifest indeed; and beneath the eye is written "Zion's Co-operative Institution." All good and true Mormons are expected to deal at this establishment; and in insisting that the followers of the church shall traffic only with church store-keepers, the Mormon hierarchs are doing only what has been done in England by the Rochdale Pioneers, and by other



THE OLD MILL, SALT LAKE CITY.

trading organisations who have adopted the co-operative principle, not as a sham but as a reality. Combined with the co-operative principle, when it is rigidly carried out, there must always be, so it would seem, an amount, greater or smaller, of "Boycotting;" and although, when I visited Salt Lake City, the name of Captain Boycott was wholly unfamiliar to the English-speaking public, the scope and purport of the extremely ancient practice, to which the new-fangled name of Boycotting has been given,

were perfectly understood by those who ruled the roast in Mormondom. The Gentiles dealing at Gentile stores are not molested; nor, I suppose, would their money be refused if they tendered it in exchange for merchandise at a Mormon establishment; but woe betide the Saints who give their custom to an unsanctified trader, or who, especially, dare to deal with apostate Mormons. For example, a very wealthy firm of dealers in dry goods, the Messrs. Walker, who for many years had been shining lights of the Mormon Church, had, for reasons best known to themselves, seceded from communion with the Saints; and for this they were severely "Boycotted." The ostracism to which they were doomed was amusingly illustrated by a rhymed dialogue, in which two young ladies were supposed to be asking their mamma for permission to indulge in the "business of pleasure" or "pleasure of business," call it which you please, which is the delight of ladies, young, middle-aged, and old the whole world over. I only remember the first few lines of this dialogue which had been set to a lively tune, equally suggestive of old "Rosin the Beau," and "What will Your Majesty please to wear?" from "Bombastes Furioso."*

THEY. Oh, please, mamma, may we go to shop?
SHE. Yes, you may go, my daughters;
But be sure you go to Zion's Co-öp.,
And not to the wicked Walker's.

"Walker's," as a rhyme to "daughters," is risky; but, after the acceptance of "if he knows it," as a rhyme for "not for Joseph," to object to the want of precision in Mormon poetry would be hyper-criticism.

* The fondness of the Mormons for lively airs was noticed by the late Mr. E. P. Hingston, "the Genial Showman" who has left on record a graphic account of his setting forth one morning in the stage-coach in the company of three Mormon bishops, who made the rocky cañons re-echo with the vivacious strains of "Rip, Slap, Here we are again!" We have corrupted "Rip, Slap!" into "Slap, Bang!" Just as it is the case in English music halls, so in the public assemblages of the Mormons it is not considered necessary that the smallest amount of sense should be contained in the words of a popular refrain. The most imbecile balderdash will do. Thus, a visitor in 1869 to the theatre in Salt Lake City noticed that the most striking event of the evening was when one of the male performers sang

If Jim Fish's rat-and-tan should have a bull-dog pup,
Do you think Louis Napoleon would try to bring him up?

These choice "sentiments" elicited tremendous applause; and the performers, much to their own astonishment, had to repeat the senseless jingle.

"Zion's Co-öp.," is in full bloom about three o'clock in the afternoon, at which hour, indeed both Main-street and Temple-street present a very animated appearance. There are "first families," Gentile as well as Mormon, in this out-of-the-way place, as, indeed, everywhere else in the States; and the rank and fashion of Salt Lake City were pleasantly conspicuous in the guise of troops of well-dressed ladies in the spacious side walks. There was not much crossing the street, save at stated points, where a kind of "corduroy" causeway of logs had been laid from *trottoir* to *trottoir;* for the roadway, properly so called, was little better than a sea of thick mud. We were just, we were told, at the "extreme tail end" of the winter, and the thawing snow had reduced the thoroughfares to a condition of "pretty powerful muss;" yet were we bidden to observe that our lot was infinitely better than it would be if we visited New Zion during the summer, when the dust in the streets would be all but blinding. For the rest, the sun shone throughout the day so very brightly that even while driving on the heights above the city we needed no furred garments.*

I had been repeatedly told by Mormon-haters in the west out of Salt Lake City, that I should be immediately able to tell the Mormon from the Gentile women from the excessive ugliness of the former. I am not so ungallant, I hope, as to repeat in detail, the result of my ocular experiences, beyond just hinting that among the middle-aged members of the gentler sex, who were clustering about the portals of "Zion's Co-öp.," "homely" types of femininity were not uncommon. The young ladies, both Mormon and Gentile, struck me as being sturdier in build and ruddier of complexion—more like English or Canadian girls in fact—than the slender and sylphlike damsels of the Eastern States, and the languid, vaporous beauties of the Sunny South. As regards California, the type of female beauty on the Pacific Slope is, as it is in London, entirely cosmopolitan. A purely English type is no more predominant in the British metropolis

* Throughout the entire winter of 1879—80, when we were traversing the continent—journeying from the Atlantic to the Gulf of Mexico, and thence to Chicago and across the Rockies to the Pacific, and thence, taking Salt Lake City by the way, to New York again—I never once felt the want of a fur coat; and the only additional precaution taken (under skilled feminine advice) by my companion before crossing the Rockies was to anoint her face very thickly with cold cream, and keep her veil down. Yet, for the want of a fur coat, during the first three days of my sojourn in St. Petersburg in March, 1881, I was crippled by an atrocious attack of lumbago.

than a purely transatlantic type is predominant in San Francisco.

Since I have returned home and have read Mrs. Stenhouse's book, I have often wondered whether it is at "Zion's Co-öperative Institution," that the Mormon sisterhood purchase the curious garments which appear to be known as "Temple Clothes," and which they don during the celebration of the mysteries in the Endowment House. "I was then given," writes Mrs. Stenhouse in describing certain rites, the details of which (respecting as I do an author's personal copyright) I have no desire textually to borrow from her, "a certain garment to put on." The lady goes on to tell us that this garment is one peculiar to the Mormon people, that it is made to envelop the whole body, and that it is worn night and day. Elsewhere Mrs. Stenhouse remarks that the male Mormons are all dressed in the same kind of undermost garment as that worn by the women—drawers and shirt all in one—and over that an ordinary white shirt such as men always wear.

I am not given to prying into the mysteries of the feminine toilette; but since Mrs. Stenhouse has so candidly entered into particulars touching the underclothing of the Saints of New Zion, I may perhaps be permitted to ask a question, and to make a brief comment thereupon. Is the "certain garment," of which she speaks, really "peculiar to the Mormon people?" It so happens that for artistic and sociological reasons I procure once a month from my newsvendor all the magazines and periodicals devoted to the fashions:—"Myra," "Sylvia," the "Journal des Modes," "L'Art de la Mode," "Le Follet," "La Saison," "The Ladies' Gazette of Fashion," "Le Monde Elégant," the "Revue de la Mode,"—"*tutta la baracca.*" Does my memory play me false when I say that during the past year or two I have frequently noticed in the periodicals in question, elaborate wood engravings of a "certain garment" called the "Combined," which appears to be fashioned on precisely the same lines, and to serve precisely the same purposes as those of "the arrangement" in linen which the excellent Mrs. Stenhouse thinks to be "peculiar to the Mormon people?"

But there is nothing new under the sun. If you will look through the plates to Henry Siddons' "Rhetorical Illustrations of Gesture and Action," a work published so long since as 1822, you will find a plate representing a young lady of the ballet dancing a *pas seul* in an unmistakeable "Combined;" while if

you will take the trouble to go so far back as the twelfth century, and study the correspondence of Abelard and Héloïse, you will find that the devout abbess, first of the monastery of Argenteuil, and afterwards of the Paraclete, was much exercised in her mind touching the garments of a "combined" nature which her refractory nuns persisted in wearing.

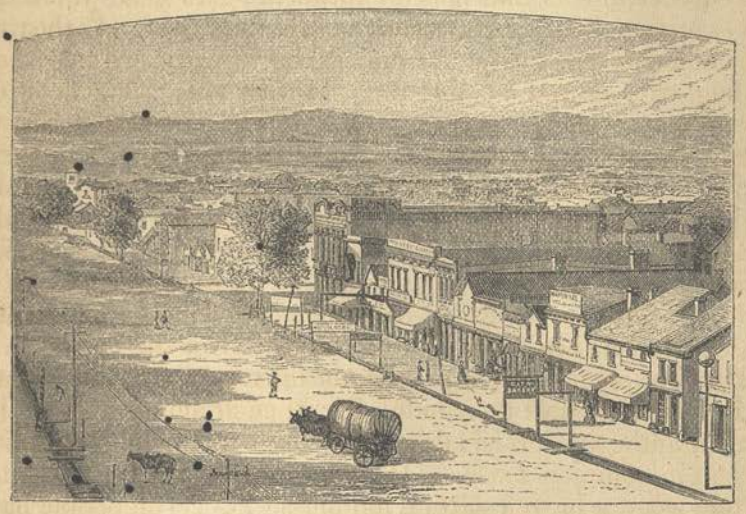
"Zion's Co-öp.:" would appear to be the chief gossiping centre of Salt Lake City. For the rest, the extraordinary theological tenets of the people, and their more extraordinary system of polygamy have not apparently had any tendency to render them gloomily or sourly sectarian. Indeed, there is good evidence to show that one of their implied, if not their avowed doctrines is that it is a capital thing to make the best of both worlds. The city Mormons are fond both of theatrical entertainments and of dancing. The theatre, a huge ugly building, was closed at the time of my visit; but poor dear Edward Sothern, whom I met at San Francisco, told me that he had played to crowded houses at Salt Lake City, and that he had rarely known the humours of Lord Dundreary to be so enthusiastically appreciated as they were among the Saints. He added characteristically that "a loose box" was reserved in the middle of the house for Brigham Young and his multitudinous wives and children. There were excellent reasons why the Prophet should patronise the theatre: for he was the owner of the premises.

Dancing parties are also common during the winter months; and in justification of their indulging in such amusements, a high Mormon authority has laid down the following dicta, certainly not deficient in common sense. "Dancing is a diversion for which all men and women have a natural fondness. . . As all people have a fondness for dramatic representations, it is well so to regulate and govern such exhibitions that they may be instructive and purifying in their tendencies. If the best people absent themselves, the worst will dictate the character of the exercises."

Before I close this hasty and imperfect account of Salt Lake City, I cannot help alluding to one feature of its internal economy, in which it has a curious resemblance both to the extinct city of Tezcuco, the ancient capital of Mexico,* and the

* Tezcuco stood on the lake of that name; but the waters have receded to a great distance from the site of the ancient city, in consequence of the Spaniards having diverted the course of some of the streams which supplied it. *The Lake of Tezcuco is salt*, and contains both the muriate of soda (common salt) and carbonate

city of Mexico itself as it existed in the time of Cortes. When the Conquistador entered the capital of Montezuma, he found it seated on a lake approached by spacious causeways and intersected in every direction by shallow canals, which were of inestimable value in irrigating the innumerable gardens and orchards of "Tenostitlan."* Very possibly Cortes may have been reminded of the somewhat similar system of irrigation introduced by the Moors into the Kingdom of Valencia, in old Spain. With regard to Salt Lake City, it was originally laid out in square lots and blocks, which in process of time were subdivided into house-lots; and as the spaces surrounding these have been liberally planted with fruit trees, the city (like old "Tenostitlan") has become one



A STREET IN SALT LAKE CITY.

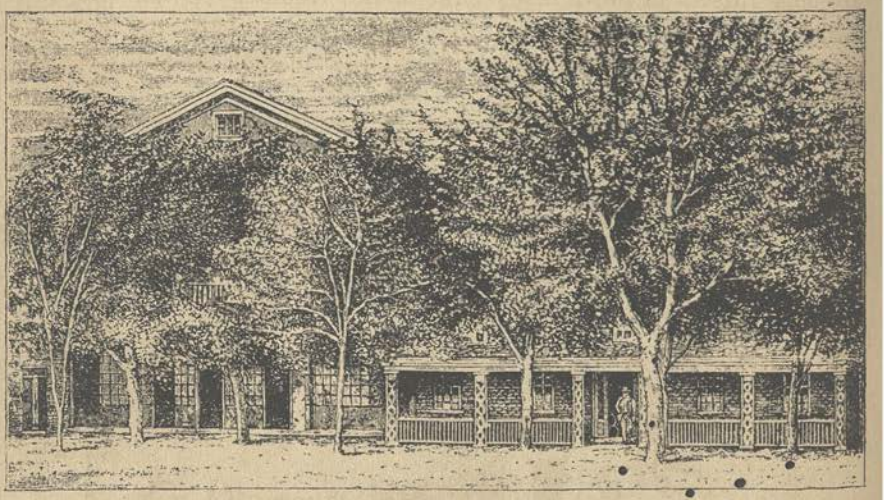
vast orchard and flower garden. Through all the streets run the little irrigating streams or "water-ditches" (on the proper means for keeping which in order, sermons, as I have already hinted, are sometimes preached in the Tabernacle); and every part of the city has the opportunity, once or twice a week, of obtaining an ample supply of pure water both for household purposes and for moistening the soil and quickening the vegetation. The city is divided into wards, each presided over by a Bishop, who,

of soda (kelp), but not any sulphate; although sulphuretted hydrogen gas is constantly emitted from its surface.

* The Aztec name for the City of Mexico.

in this case, may be considered as a kind of Episcopal Alderman. The inhabitants of each ward are, as occasion requires, called upon to turn out and labour on public improvements. No shirking is permitted; and every one is bound to take his share in the common responsibility. This rule is most strictly enforced with respect to the "water-ditches"; and the different wards of Salt Lake City are consequently models of neatness and prosperity.

The mud in early spring and the dust in summer the citizens, of course, cannot help; but a good deal has been done as a palliative to the ardour of the summer heats, by promoting a profuse and luxuriant growth of shade-trees in all the thoroughfares.



A SHADY THOROUGHFARE IN SALT LAKE CITY.

These trees, it has been found, grow with amazing rapidity. The locust-tree seems to be the favourite tree for planting, and after it come the maple and the box-elder. One curious peculiarity in the hue of the foliage is noticeable, I was told, in early summer. In many cases the roots of the trees have struck alkaline soils containing an excess of soda and potash; and the result has been that the leaves have turned from bright or dark green to a sickly yellow. In many cases trees may be noticed of a "half-and-half" tint, that is to say, partially green and partially yellow. It is satisfactory, however, for the sake of the landscape-painting interest, to learn that the alkali is being gradually washed out of the soil by irrigation, and that "piebaldism" in the trees grows

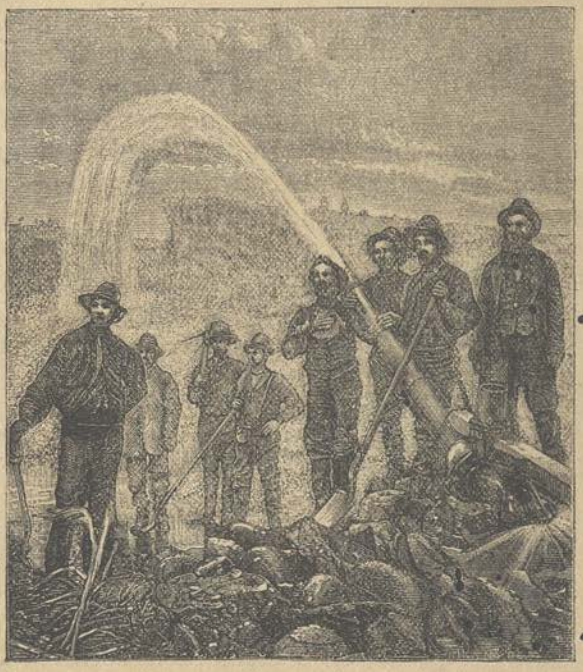
less positive every year. On the other hand, the soda in the soil does not seem to have affected the tints of the apples, pears, plums, and apricots, which are described as being as blushing in colour as they are splendid in quality. Apricots, which in the Eastern States are comparatively unknown, have been so abundant in Salt Lake City as to warrant their sale at a dollar a bushel, and they have been seen as large as the biggest Eastern peaches, that is to say, from four to six and even eight inches round. Flowers and vegetables are also wonderfully prolific—(are not the hugest cauliflowers and tomatoes in Europe still grown about well-irrigated Valencia?). Vast quantities of Black Hambro, Golden Chasselas and Mission grapes—varieties which are only raised in hot-houses east of the Rockies—grow plenteously on trellises out of doors in New Zion; and of raspberries, gooseberries and currants there is, at the proper season, like to the making of books, no end.

I wonder what will be the aspect and the condition of this curious city not fifty but say five-and-twenty years hence. By that time San Francisco may contain three-quarters of a million of inhabitants, Sacramento a hundred thousand, and Ogden fifty thousand. It is, in the nature of things, next to the impossible

OFF TO THE SILVER MINES.

that the population of Salt Lake City will remain stationary; and bearing in mind the wealth which the community are rapidly accumulating, and the continued influx of Gentiles drawn hither by the vast mining operations of which the city is the centre, there cannot be any very extreme optimism in anticipating that

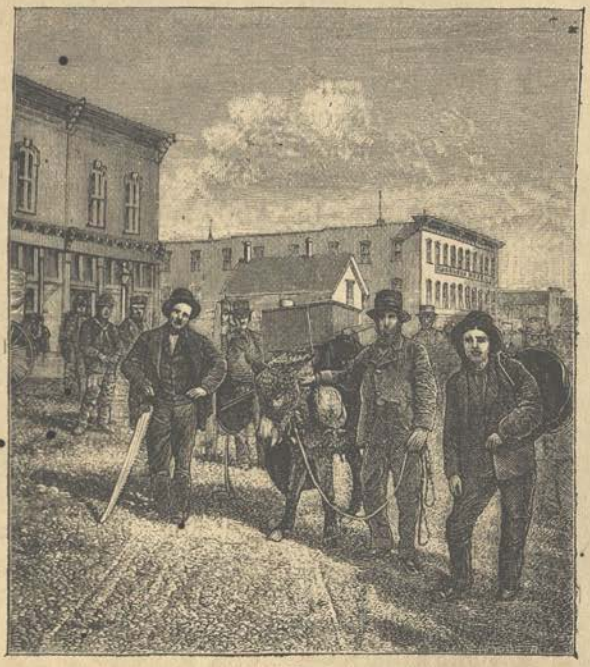
by the year 1900 Salt Lake City will have a population of from seventy to eighty thousand souls. The extension of the Utah Southern Railway to the Pacific coast must tend to add largely to the wealth, power, and influence of the City of the Saints; and, indeed, in the opinion of the most experienced and unprejudiced students of the phenomena of Mormonism the future of Salt Lake City depends almost entirely on the mines and the



UTAH MINERS WORKING WITH A HYDRAULIC JET.

railroads. If the mines are energetically developed and capital is correspondingly enlarged there will be an immense increase of building operations in the city, which will become the residence of large numbers of Gentile merchants, traders, mining engineers, geologists, chemists, machine-tool makers, bank managers, cashiers and clerks, brokers and "operators" of all kinds, many of whom will bring their wives and families with them, and whose presence can scarcely fail to do something towards negativing the influence of Mormonism. And in process of time the Gentile vote may become strong enough to oust the Mormon officials, and to give practical effect to the Federal laws

against polygamy. How things may be going on in Utah, at present, I do not know; but when I was in Salt Lake City in March, 1880, legislation from Washington had had no more sub-



A PARTY OF "PROSPECTORS," STARTING FOR THE HILLS.

stantial results among the Saints than had the "Pope's Bull against the Comet" quoted on a memorable occasion by the late Abraham Lincoln.*

* I gather from the Report of the Utah Board of Trade for 1880 that at the most recent conference of the Mormons they claimed to have 108,907 souls belonging to their church, including infants; leaving about 20,000 souls to be divided among other sects and "non-professors" of religion. The Saints were thus, it will be seen, in a tremendous majority two years ago. The Mormons had 167 buildings for public worship, one in each ecclesiastical ward. They have completed temples at Salt Lake City, St. George, Manti, and Logan. On the other hand, about ten years ago the prominent Christian sects in the Territory of Utah began to construct churches; and the Gentiles have at present twenty-two church edifices in the Territory, and twenty-eight regular pastors, maintaining as a part of their work twenty-five mission schools in twenty towns. In Salt Lake City the Roman Catholics, Methodists, Presbyterians, Episcopalians, and Congregationalists have places of worship, which have cost on the average (including the sites) some 125,000 dollars. There are about eight thousand Indians in Utah, Shoshones, Goship Shoshones,

There was one individual indeed, attached to a livery stable at Salt Lake City and who was so good as to drive us (at the moderate charge of three dollars or twelve shillings an hour) to the heights of Camp Douglas, who appeared to regard the proximate decay of polygamous Mormonism as a far from improbable contingency. He was an Englishman, he told us, and had been coachman to a physician at Camberwell or Denmark Hill, I forget which; and it was quite refreshing to listen to his unalloyed Cockney parlance. He was a Mormon, but was blessed with only one wife. He had come out in the old Pioneer days when the journey across the Plains and the Rockies had to be performed in waggons. His deliverances (from the box of an open barouche) were terse and fragmentary; but they were full of pith. "I thought," he remarked, jerking his head downwards towards us, "that this city was a moral place until I druv a 'ack." This was a somewhat mysterious generalisation, but he subsequently vouchsafed some kind of explanation. "There's a deal of drivin' out and carryin' on by moonlight here," he observed. He was then silent for about twenty minutes, when he favoured us with the opinion that "wiolet powder u'd do it." "Why violet powder?" I asked. "They slaps it on, sir," he explained, "they do, the gals; they powders and paints theirselves, and they don't mind what their pa's and their ma's say, and they aint whacked 'arf enough; and then they camels up, just as the gals from 'Frisco does, and goes to 'ops and finishes hup by heloping with the Gentiles." But what was "camelling up"? I subsequently discovered, by the aid of a comic illustrated paper, that a "camel" was the popular name for that addendum to the feminine toilette which in England is known as a "dress improver," and which in the days of the Hottentot Venus used to be called a "bustle." Whether "camels" and cosmetics are destined to be prominent factors in the ultimate overthrow of Mormonism time will show.

Pah-Vents, Piedes, Pi-Utes, Sebezetches, Red Lake and Elk Mountain Utes. A large number of these Indians belong to the Mormon church. As regards education, sixty-four per cent. of the Mormon children go to the free schools, of which there are three hundred and twenty-seven in the Territory, with two hundred and thirty-two male and two hundred and thirty-eight female teachers. In addition to the district schools there are the Deseret University, the Brigham Young Academy, and from twenty-five to thirty private and select schools.

A CHICAGO OMNIBUS.

XLIV.

The Stockyards of Chicago.

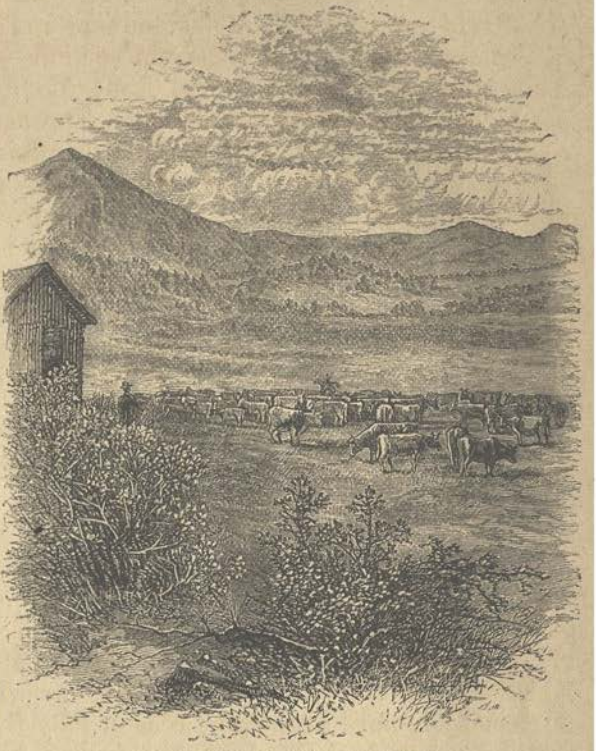
"Did you have a good time?" meaning, "did you enjoy yourself?" is an enquiry commonly and affectionately made by American friends when you have returned from a long journey and would fain narrate the experiences of your wanderings. But if you only assure your friends that you have had "a good time" they will absolve you from the narrative part of the business. Which is by far the best, for all parties. I hasten, ere the curtain drops on "America Revisited" and I make my bow and retire into the Infinities of the side-scenes, to declare that we had the very best of good times in Chicago, and that we enjoyed ourselves thoroughly. We returned to the Phœnix City and remained there a week on our way home from California to New York; and although there was a good deal of halloaing and shouting and brass-band braying every evening, owing to the presence of Mr. Charles Stewart Parnell, M.P., in the Grand Pacific Hotel, and the consequent necessity for that Hero and Patriot making his appearance in a balcony about every quarter of an hour or so between nine p. m. and midnight to address an

enthusiastic mob of Irish American admirers; the Grand Pacific is such a vast caravanserai, full of every comfort and luxury:—the negro waiters were so cheerful and handy, and the gentlemen in the clerks' office (although given to "chaffing" me about what I had said concerning their diamond pins and generally "swellish" appearance) were so courteous and so kind—that I could willingly have remained on the shore of Lake Michigan for full another fortnight, even though Mr. Charles Stewart Parnell, M.P., had addressed enthusiastic mobs of American Irishmen all day and all night to boot. But we had secured our berths in the Cunard steamship *Hecla* which was to leave New York on a given day. A general election in the United Kingdom was imminent; and for many good and substantial reasons I was anxious to get home.

Of course we saw all the lions of Chicago. Of course I got dusty as a miller among the grain-elevators, and parcel deaf from the roaring of the brokers and speculators at the Produce Exchange in the rooms of the Board of Trade. Of course I went through a severe course of luncheons at the handsome Chicago Club in Monroe-street, where I found many old friends and made a multitude of new ones; and equally of course I was "interviewed" by the representatives of the various Chicago newspapers. I talked the usual nonsense; and the reporters were good enough to turn it into some kind of sense. These interviewers are really clever gentlemen; and I firmly believe that if I had asked the reporter of the *Tribune* why his hair curled so, or casually remarked that the reason why they killed the pig was that he had so much cheek, the ingenious purveyor of intelligence would have found some means, while preserving my genuine utterances intact, to connect them with a skilfully interpolated disquisition on the heroism and patriotism of Mr. Charles Stewart Parnell, M.P., and a collateral allusion to the threatened hanging by the Vigilance Committee of Mr. Dennis Kearney and the other heroic and patriotic "Sand Lot" agitators at San Francisco.

That incidental mention of killing the pig reminds me of one of the last sights which I saw in Chicago; and the remembrance of having seen it has made me, in an intermittent manner, uncomfortable for full eighteen months. I went, at the pressing invitation of some friends, one of whom was an extensive "operator" in pork, and another an equally extensive curer of hams, to view the far-famed Union Stockyards of Chicago. I

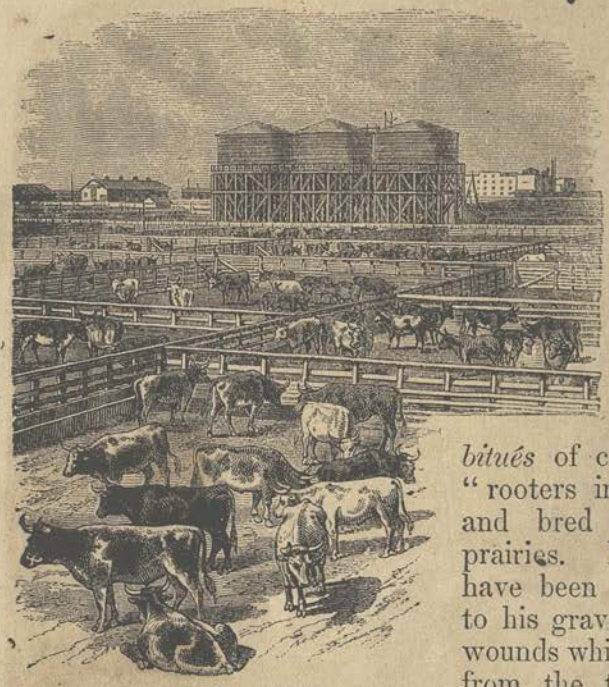
mean to say that I spent an entire day in the most amazing shambles to be found in the whole world. The guide books tell you that no visitor to Chicago should fail to inspect these stockyards; and pains are taken to inform you that the "yards" comprise an area of three hundred and forty-five acres, of which one hundred and forty-six are in pens: the drainage extending over a length of no less than thirty-two miles. There are eight miles of streets and alleys in the "yards;" there are two thousand three hundred gates; and the cost of the entire "installation" exceeded one million six hundred thousand dollars. The "yards" can accommodate twenty-five thousand cattle, twenty-two thousand sheep, five hundred horses, and no less than one hundred thousand pigs.



A MOUNTAIN CATTLE DROVE.

The mode in which these last-named animals journey to the bourne from which no piggy, save in a packed, pickled, or perfectly cured state, returns, has been reduced to a science. The traveller westward, on passing any of the great stockyards on the lines leading to Chicago or to Cincinnati can hardly fail to have been struck by the spectacle of long trains of freight cars receiving their bellowing and squealing freight. An inclined plane runs from the "yards" to the car. Along the outer edge of the fence inclosing the plane stand a contingent of brawny stock-drivers armed with pitch-forks and long

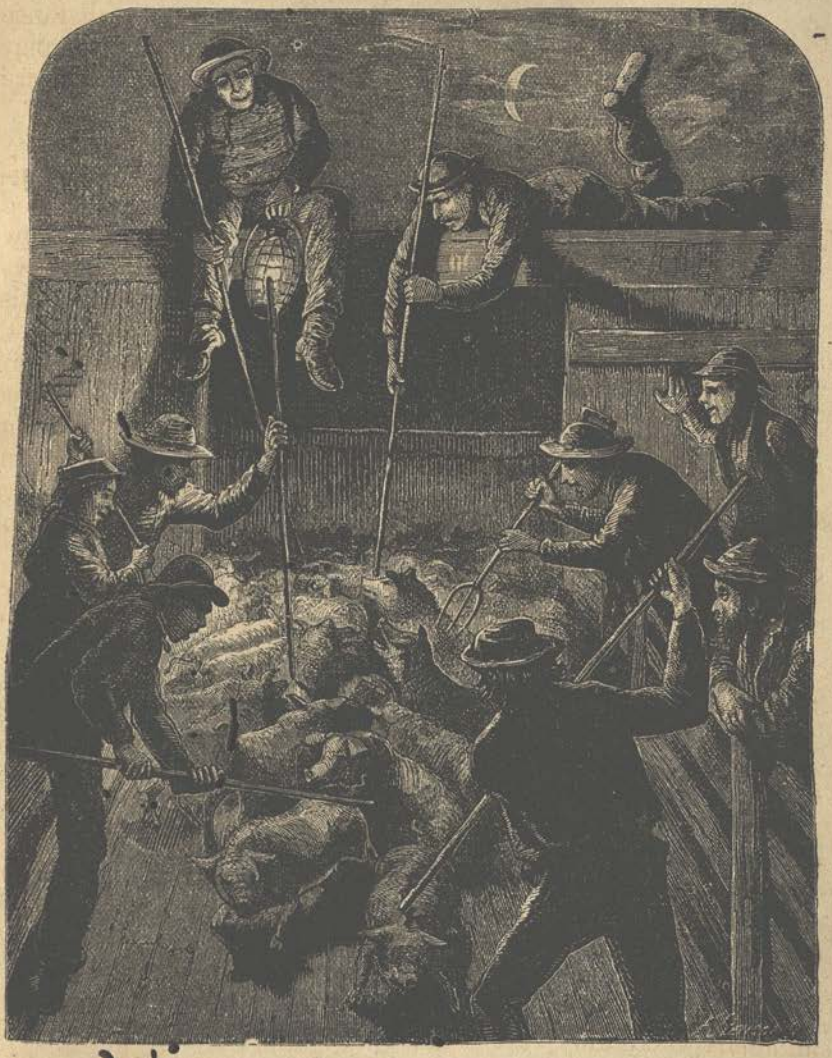
poles; and the wielders of these implements "persuade" thereby the struggling mass of porkers to rush down the inclined plane into the cars. The stock-drivers keep at a judicious distance from the pigs which they are "persuading;" for occasionally some exceptionally determined hog will show fight and savagely bite his human oppressor. The creatures are not, it must be remembered, *habitués* of civilized styes, but "rooters in the open," born and bred on far out-lying prairies. Many a drover, I have been told, has carried to his grave the ugly scars of wounds which he has received from the teeth of infuriated Texan steers or exasperated Missouri swine. You may see numbers of drovers careering about the Chicago Stockyards, mounted on wiry half-Mexican ponies and looking very nearly as wild as the cattle which they drive. They are, it must be admitted, so very Mexican in outward guise, that (only you must not be misled by appearances, for they are doubtless all—all honourable men) it is difficult to avoid secretly asking yourself where the cattle-drover ends and where the *guerrillero* or highwayman begins.



CHICAGO STOCK-YARDS.

Pork "packing" as well as pig-slaughtering is performed on an almost incredibly vast scale every working day at the stock-yards. The swine are driven, not down, but up an inclined plane in the upper floor of the packing house. A chain or cord attached to a pulley in a sliding frame near the ceiling is slipped over one of the animal's legs; the pig is jerked up, his throat is dexterously cut; the carcase is lowered into a long trough or vat of boiling water; lifted out, scraped, eviscerated, and hung

up to cool. When cooled, the pork is cut up into joints or "meats," salted, and packed in barrels. All the processes of



DRIVING PIGS INTO RAILWAY-CAR.

salting and packing I watched with very great interest; but the absolute killing of the pigs I resolutely refused, for a reason sufficient to myself, to see. This was the reason. You know how cruel, as a rule, boys are. Not idly did La Fontaine say of

them, "*Cet âge est sans pitié.*" Well; about forty years ago, I was for a short time at a once celebrated Pestalozzian school at Turnham Green. My studies were chiefly confined to acquiring some slight knowledge of the English language; for I had been taken to the Continent and placed in foreign schools when I was a mere child; and when I returned home I was speaking a "Babylonish dialect," the mental use of which, when I am alone and thinking, I have not, to this day, by any means relinquished. The richest boy in our Pestalozzian school was the son of a well-known London butcher. At first he used to be called "Chopper" and "Suetty"; but he had such a plenitude of pocket-money—he would always show a sovereign to any other boy's half-

SLAUGHTERING AND SKINNING CATTLE.

crown—and was besides such a capital fellow, that, before the "first half" of his stay among us was over, he had become very popular. He had his favourites; and on half-holidays he was accustomed to convey his intimate cronies, among whom I was one, to his father's house, not far from High-street, Kensington, where we used to be royally regaled with currant and orange wine, bath-buns, plum-cake, and, in summer-time, with veritably "enormous" gooseberries. When feasting was at an end, *we adjourned to the slaughter-house to see the killing.* The massacre of sheep seemed, after a while, rather a mild and tame performance. There was more excitement in the doing of a pig to death; but the *bonne bouche* was the felling of a bullock; and we used to club among ourselves to present the slaughterman

with sufficient *backshish* to incite him to accelerate his performance with the pole-axe.

"Cruel brute!" I fancy that I hear many ladies exclaim when they read this deliberate avowal of mine. I suppose, in reality, that I was no more cruel than the average of other boys were forty years ago, or than they are at this present writing. So far as I am concerned those scenes in the Kensington slaughter-house have certainly not, since I have been a reasonable being, hardened my heart towards either the human or the brute creation. I have seen a good deal of War, compulsorily, in the pursuit of my vocation; but I have never ceased to loathe and to denounce war in every possible way which was open to me. Pray do not think that this is a digression. If it be one, it is the very last with which you will be wearied in this book. As I am writing, the Vision of Gore which I beheld at the Chicago Stockyards rises up before me. It haunts me, as the terrific Vision of the Sword in Ezekiel has done, this many a year. Although I did not behold the decollation of the swine, I abode from morning to afternoon among bones and blood. The wooden floors were slippery with blood; and that which perhaps made me feel more nervous and uncomfortable was the astonishing and ghastly variety of expression on the countenances of the slaughtered pigs. Utter amazement, mild remonstrance, indignant expostulation, profound dejection, dogged stolidity,

SPEARING CATTLE AT CHICAGO.

profound and contemptuous indifference, placid tranquillity, abject terror, and imbecile hilarity, were pictured in these upturned snouts and half closed eyes. The scene reminded you, with the ugliest possible closeness, of going over a field of battle after the fray, and when the plunderers of the dead have done their work. It was, in two words, horribly human; and when I heard some person, high in authority among the slaughterers, shout, "*Bring me a Pan of Blood, and tell Mr. Smith that I shall Kill all day!*" I fancied for a moment that the worthy *attaché* of the Chicago Stockyards, whose great appetite had stomach for a whole day's slaughter, must be Alexander, or Attila, or Napoleon the Great, come to life again.

The extensive "operator" in pork was not in the least agitated by what to me was an extremely appalling spectacle; and as he took me back in his carriage to Chicago, imparted to me the information that he had just given an order for "Twenty-Five Thousand Shoulders." Twenty-Five Thousand Shoulders! A wonderful country, and a wonderful people!

THE RUSH FOR THE HOMEWARD-BOUND STEAMER.

THE END.

BRADBURY, AGNEW, & CO., PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.

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Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 18 July, 2018